

HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
TINTIN

# THE SHOOTING STAR

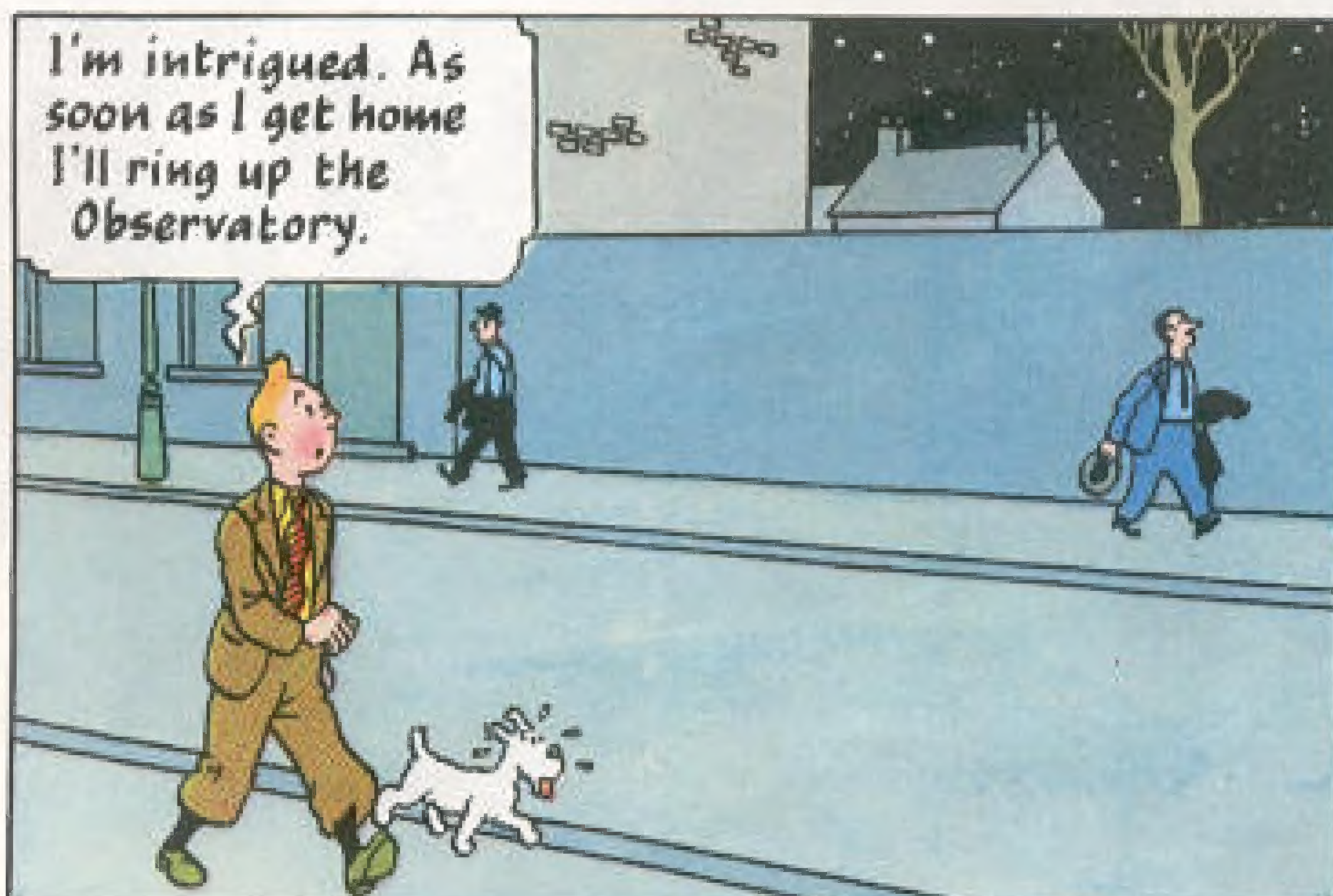


MAGNET

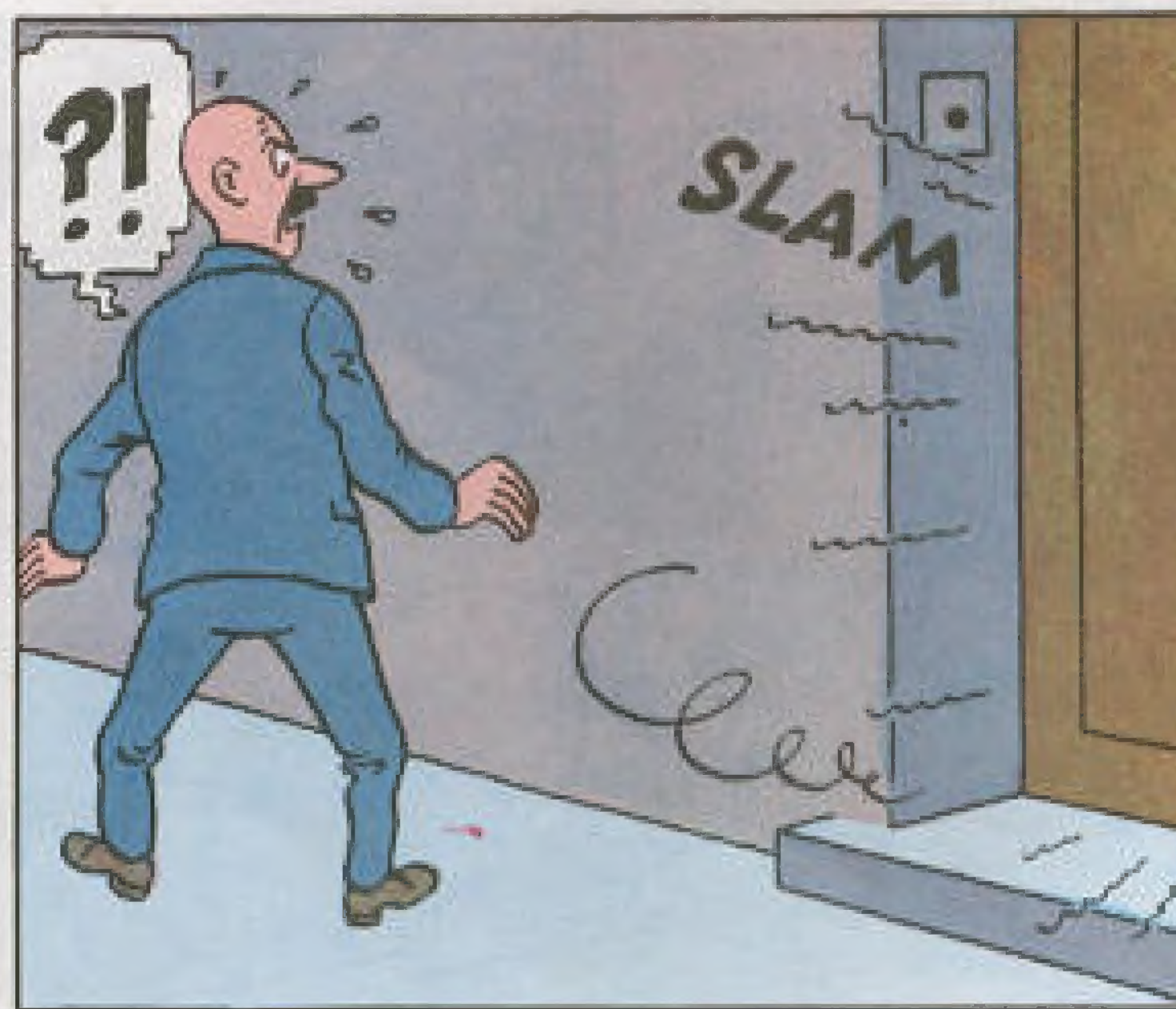
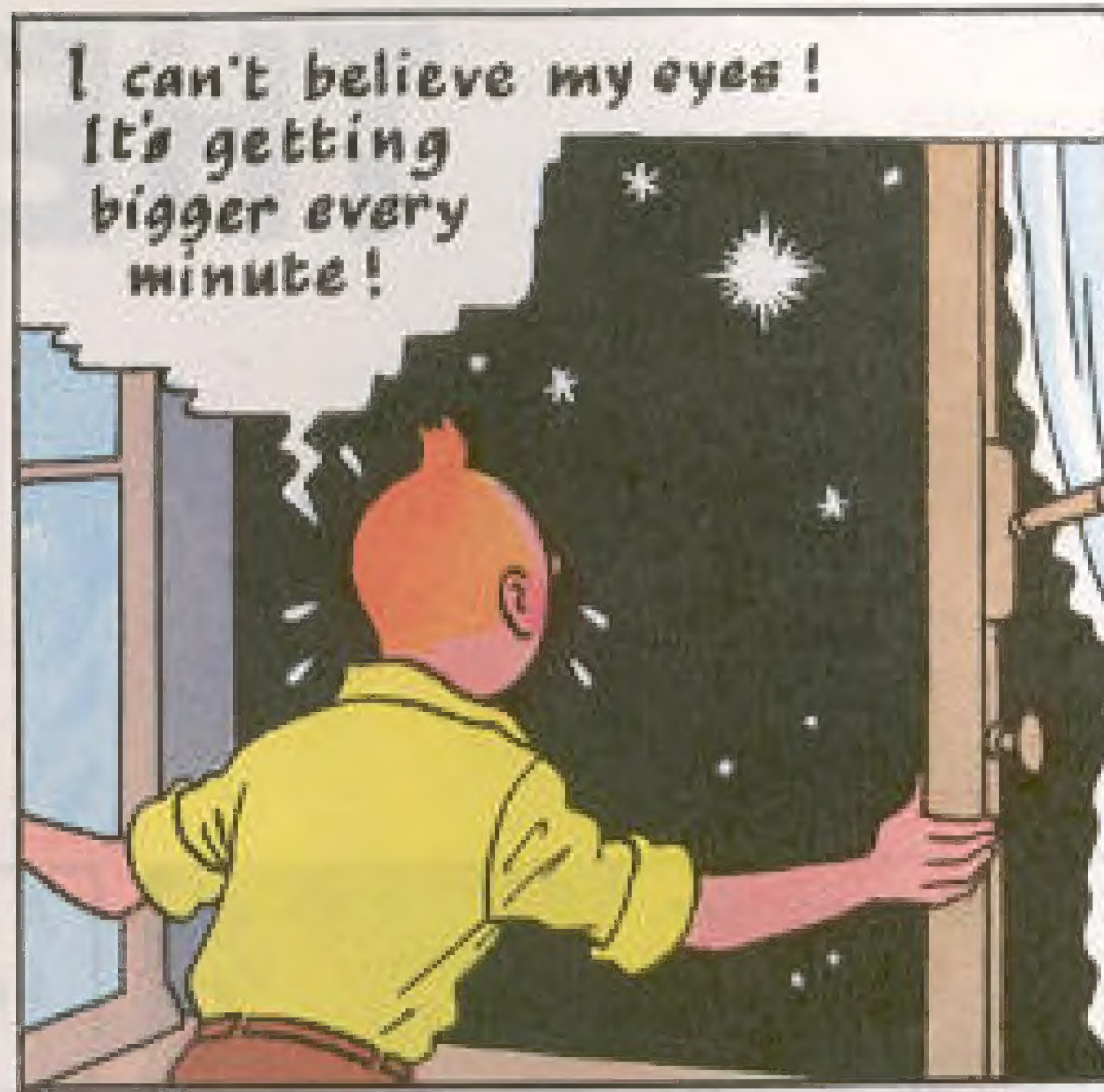
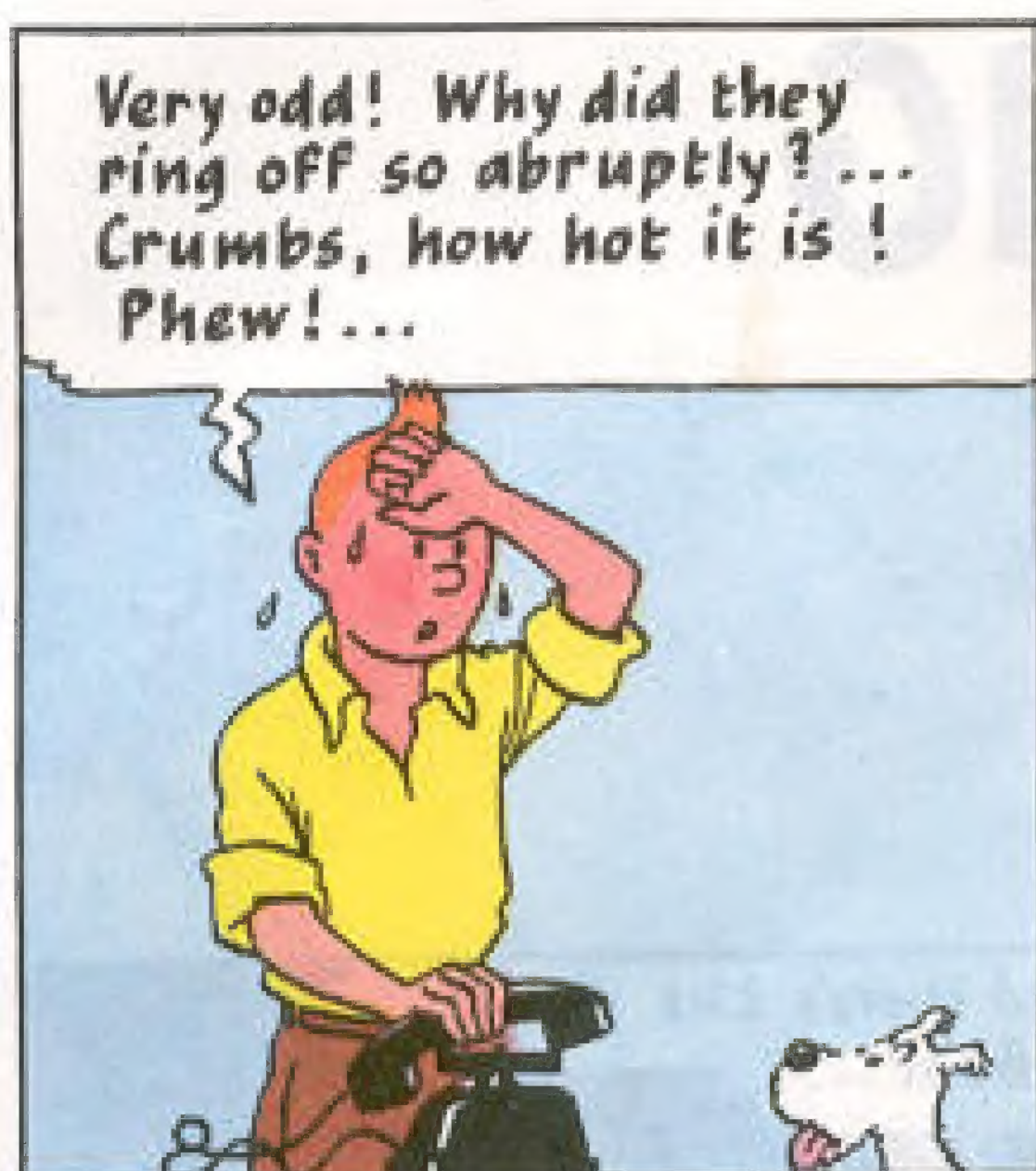




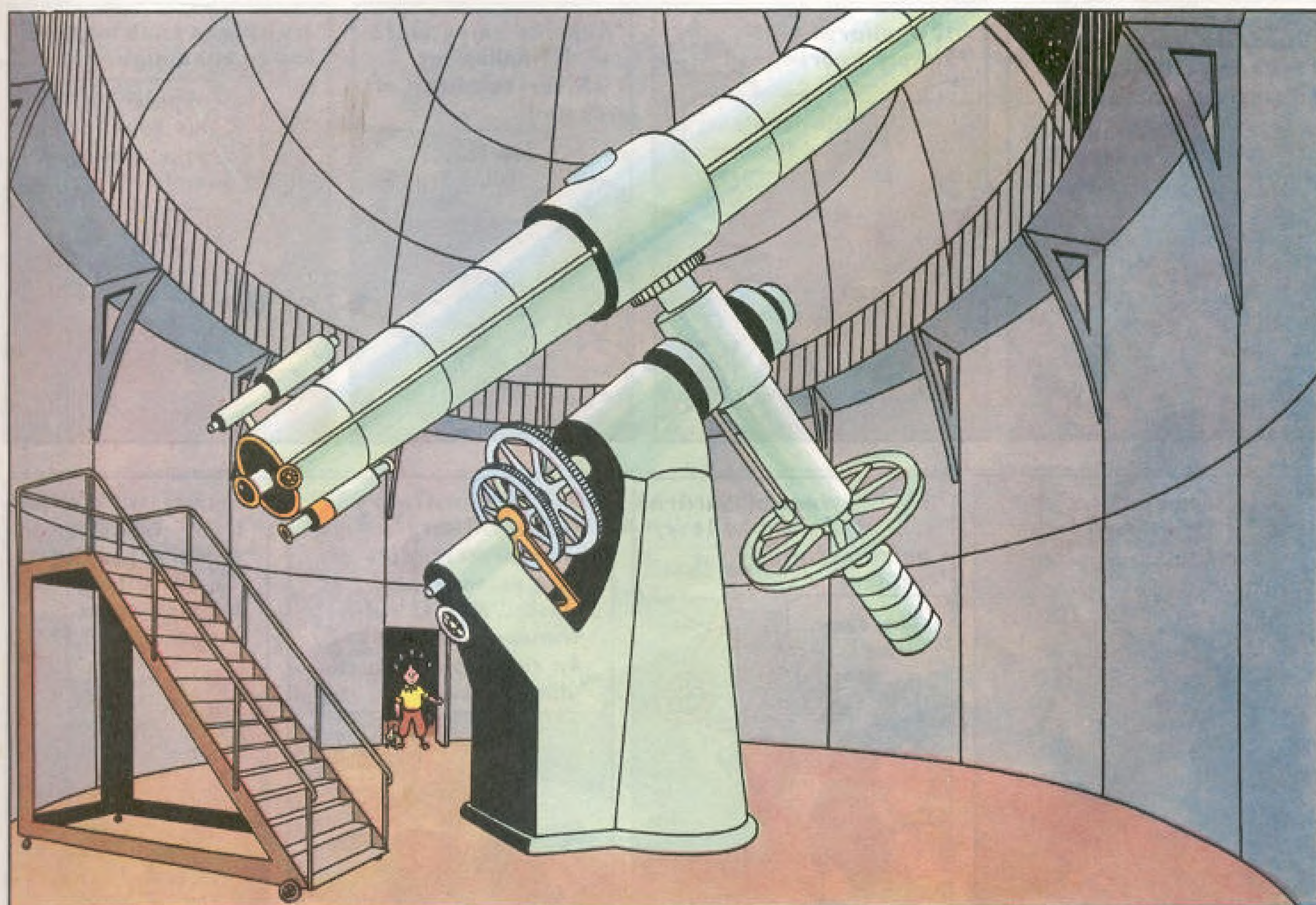
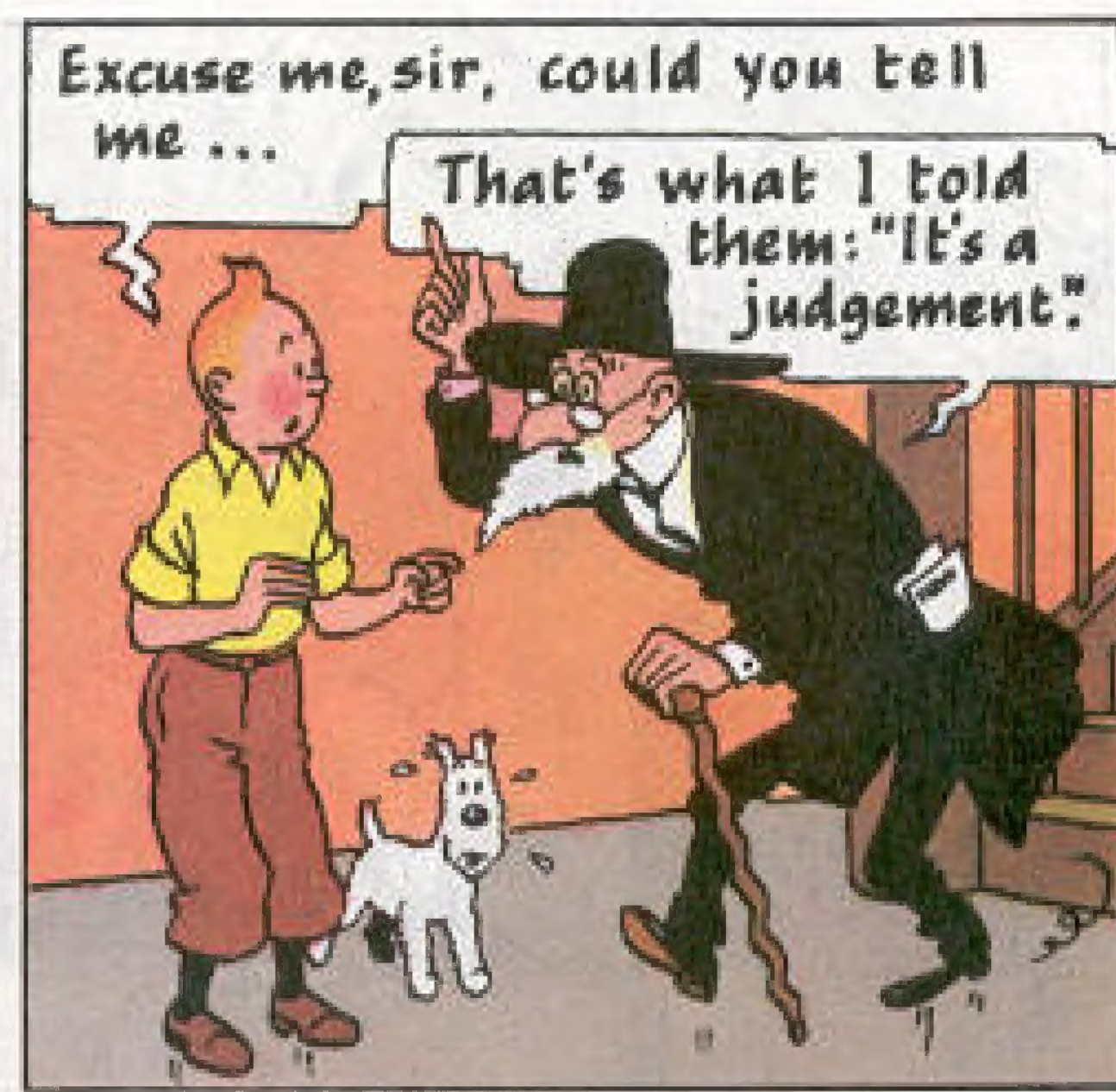
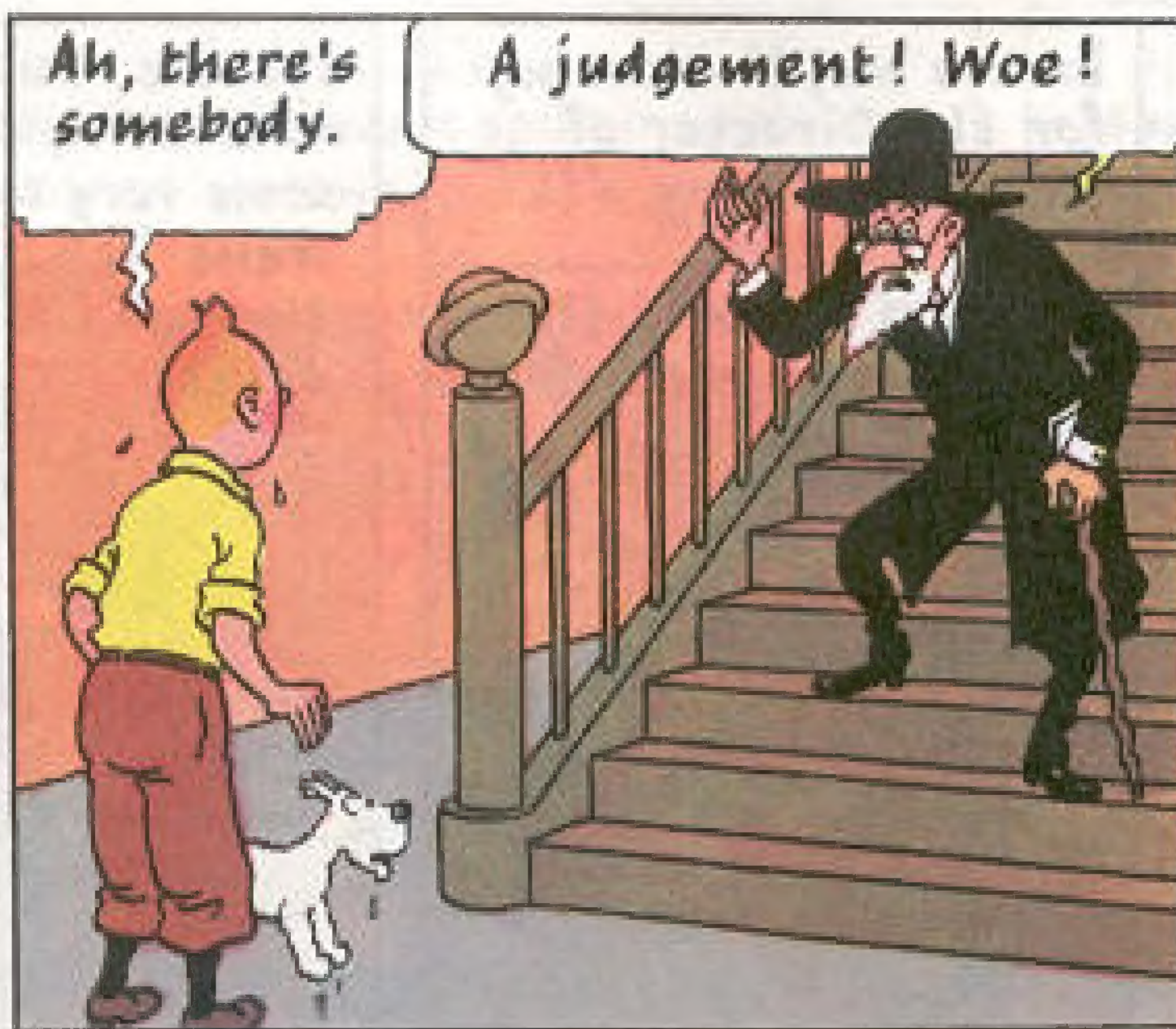
# THE SHOOTING STAR



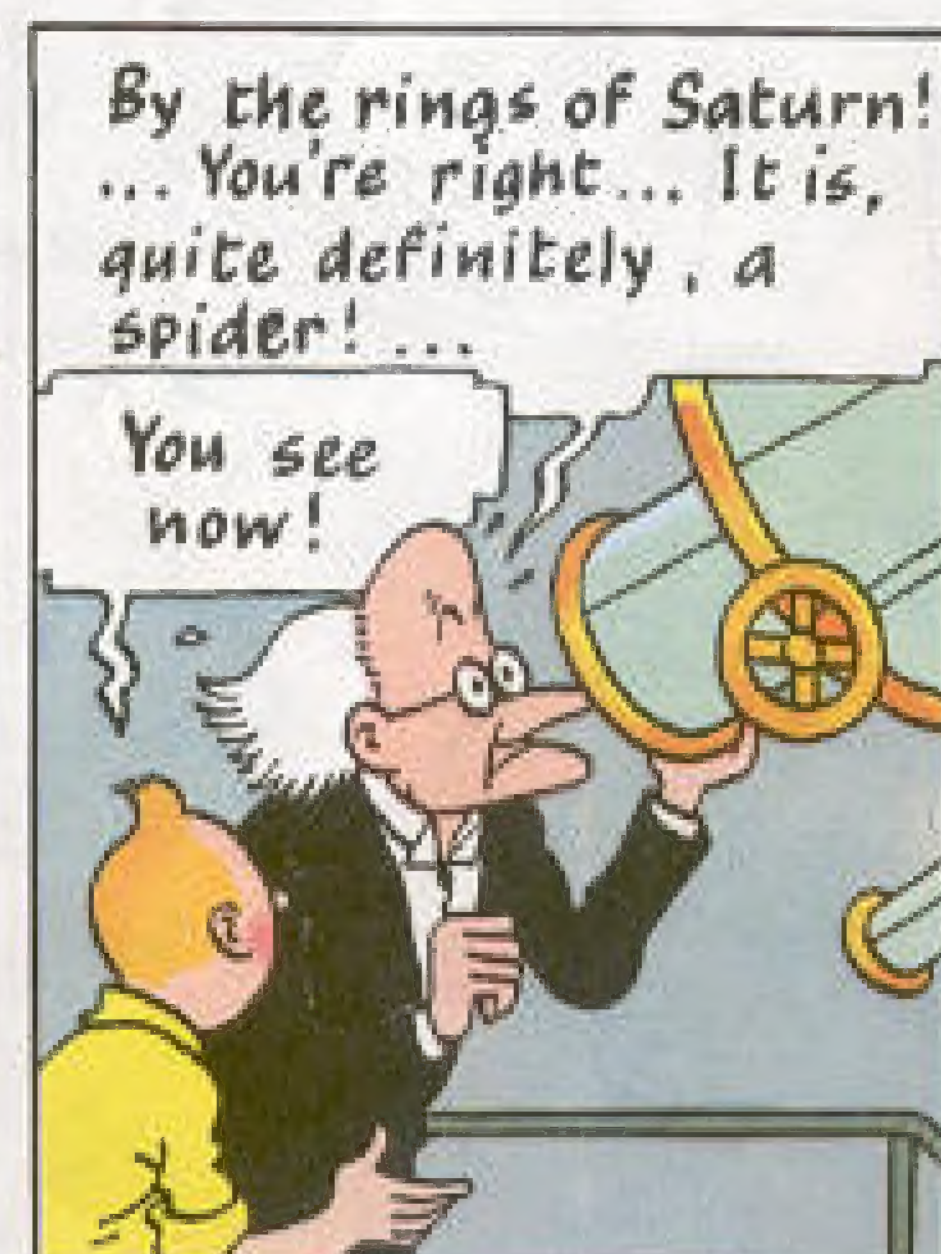
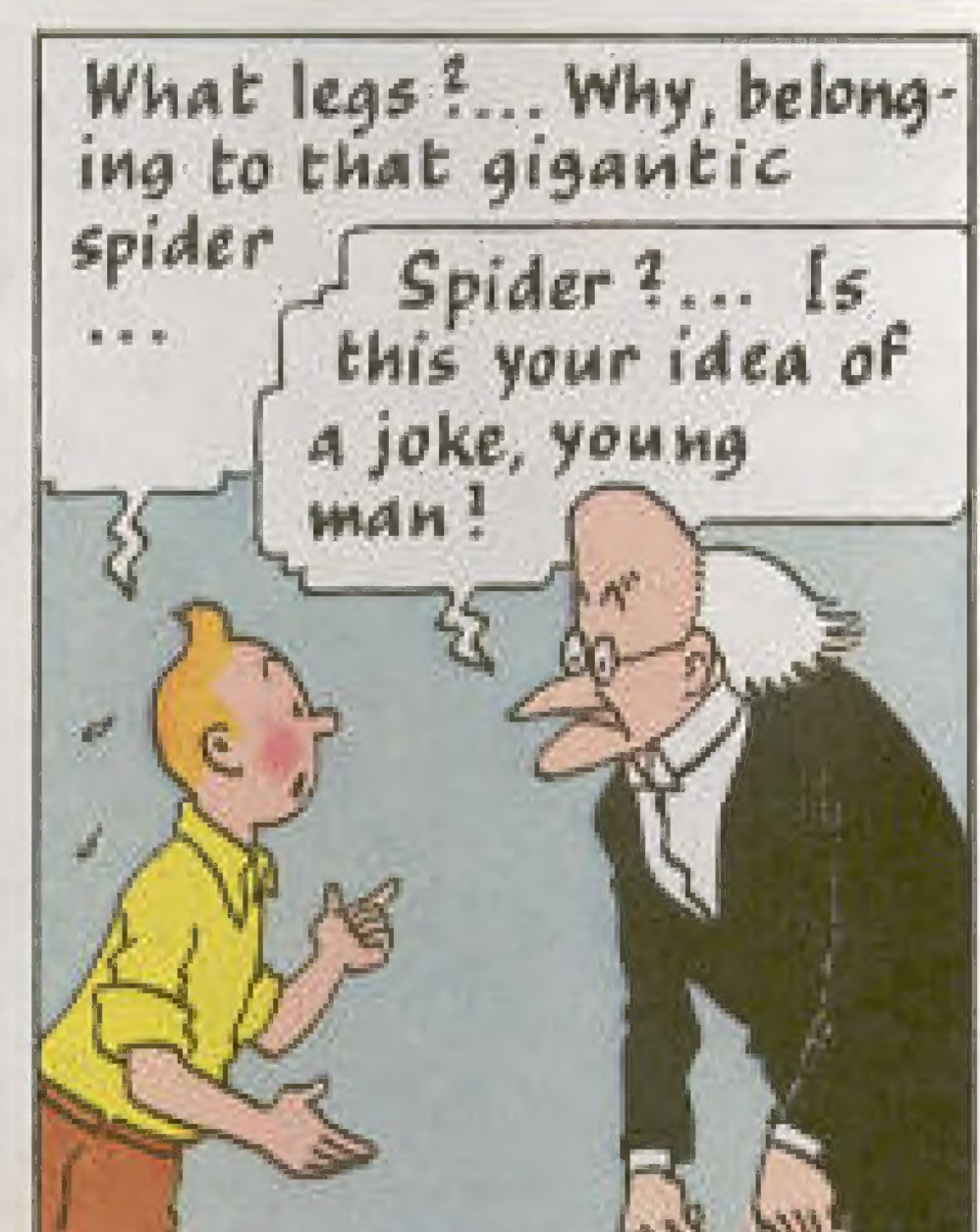
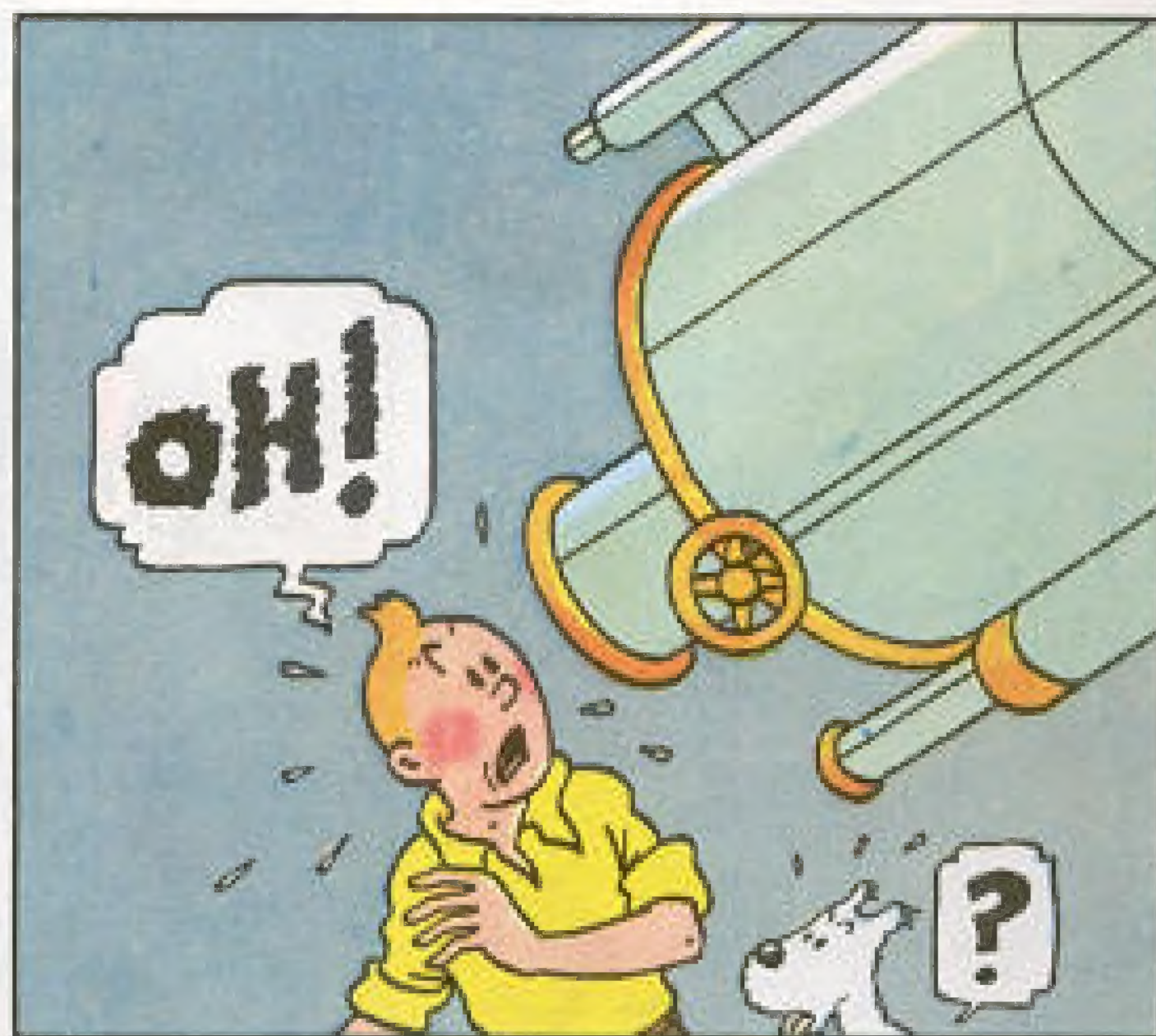
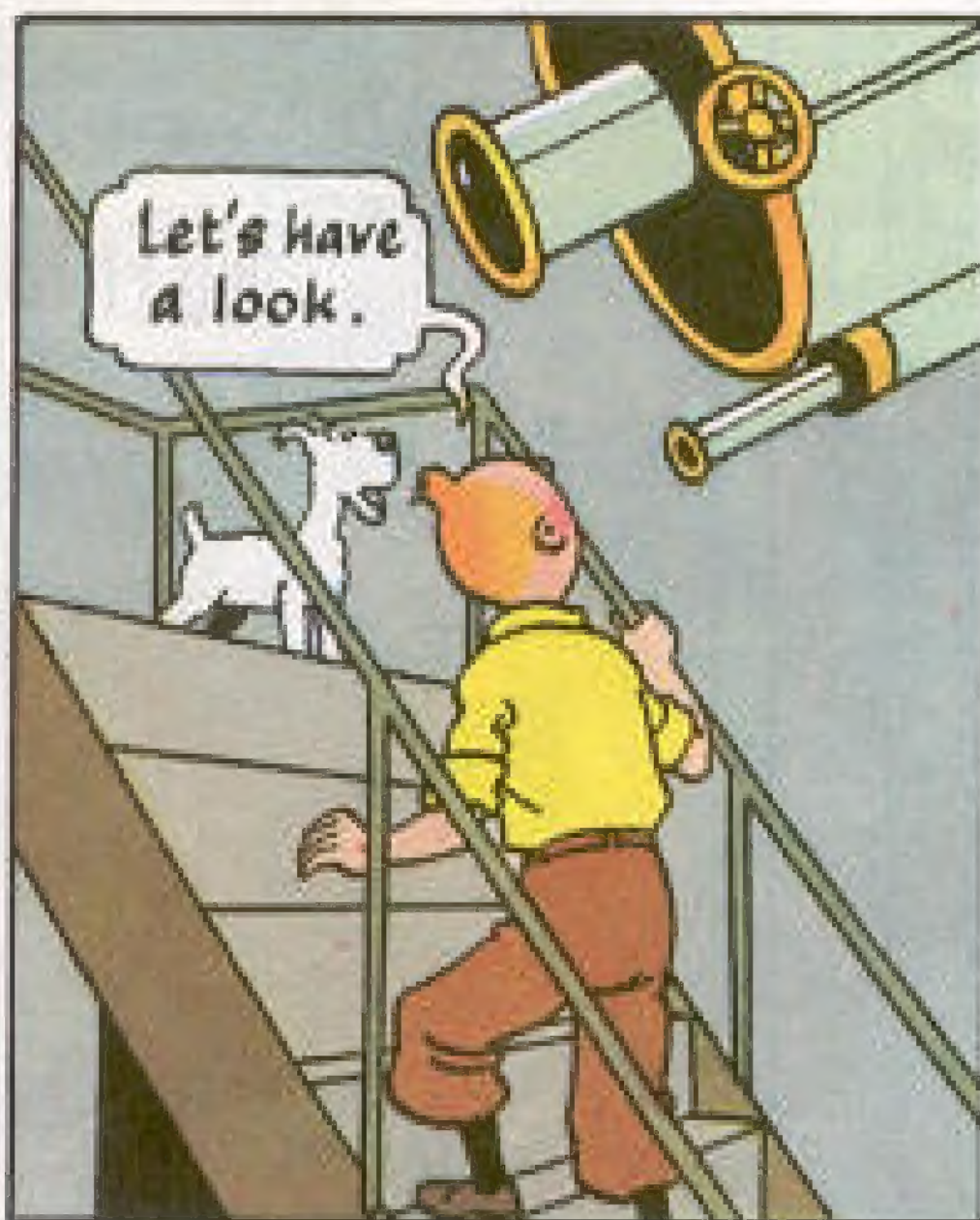
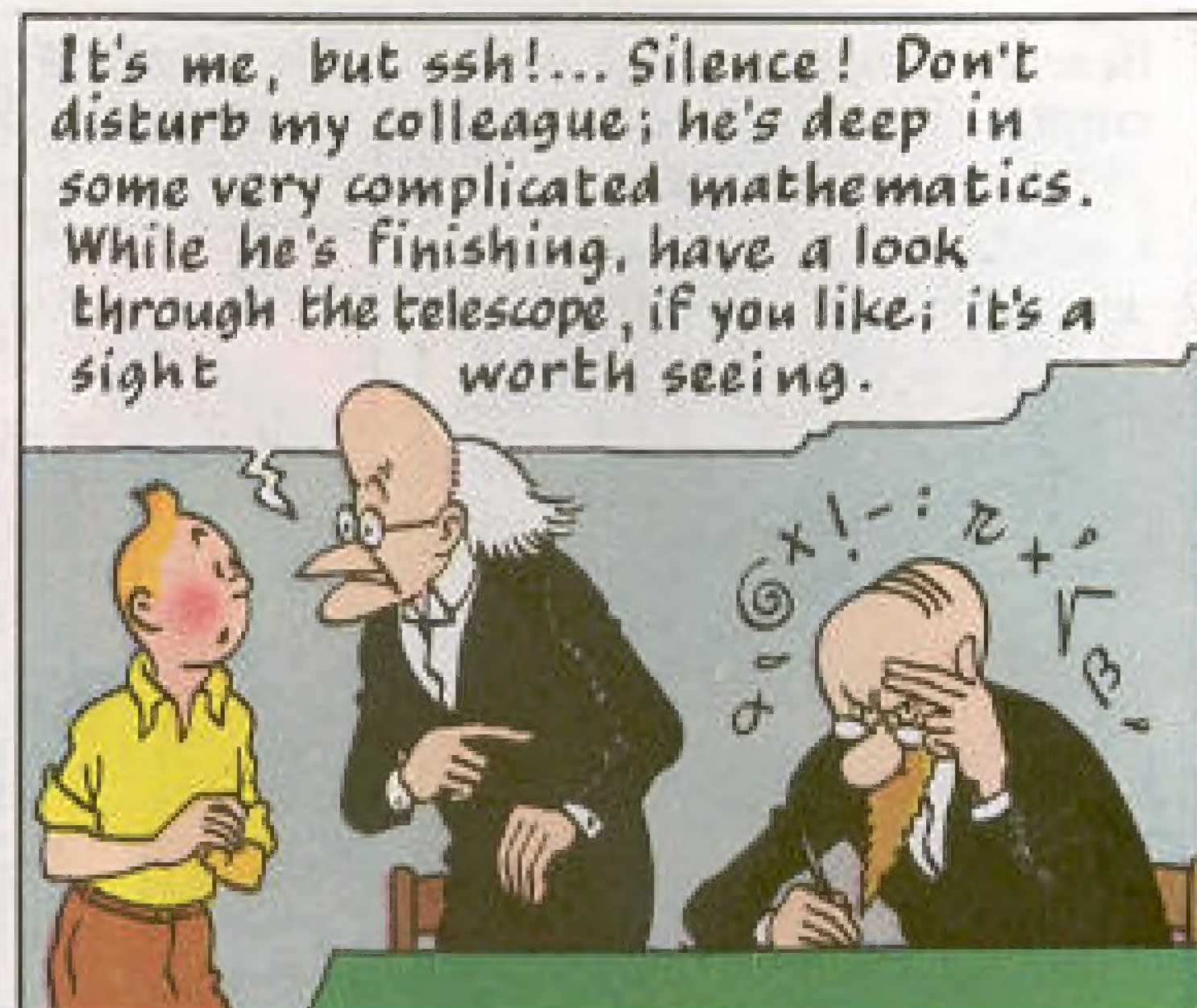
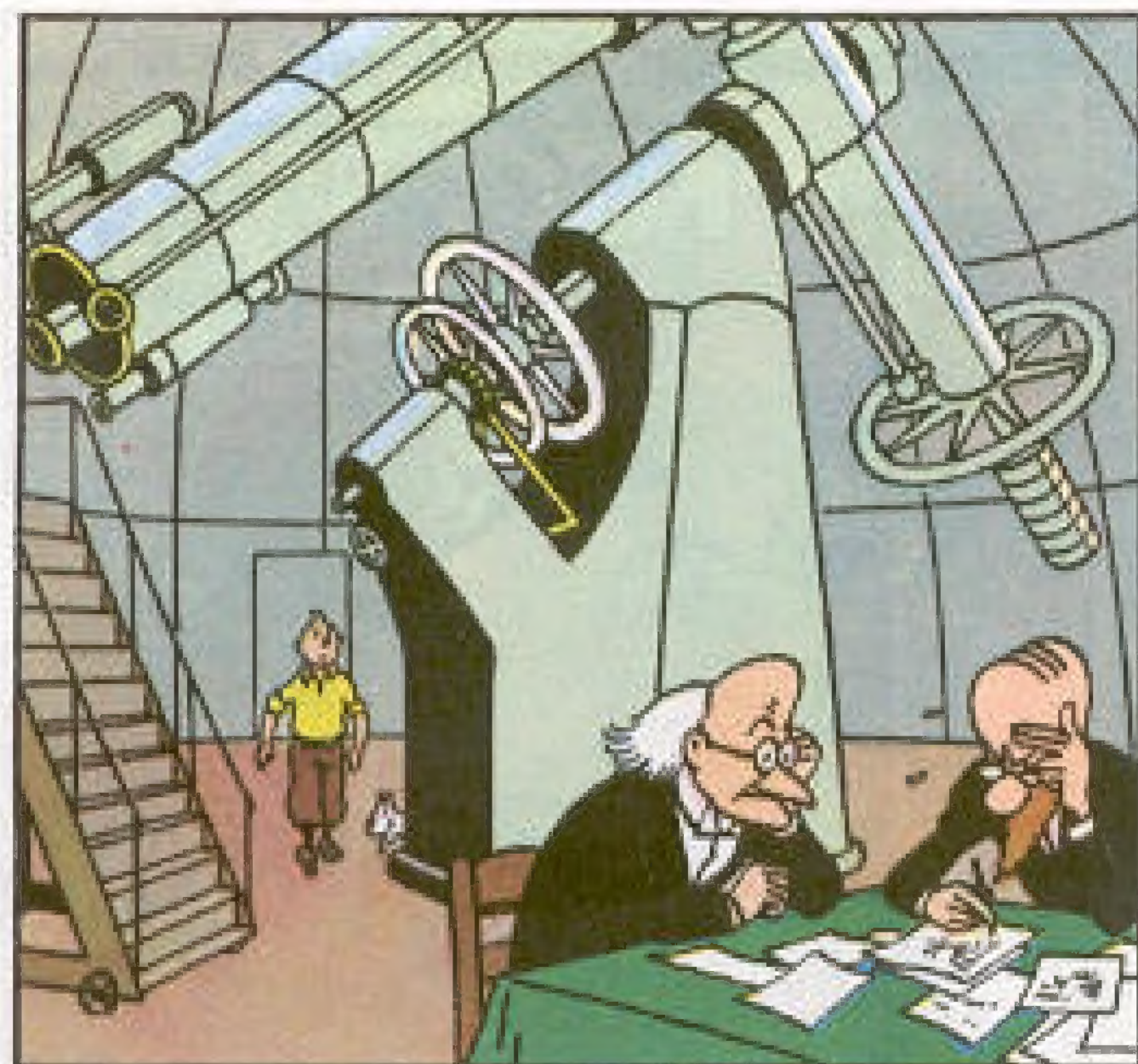




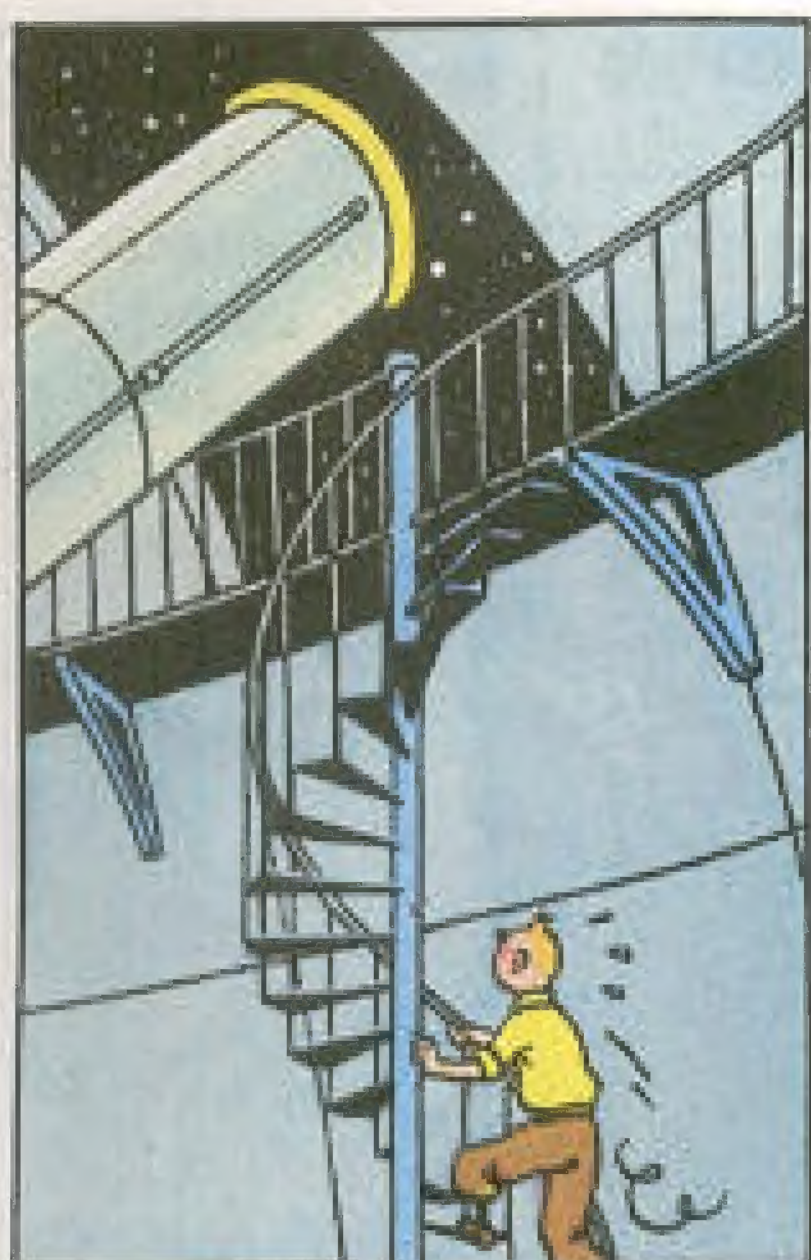




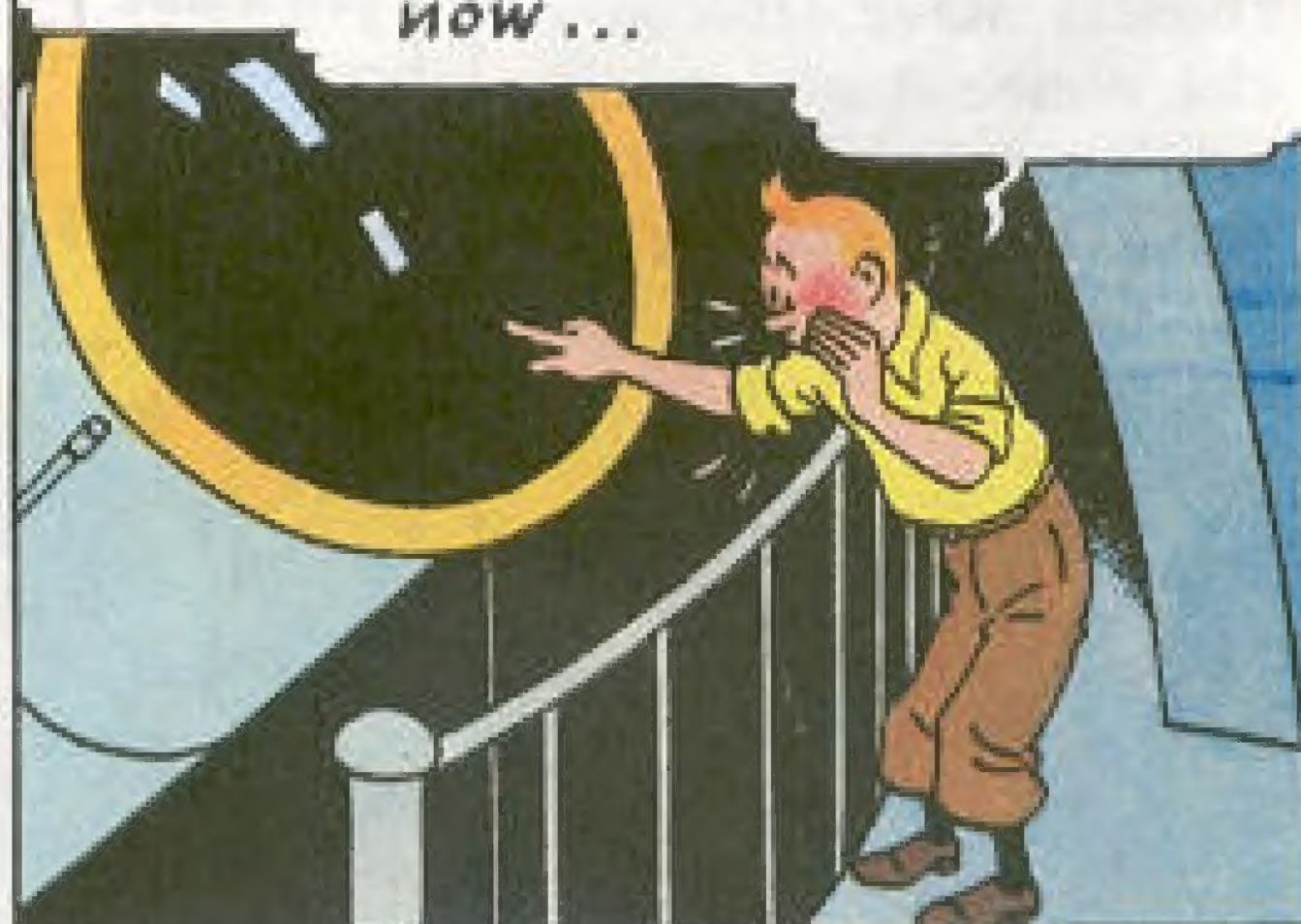








Hello, Professor... I've found the answer... It was a spider walking across the lens!... It's gone now...



A spider!... A harmless little spider! That's all it was, scaring them out of their wits!... This'll kill me!



Come and look now...



Well?



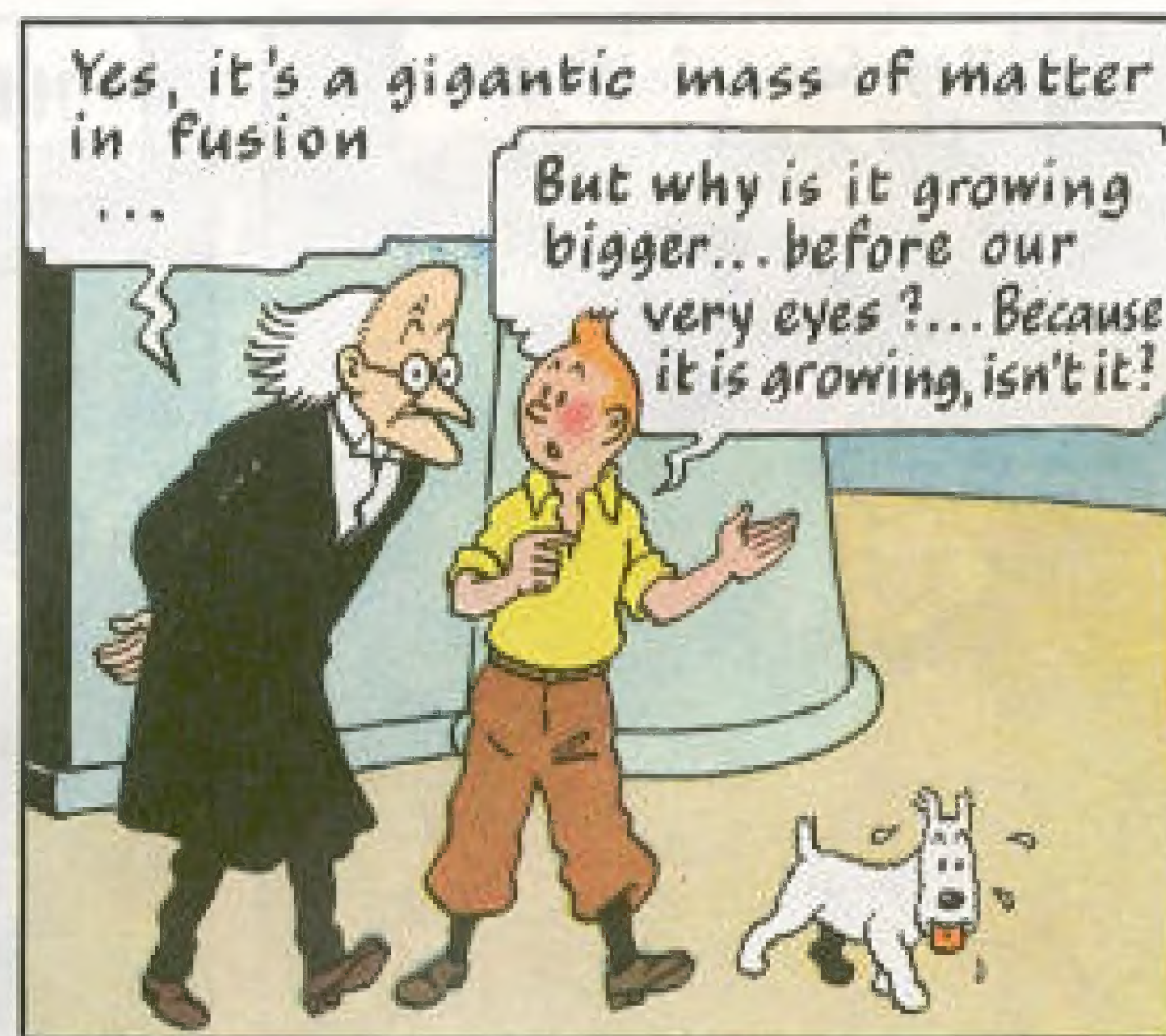
It looks like... It looks like a huge ball of fire...



It IS a ball of fire! ... A VA-A-A-A-AST ball of fire!



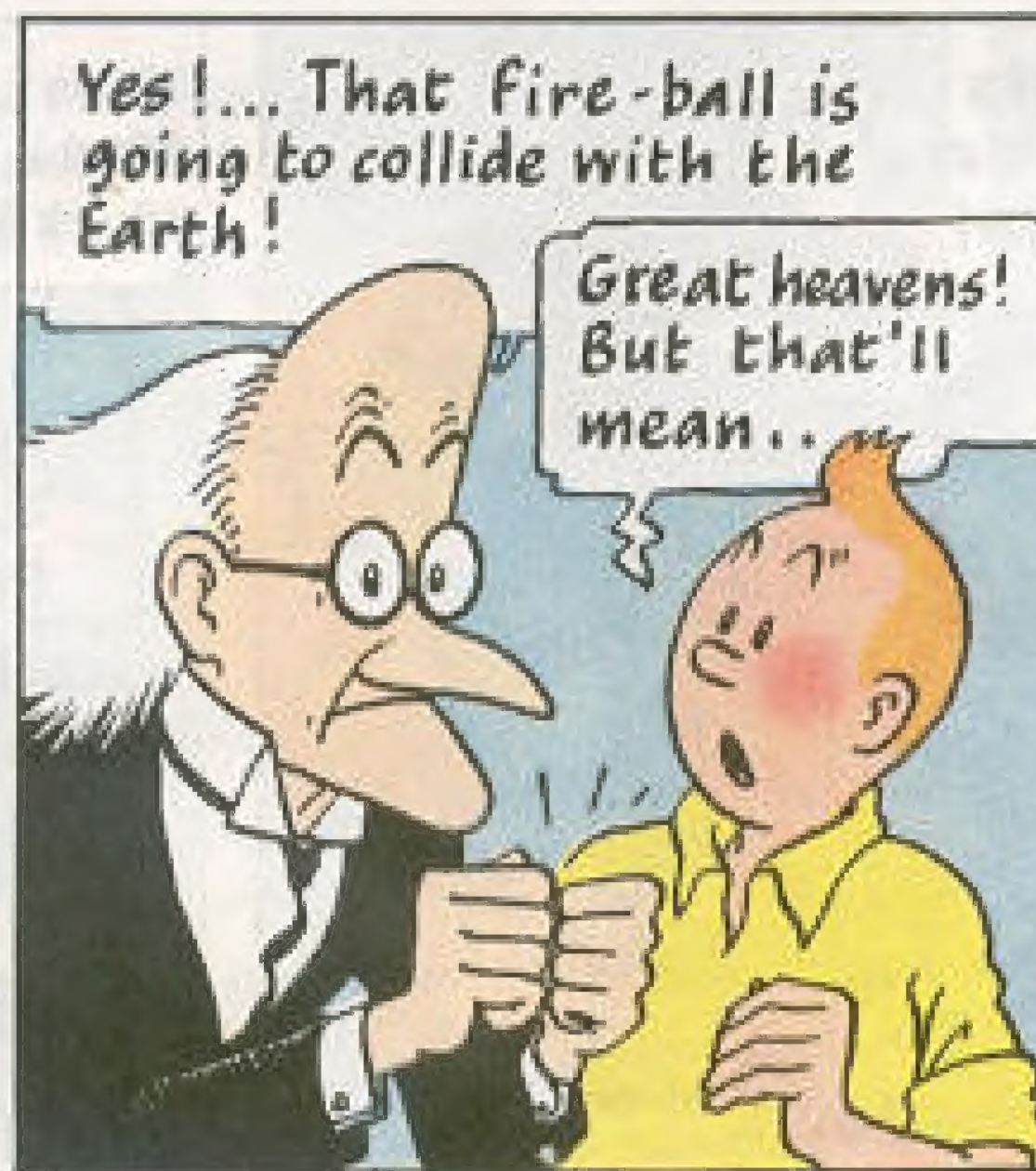
Yes, it's a gigantic mass of matter in fusion ...



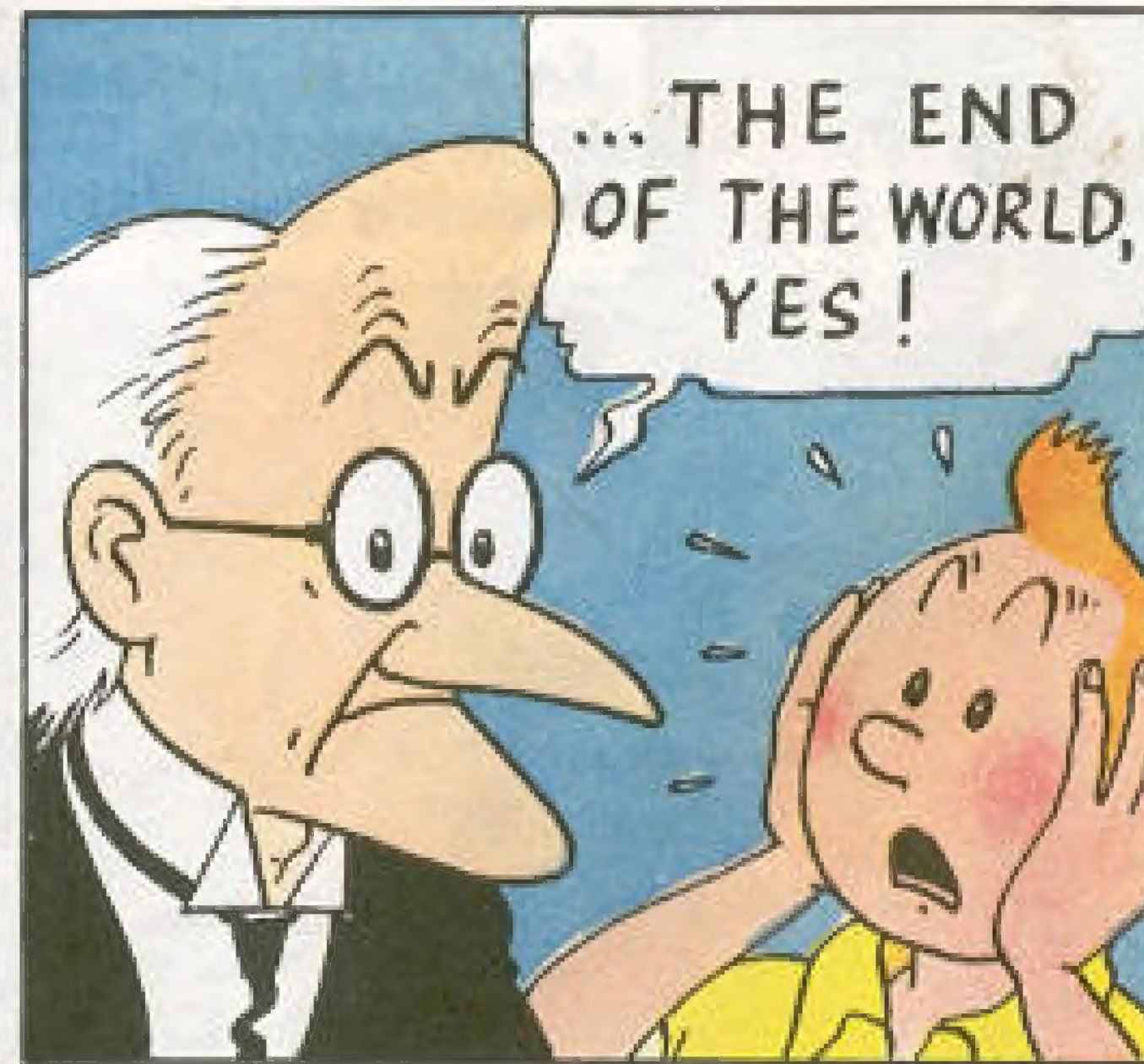
Naturally it's growing bigger - it's heading towards us, at an incredible speed.



Yes!... That fire-ball is going to collide with the Earth!



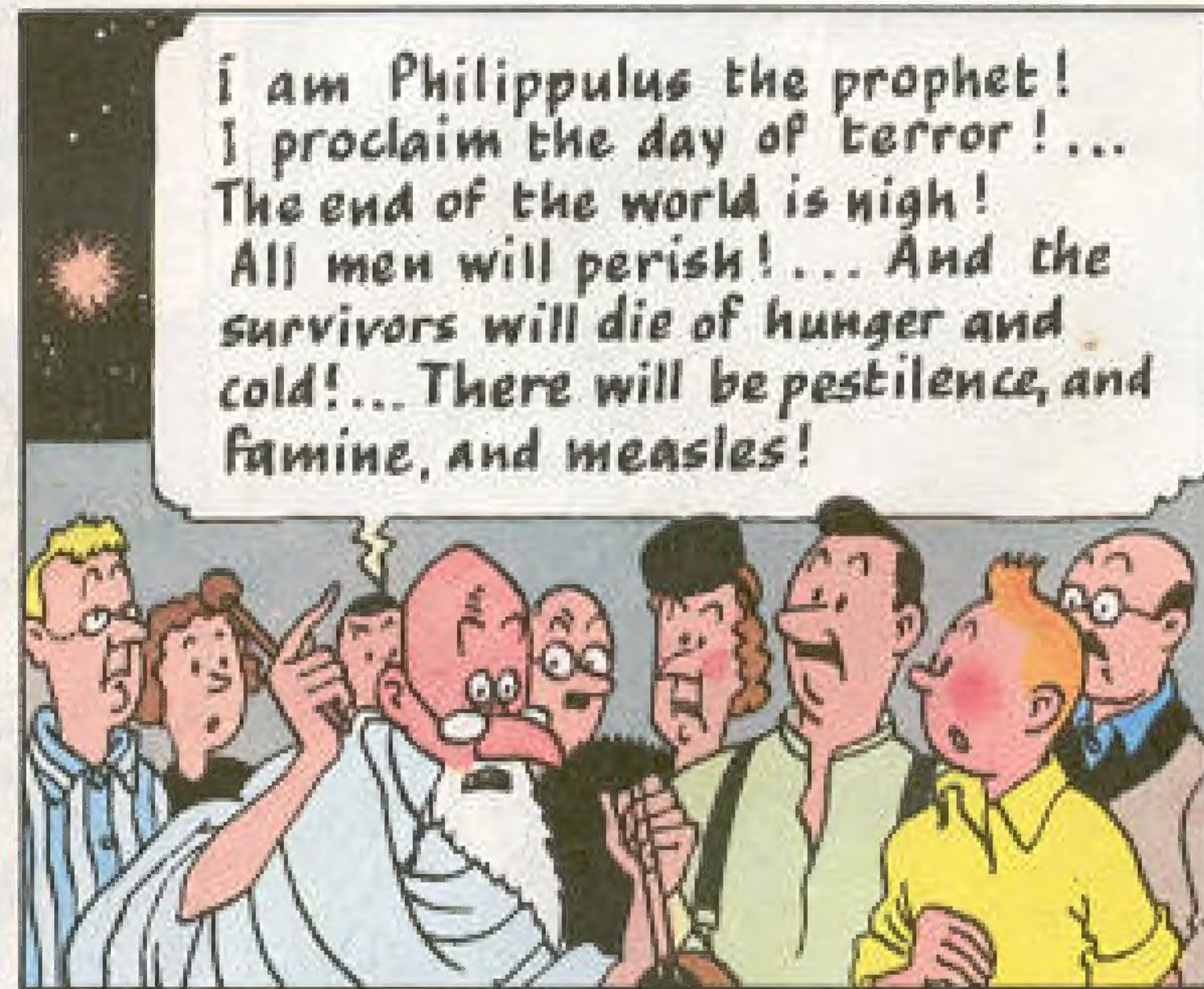
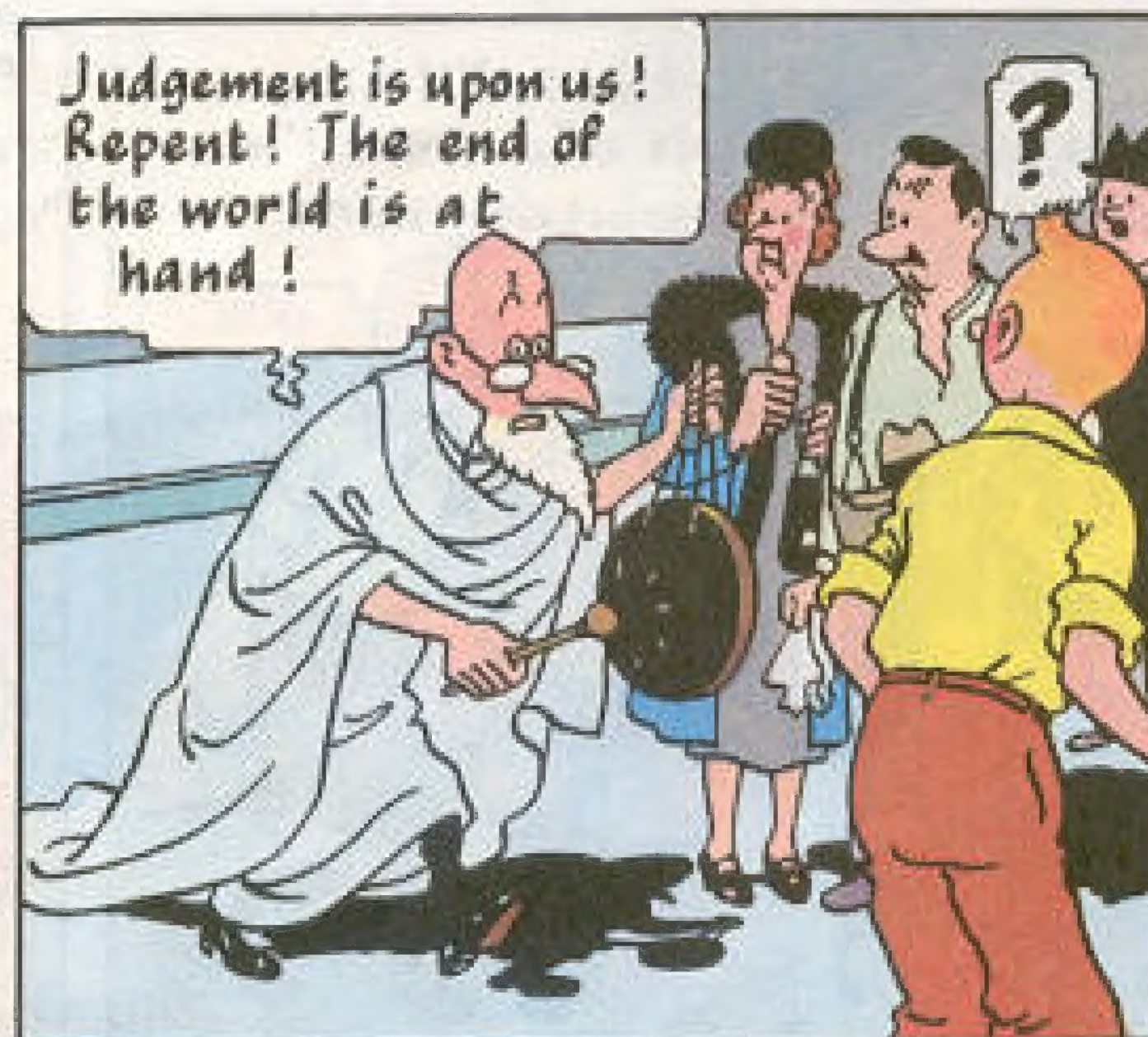
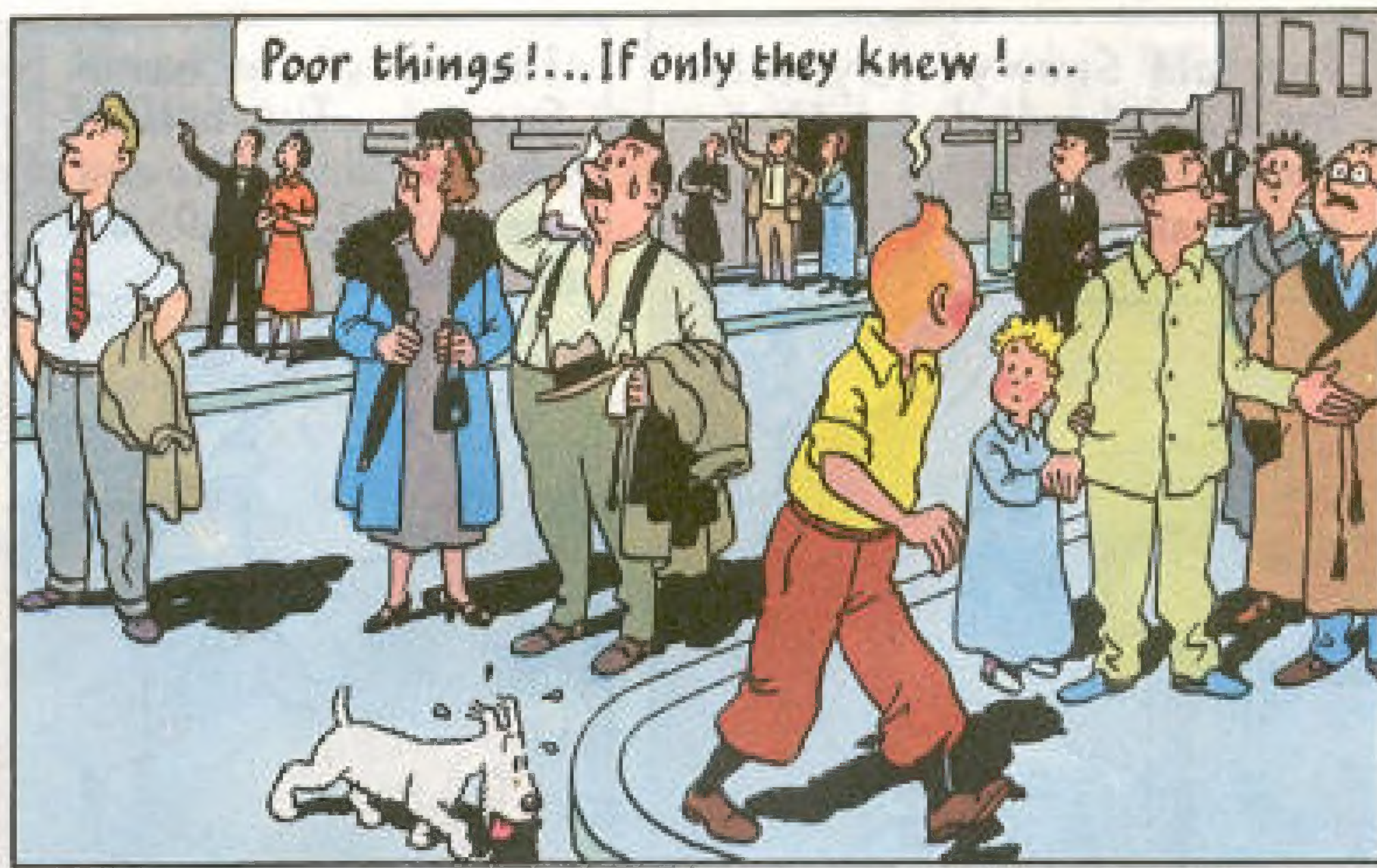
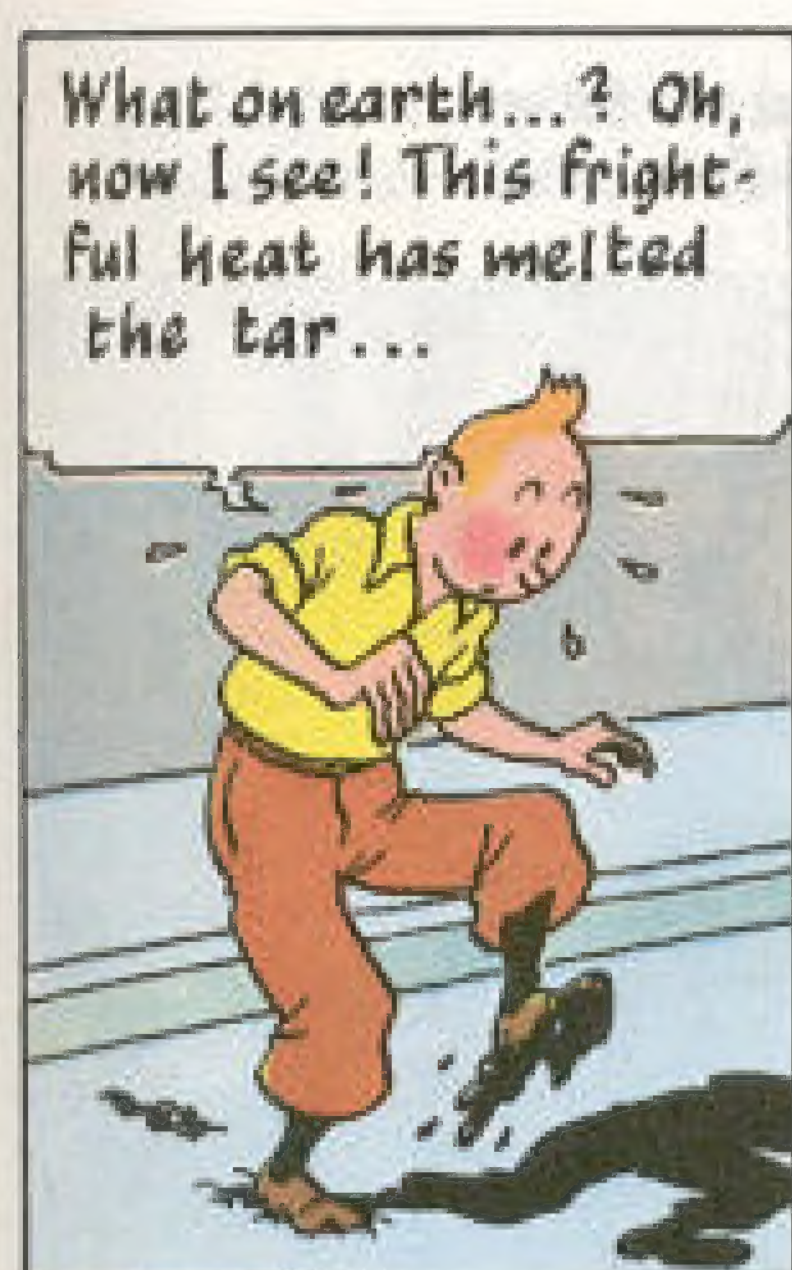
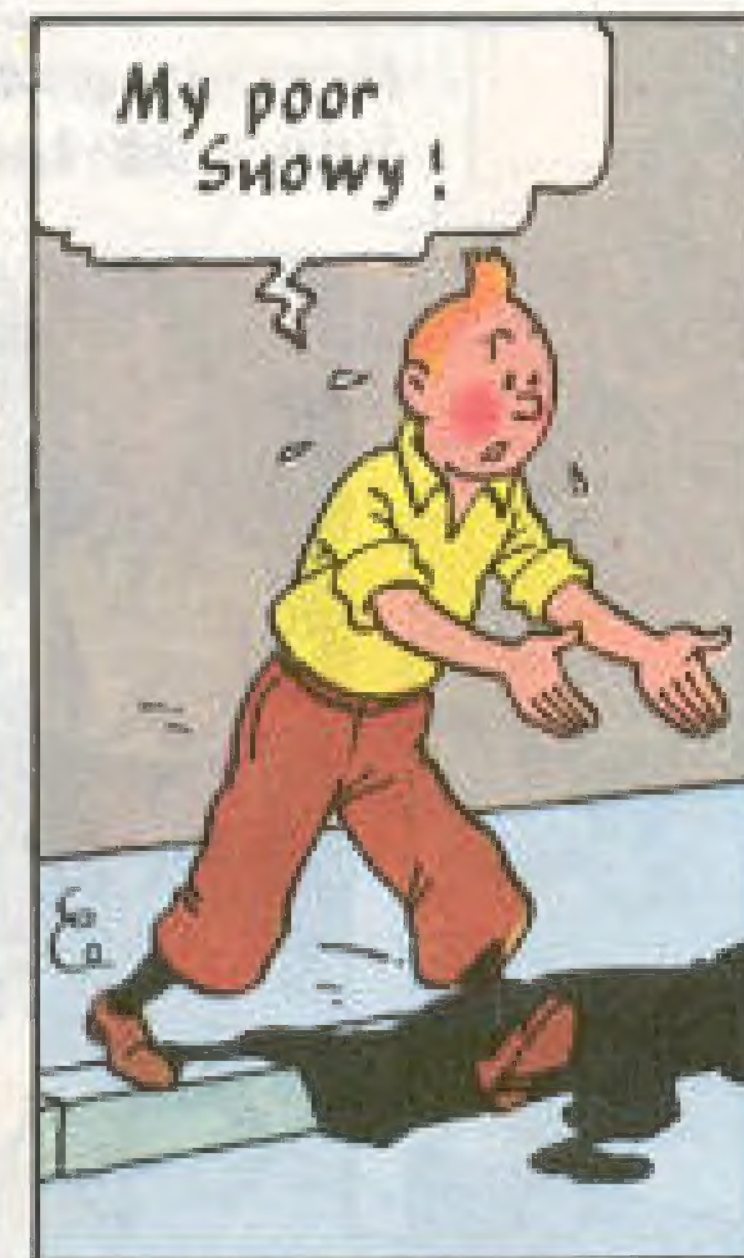
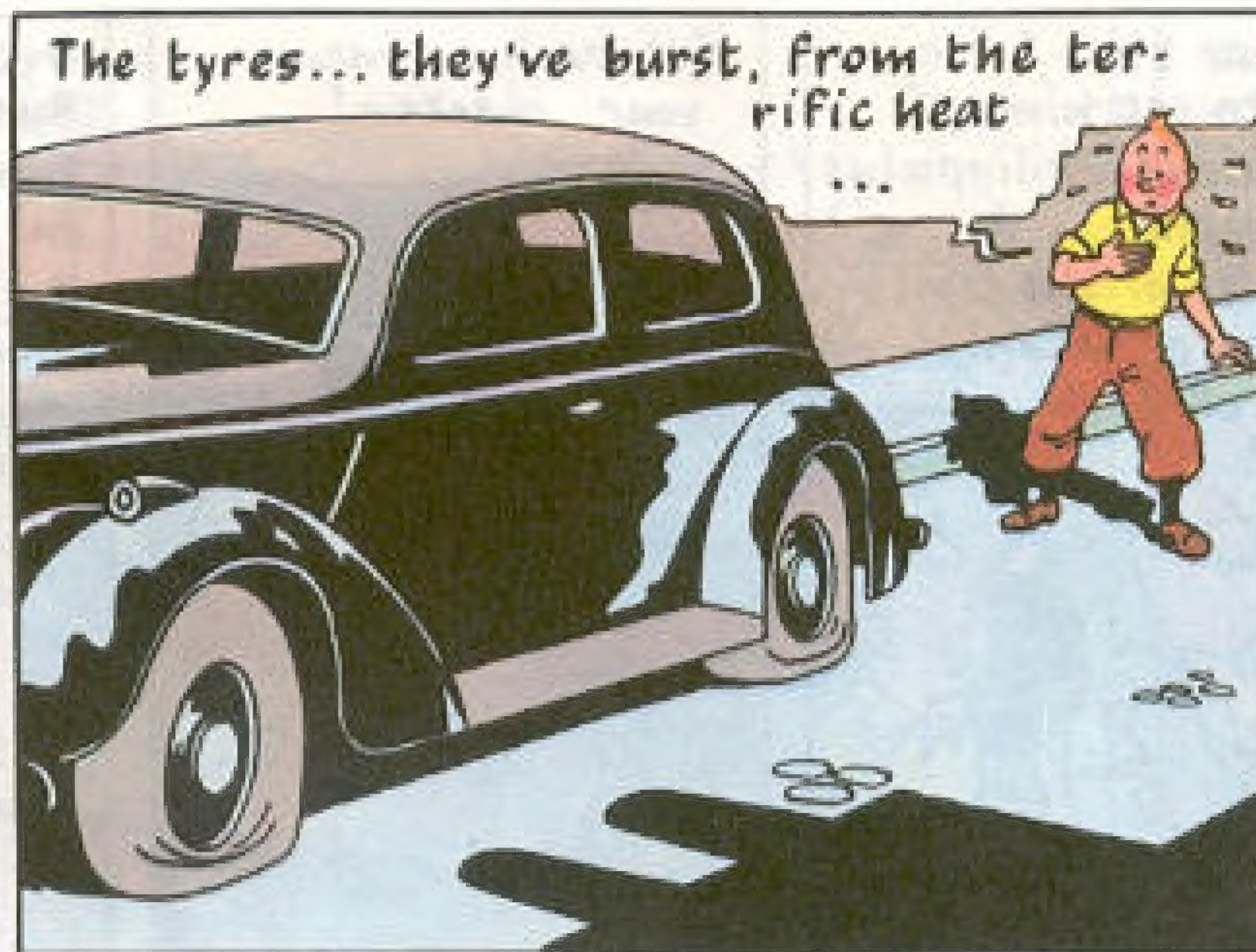
...THE END OF THE WORLD, YES!



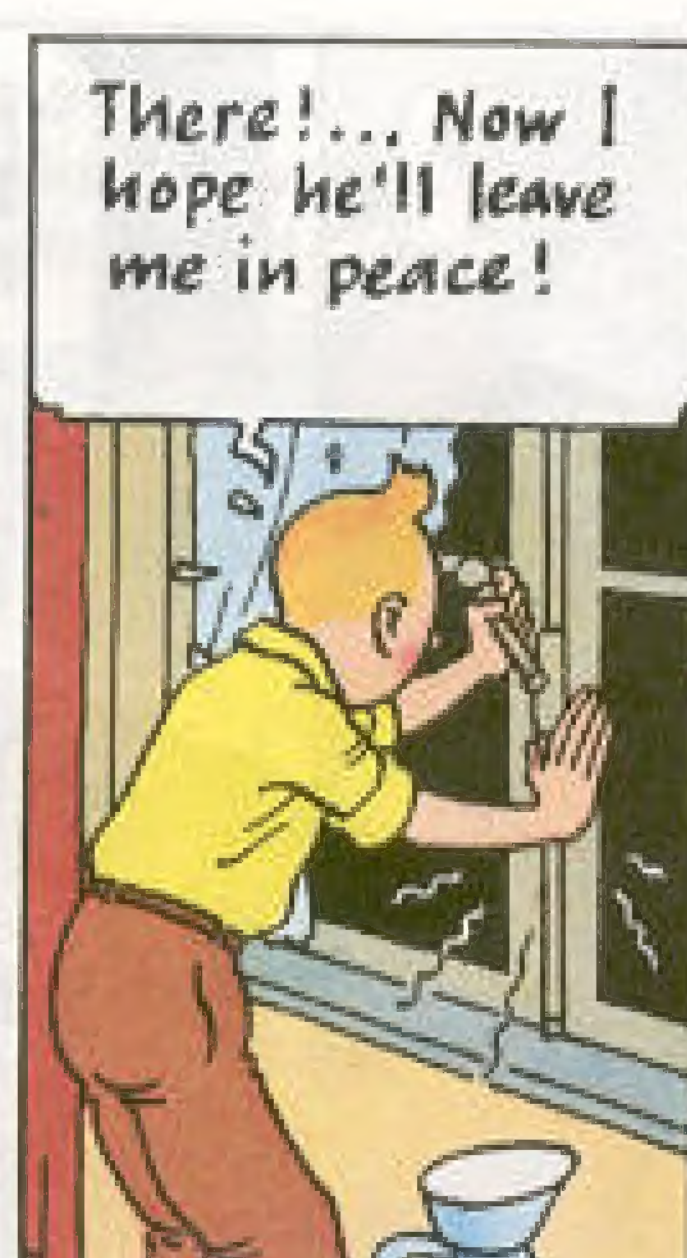
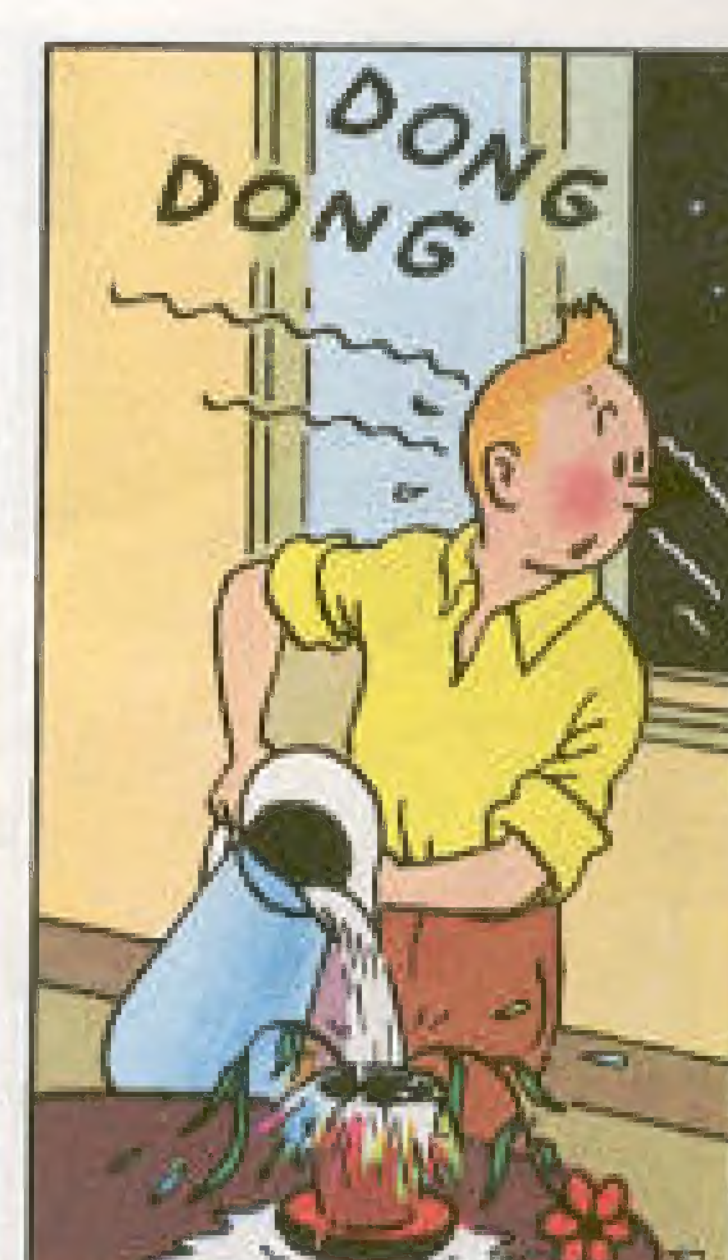
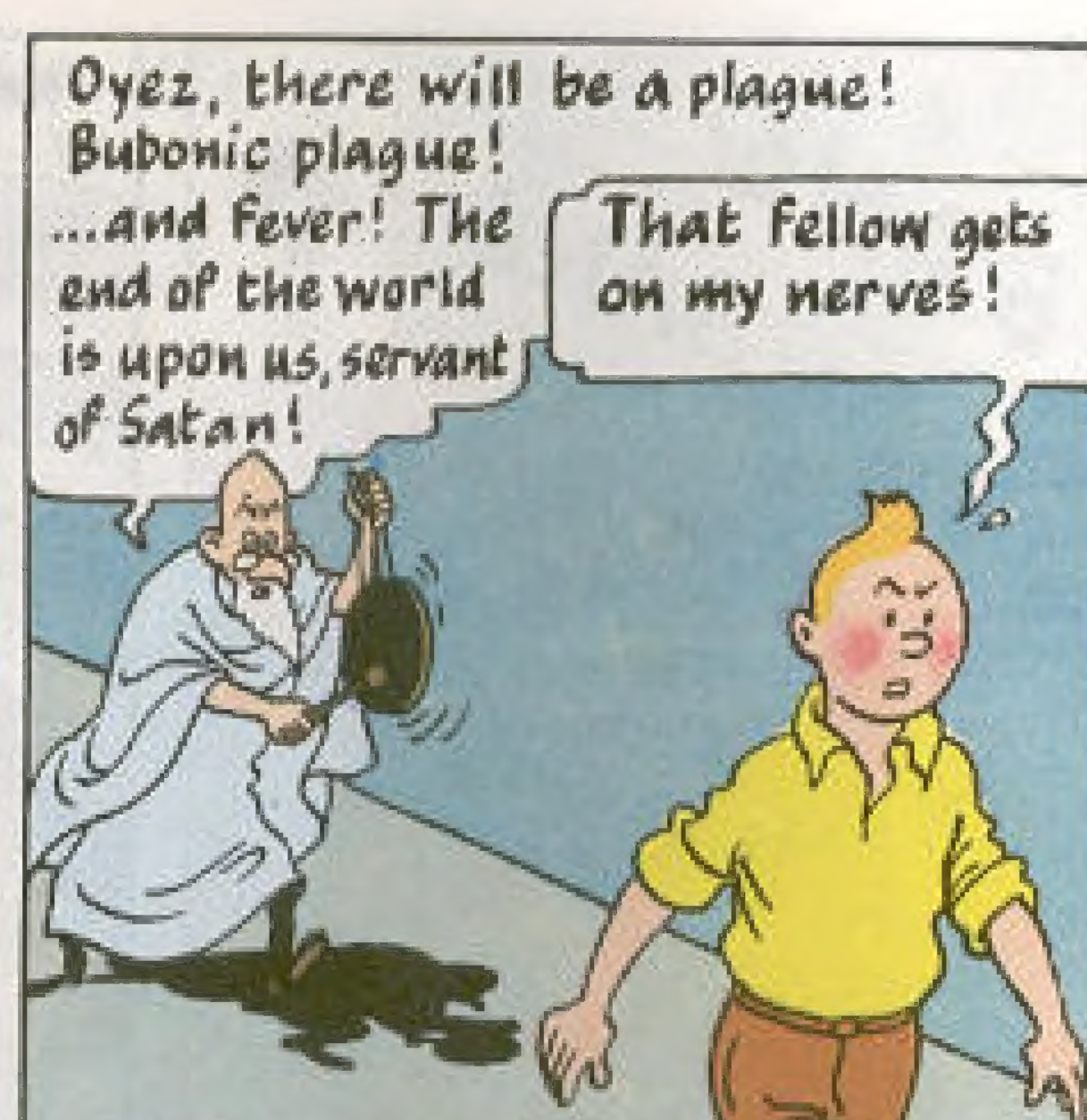




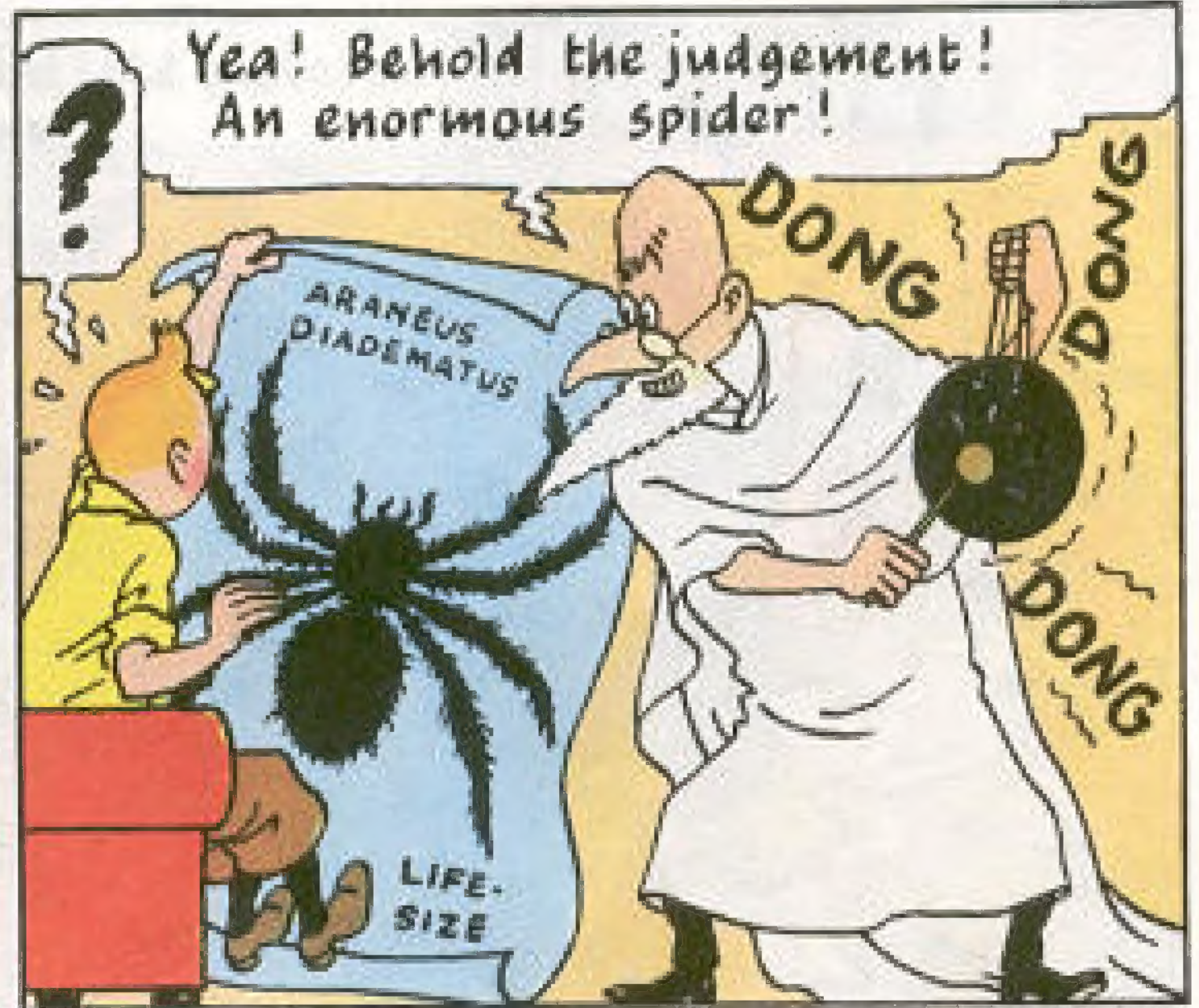
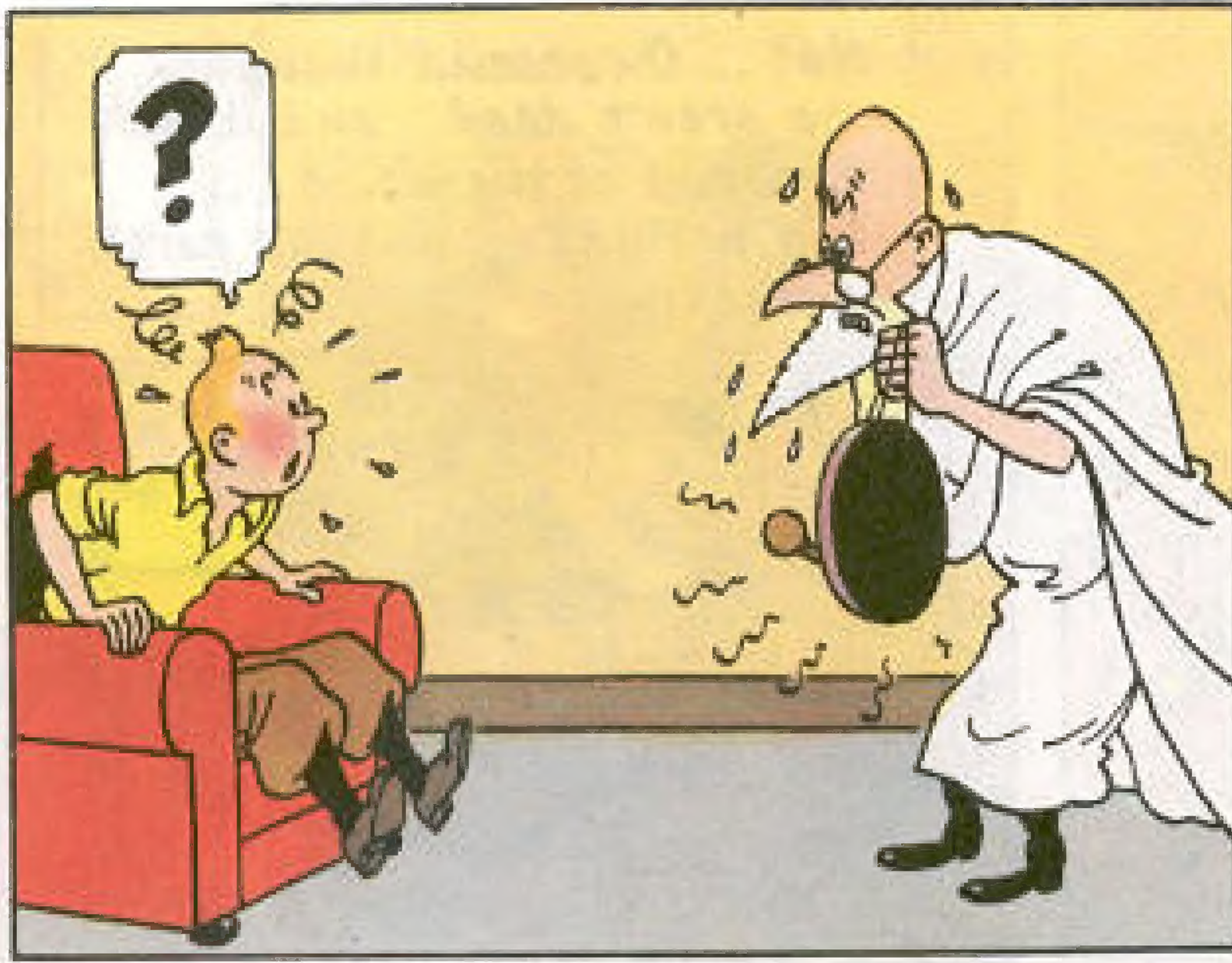








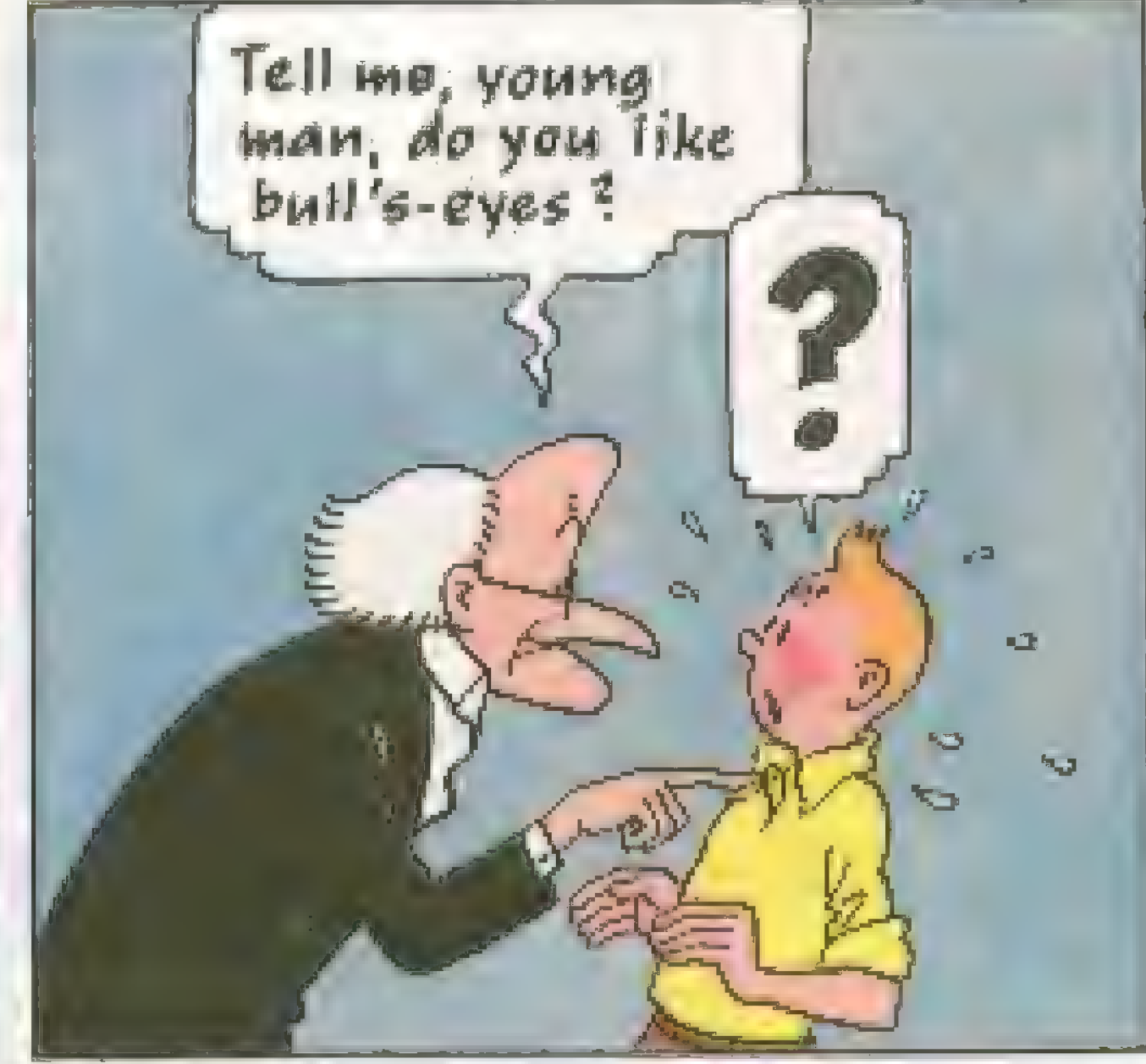
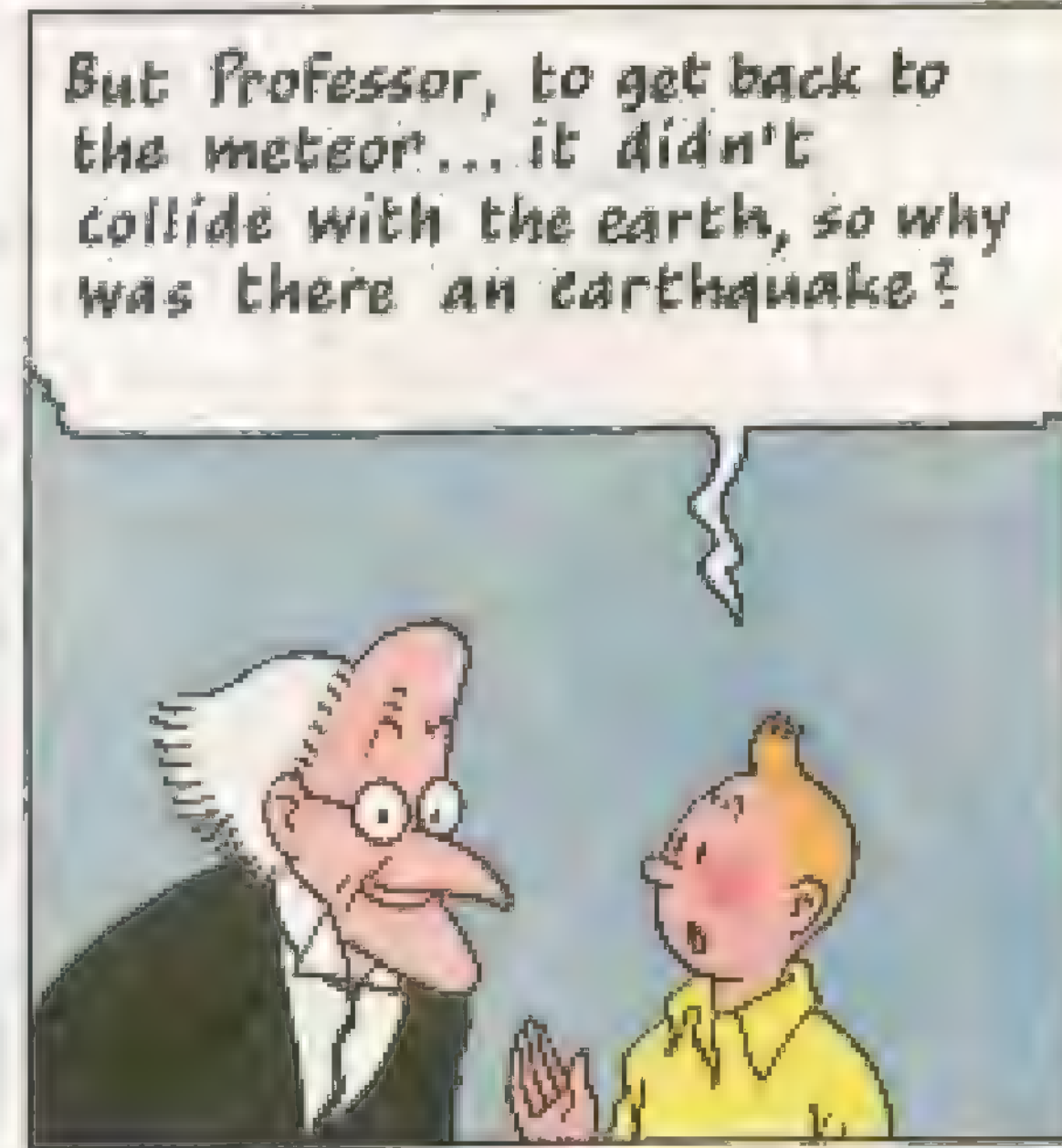
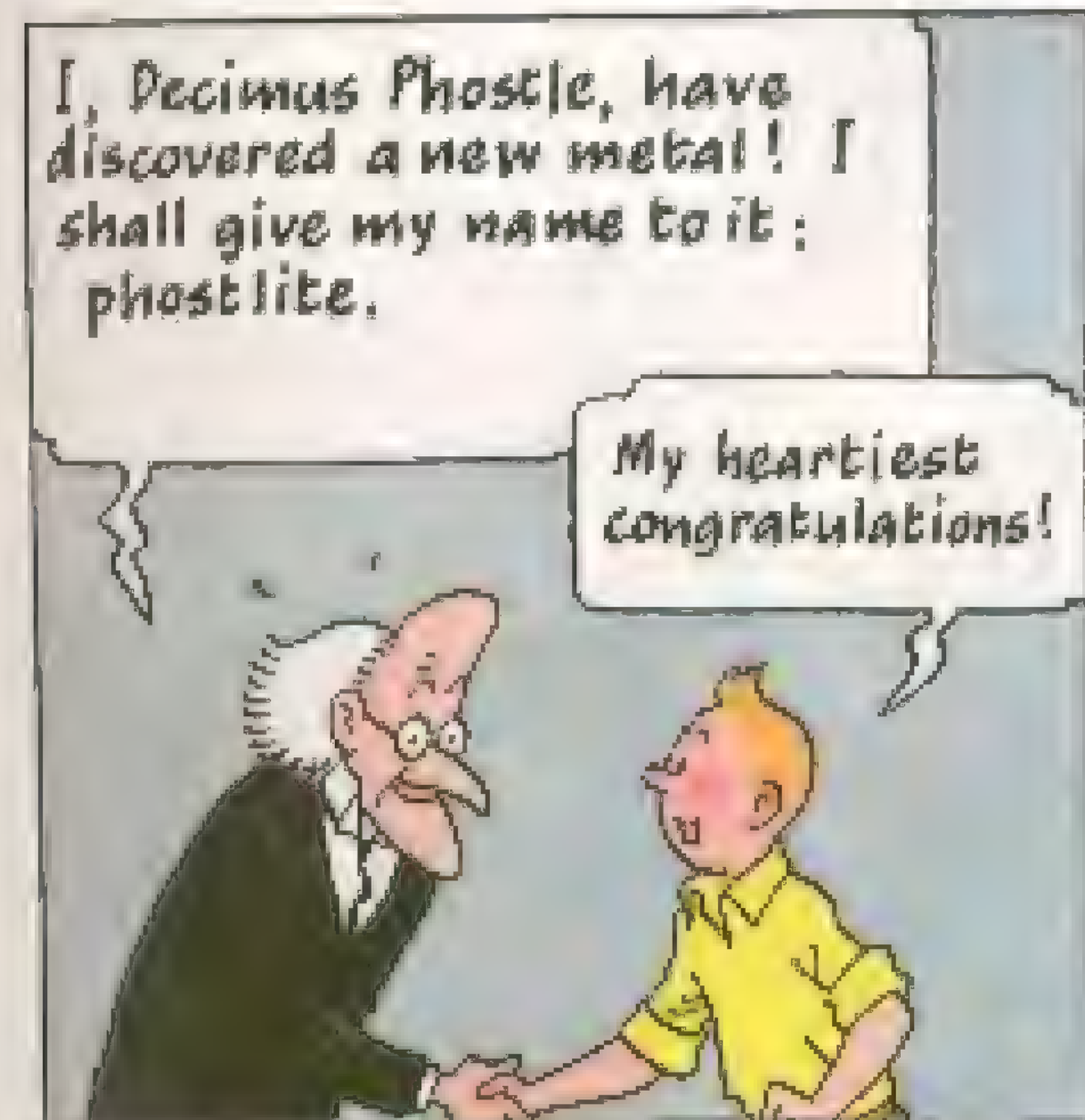
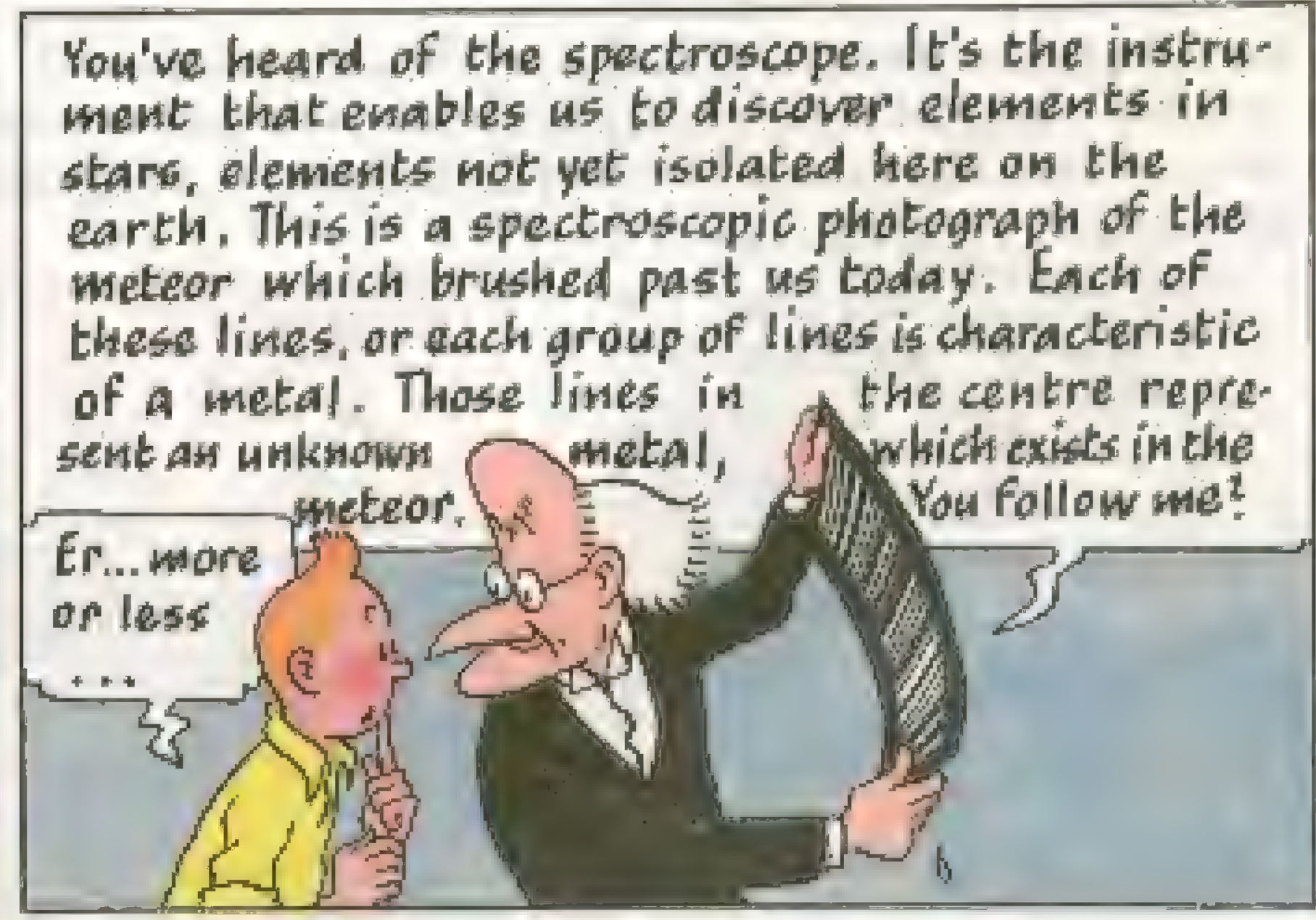
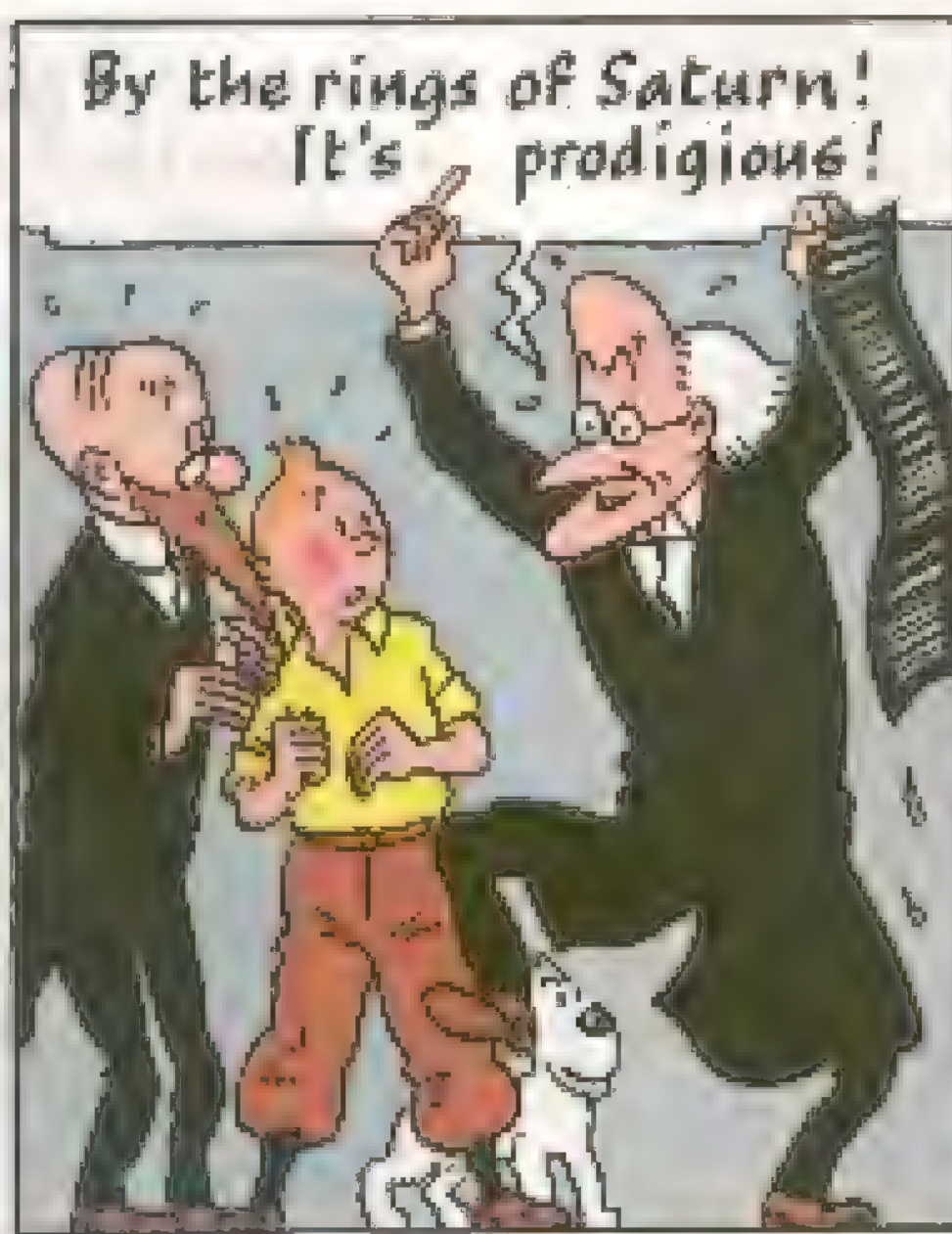
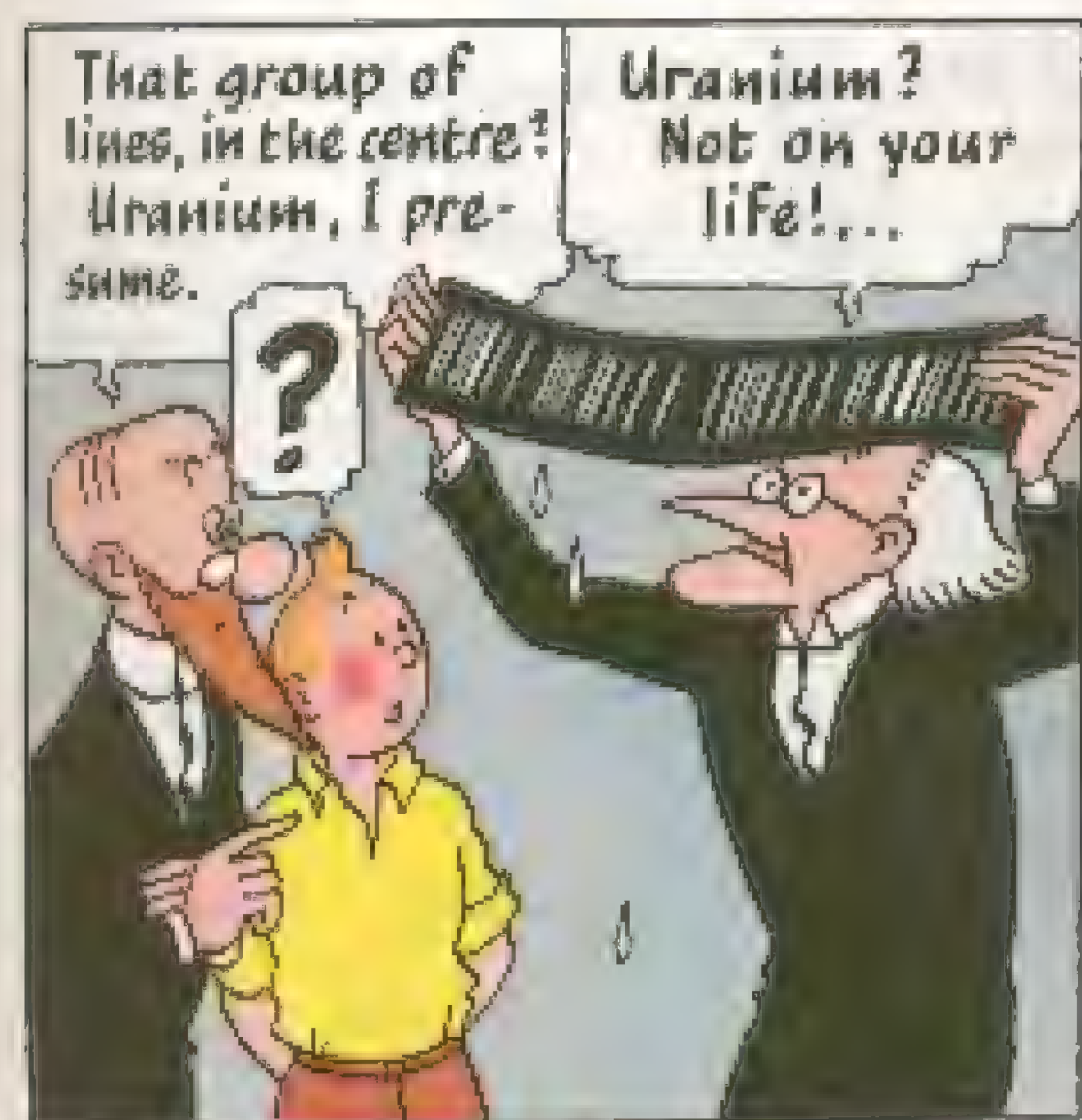
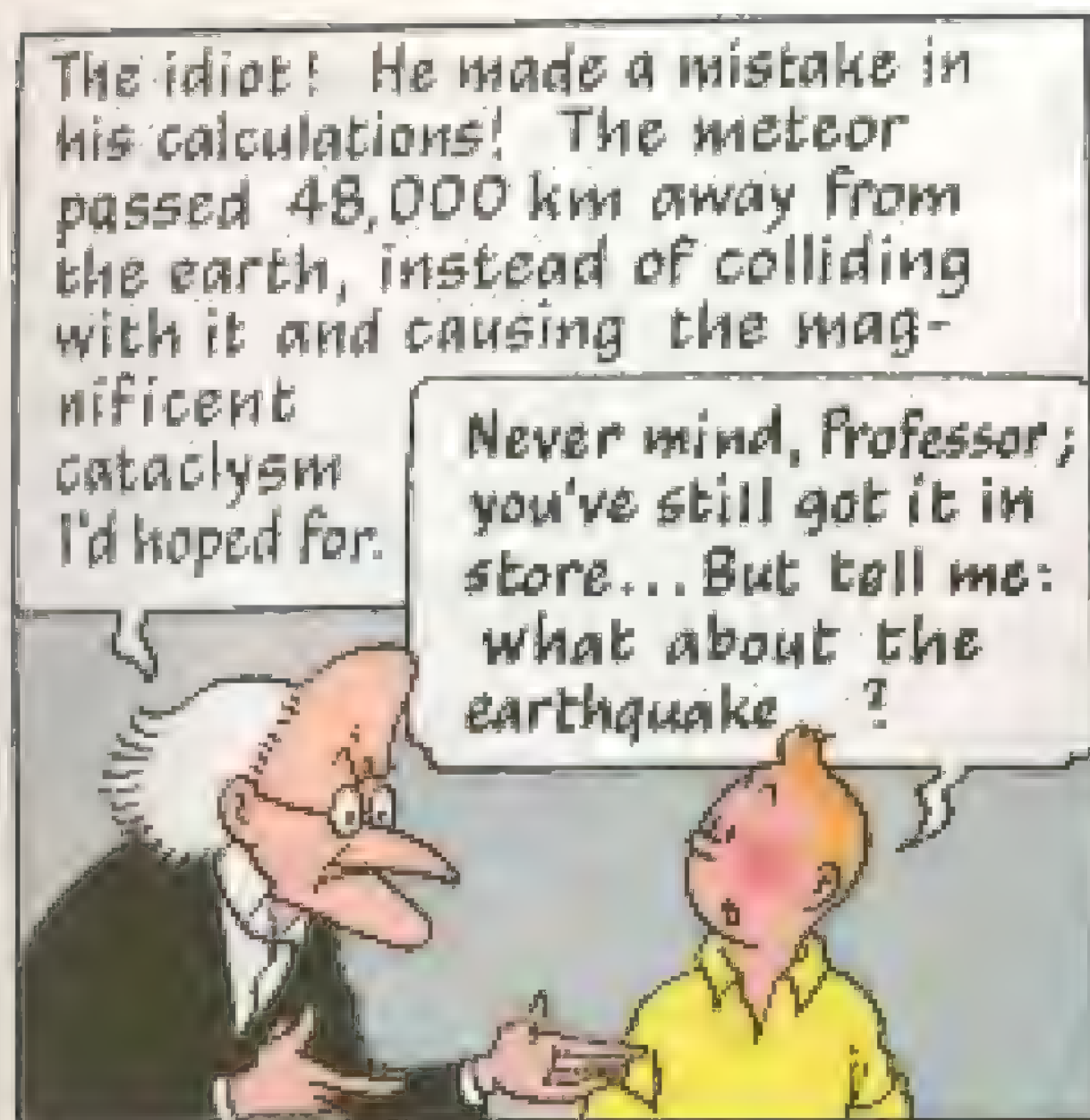




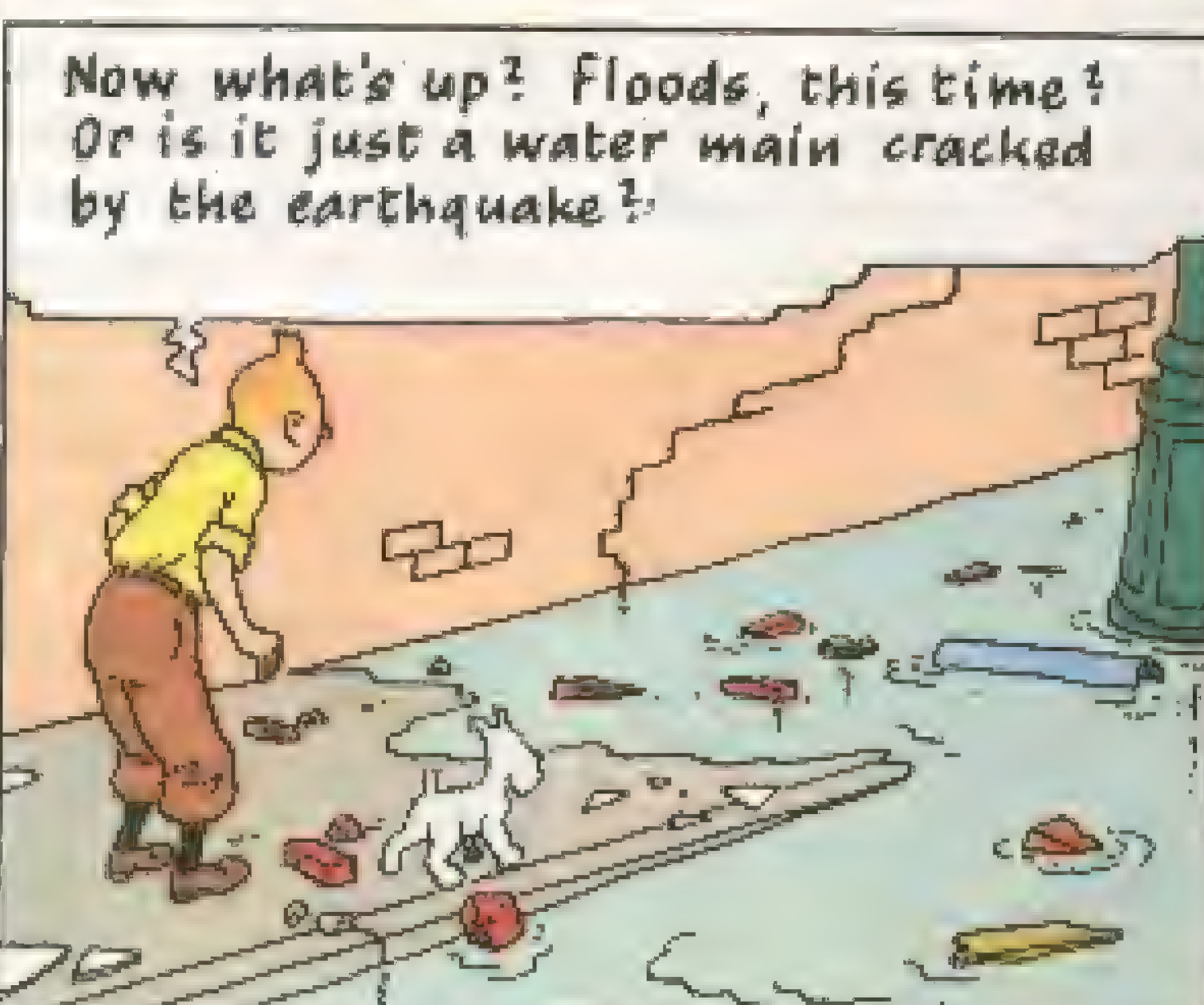
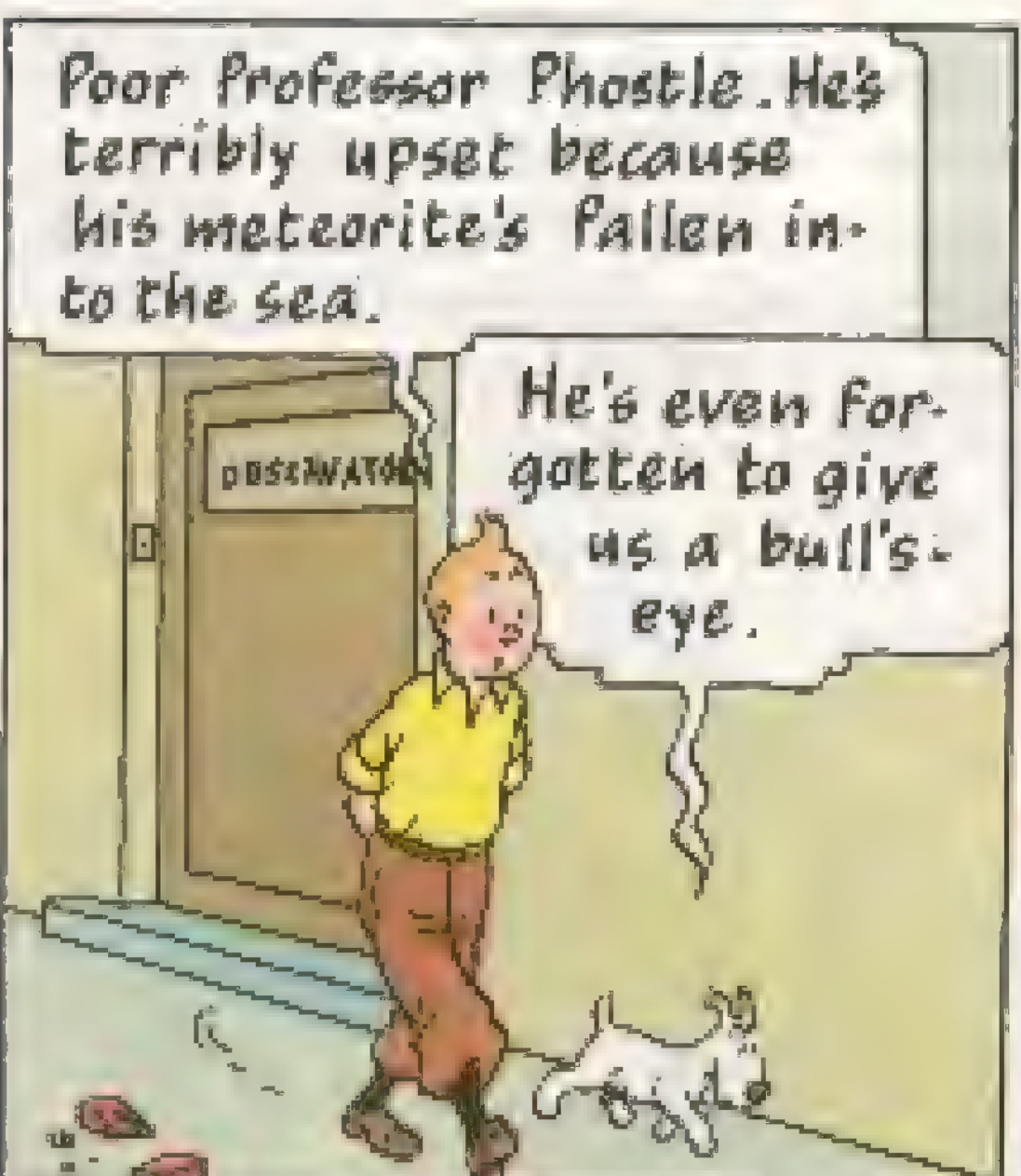
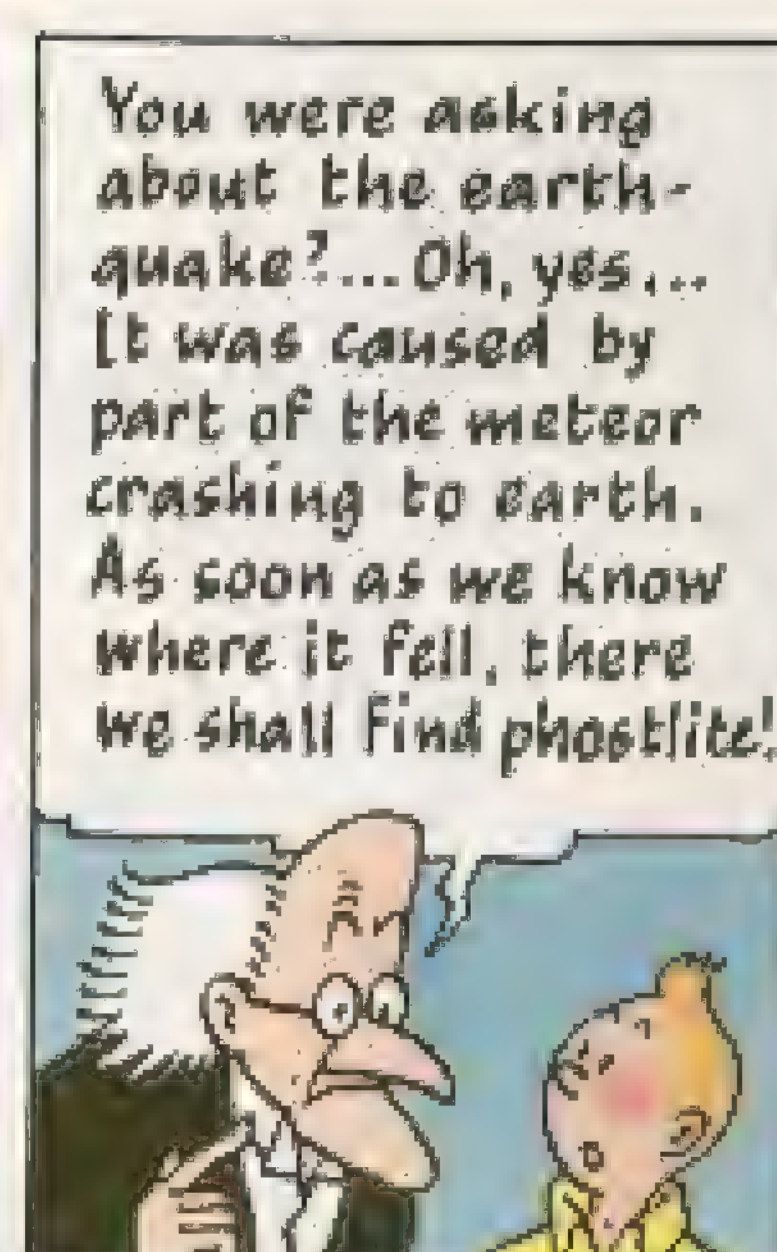
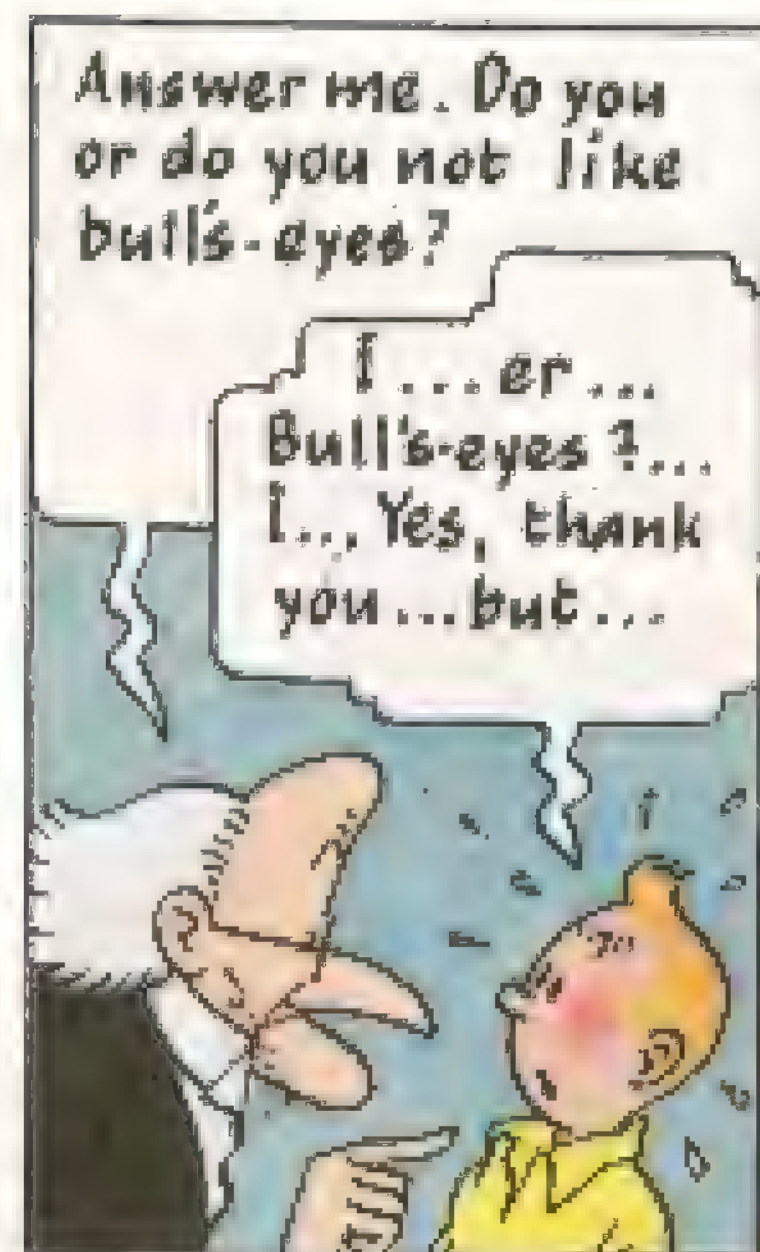




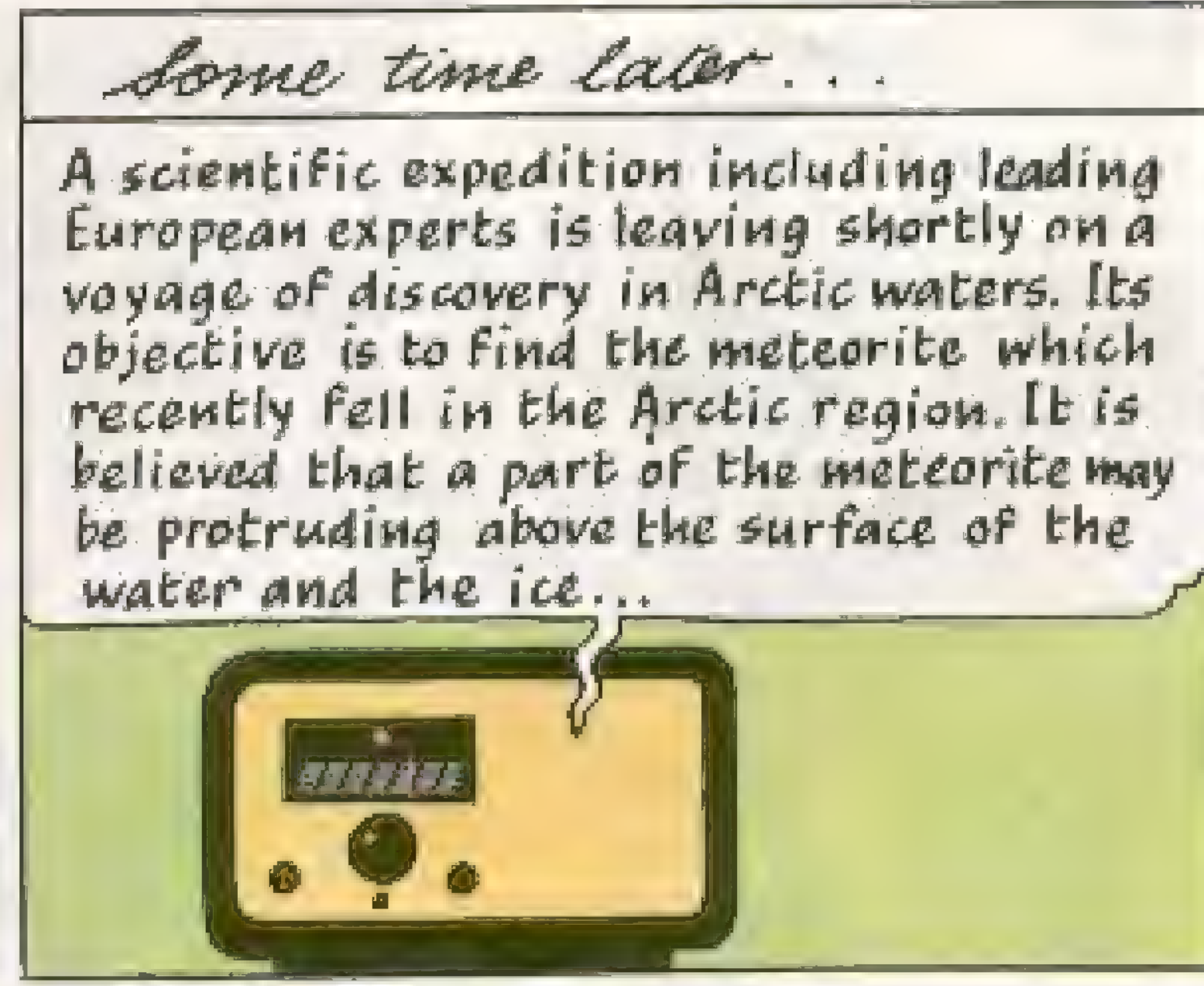
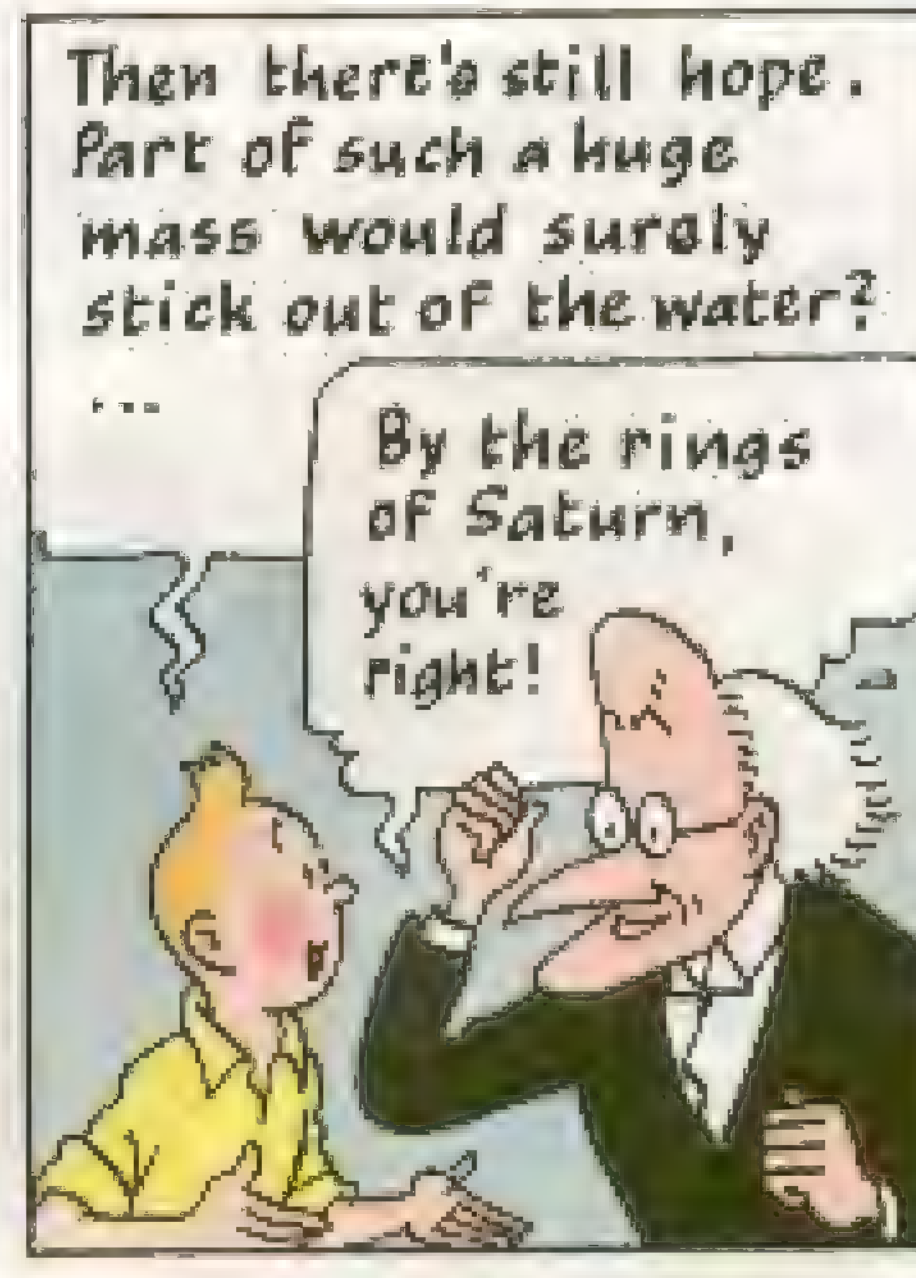
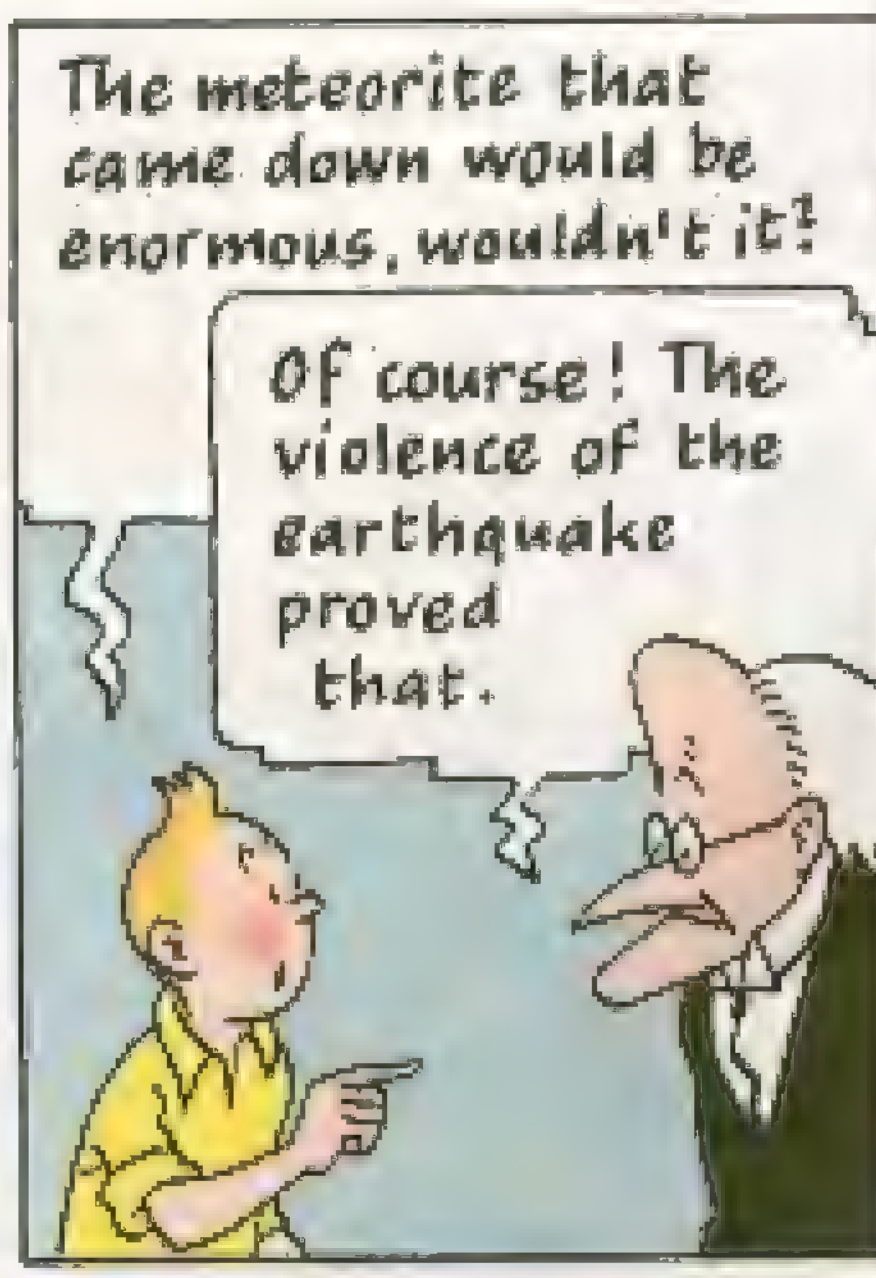
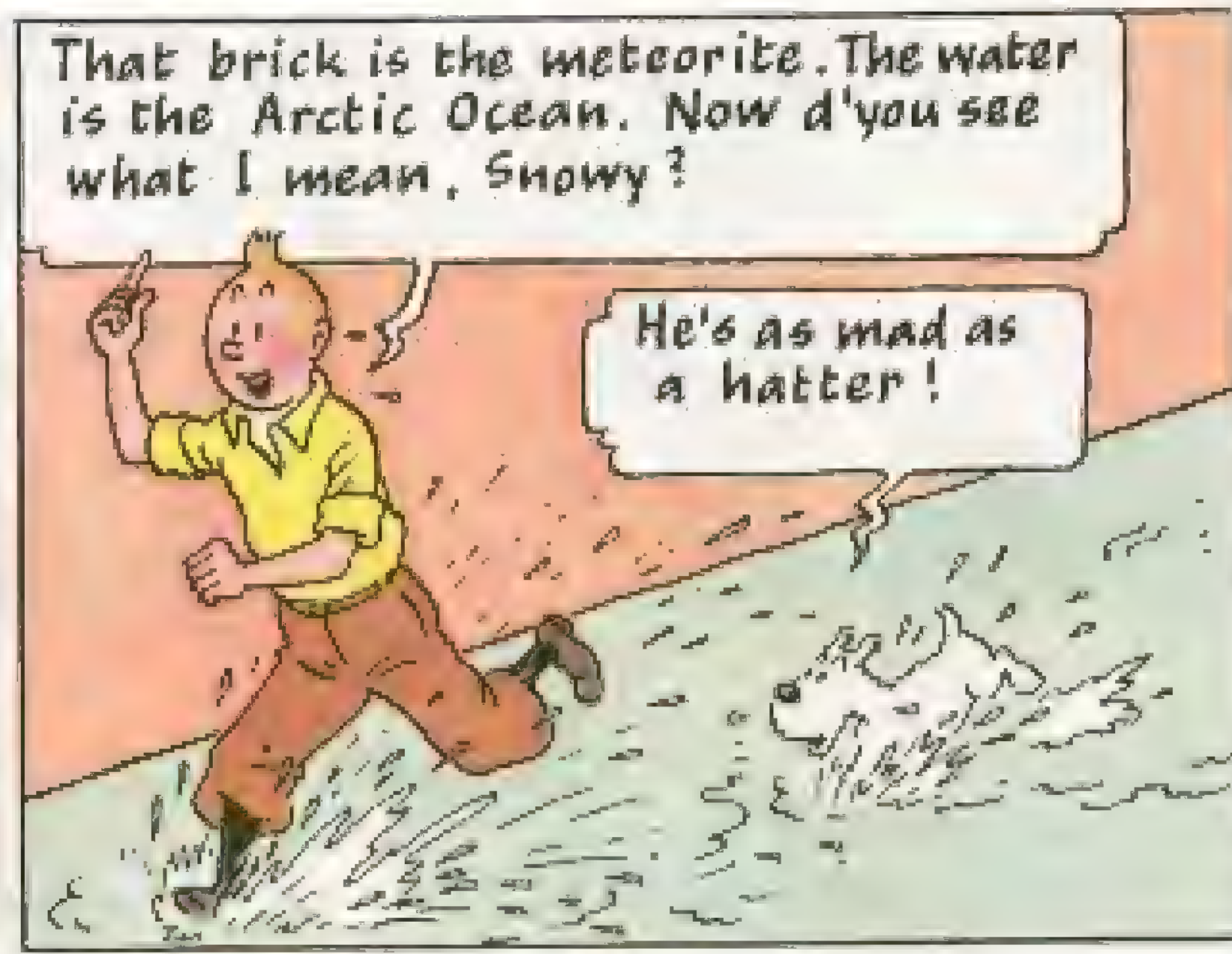
















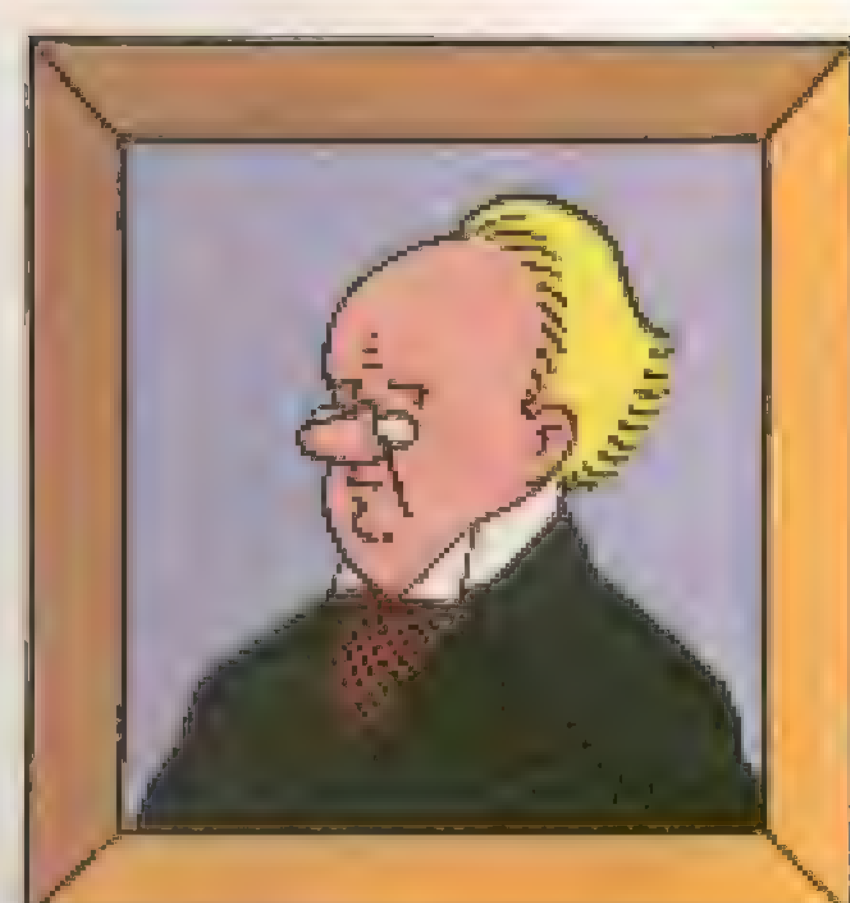
The expedition will be led by Professor Phostle, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



... the Swedish scholar Eric Björgensköld, author of distinguished papers on solar prominences;



... Señor Porfirio Bolero y Calamares, of the University of Salamanca;



... Herr Doktor Otto Schulze, of the University of Munich;



... Professor Paul Cantonneau, of the University of Paris;



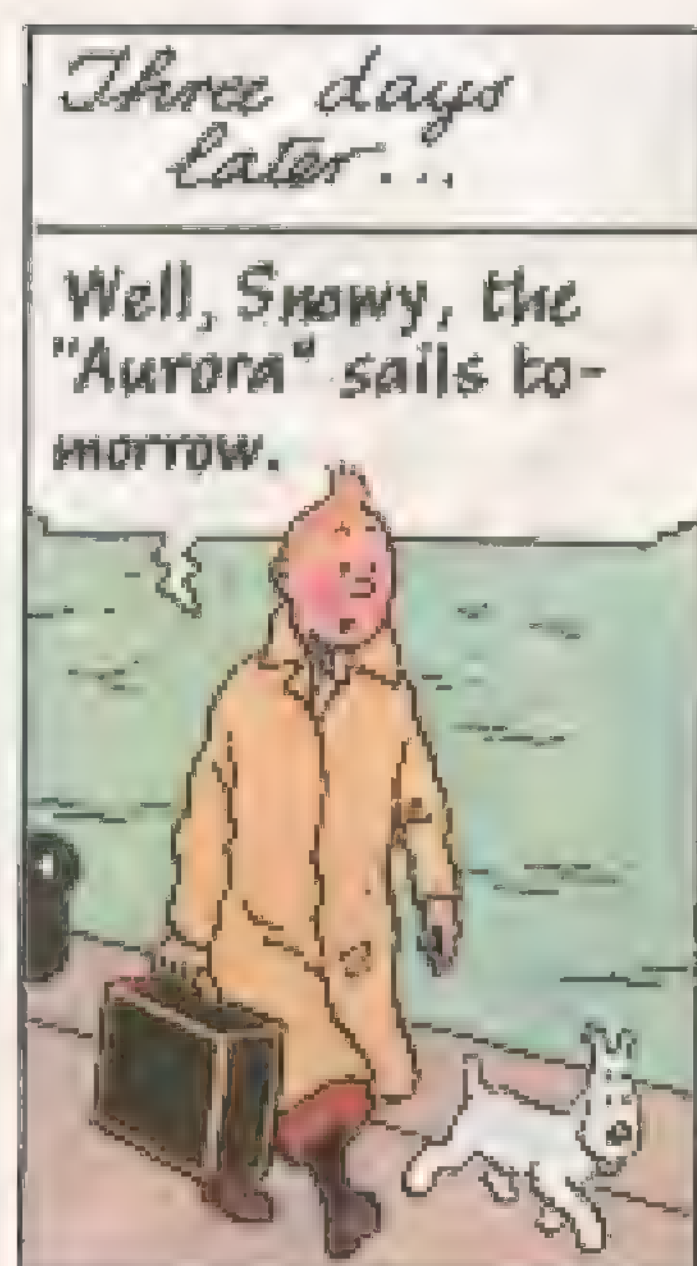
... Senhor Pedro Joões Dos Santos, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra;



... Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the press;



...and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the S.S.S. (Society of Sober Sailors) who will command the "Aurora", the vessel in which the expedition will embark.



Three days later...

Well, Snowy, the "Aurora" sails tomorrow.

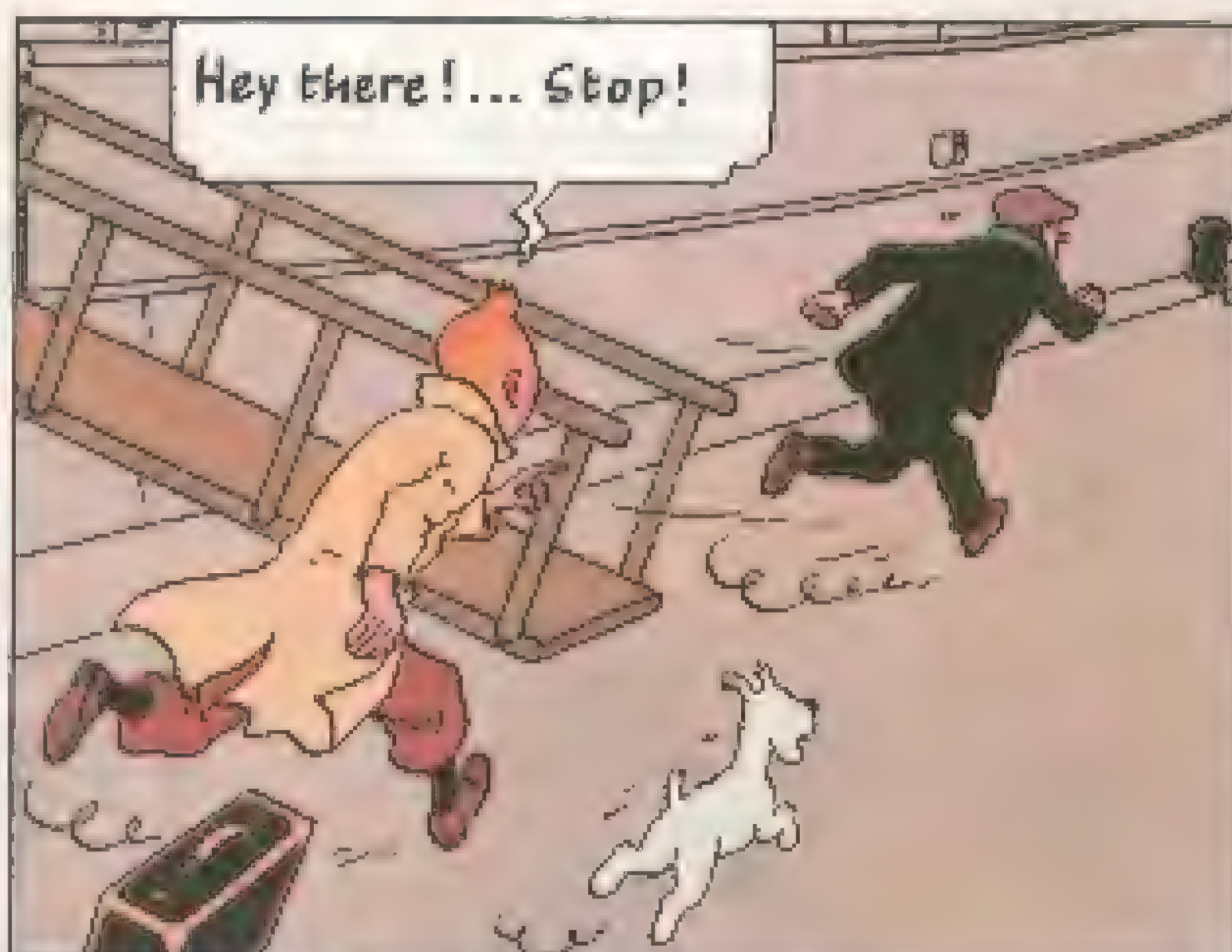


We'll go aboard for our last night before setting off for Arctic waters.

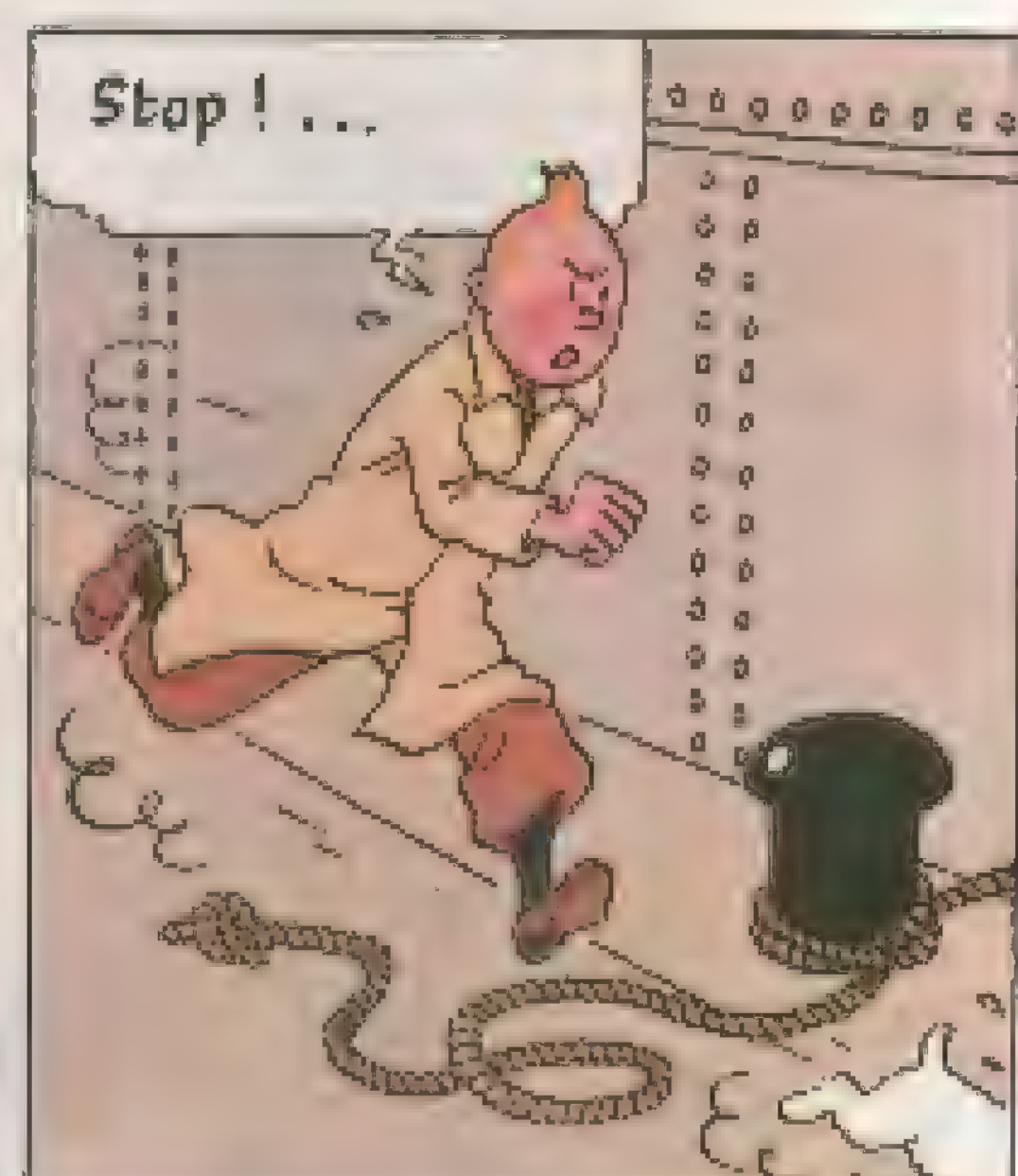
I don't think much of this expedition; it'll be jolly cold up there.



Hello... someone's running down the gangplank... That's funny... Stop! Who are you?

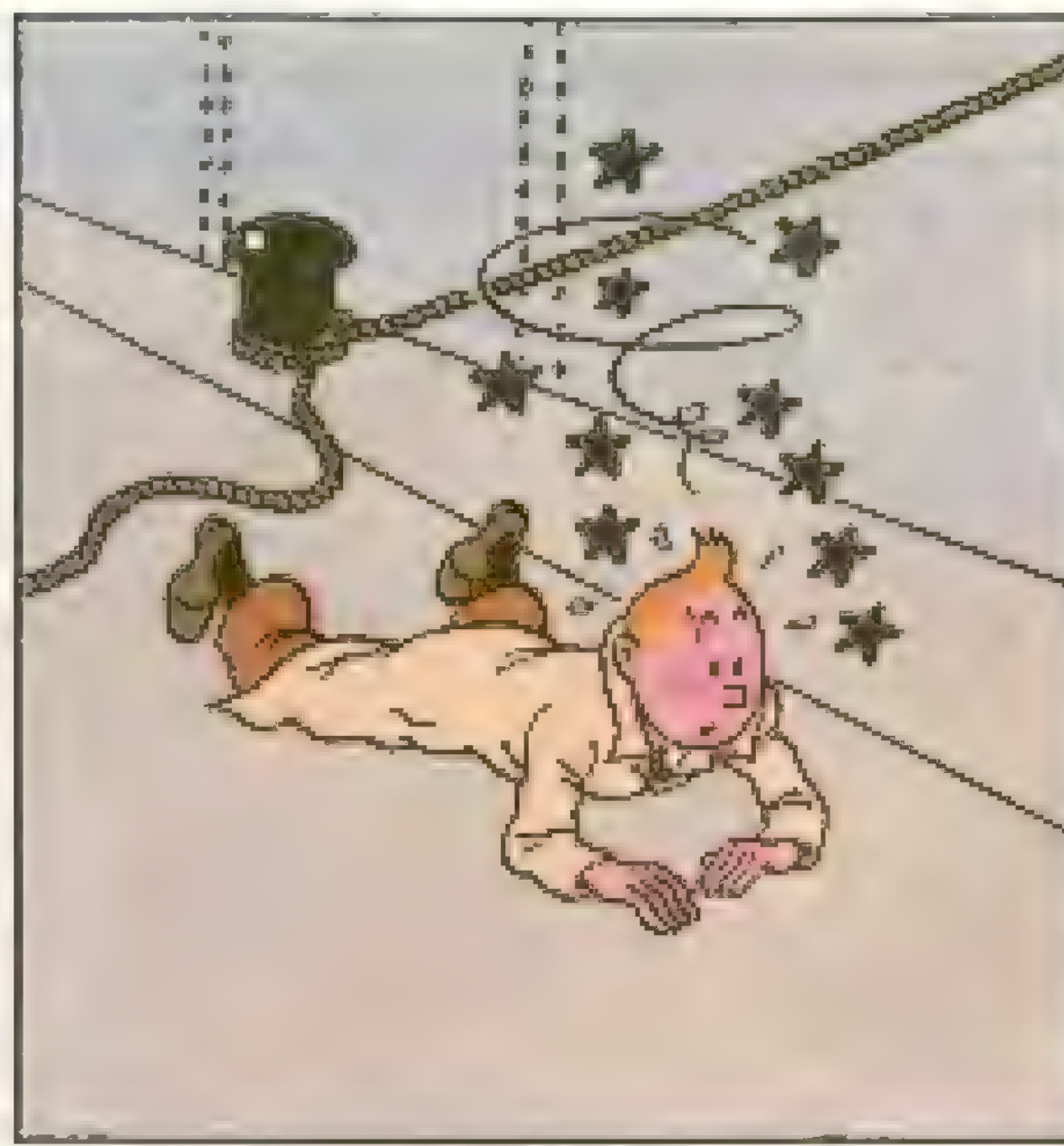
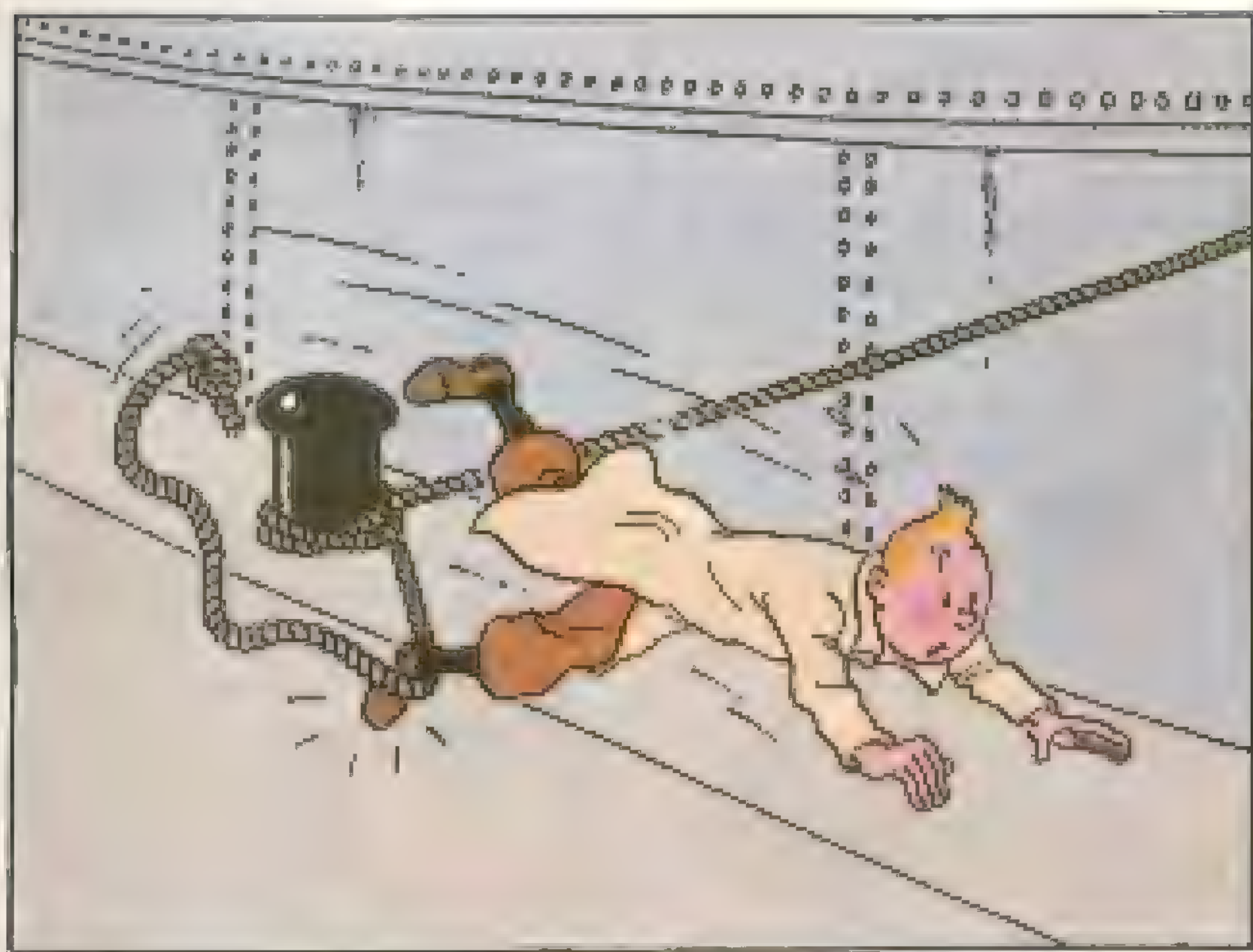


Hey there!... Stop!

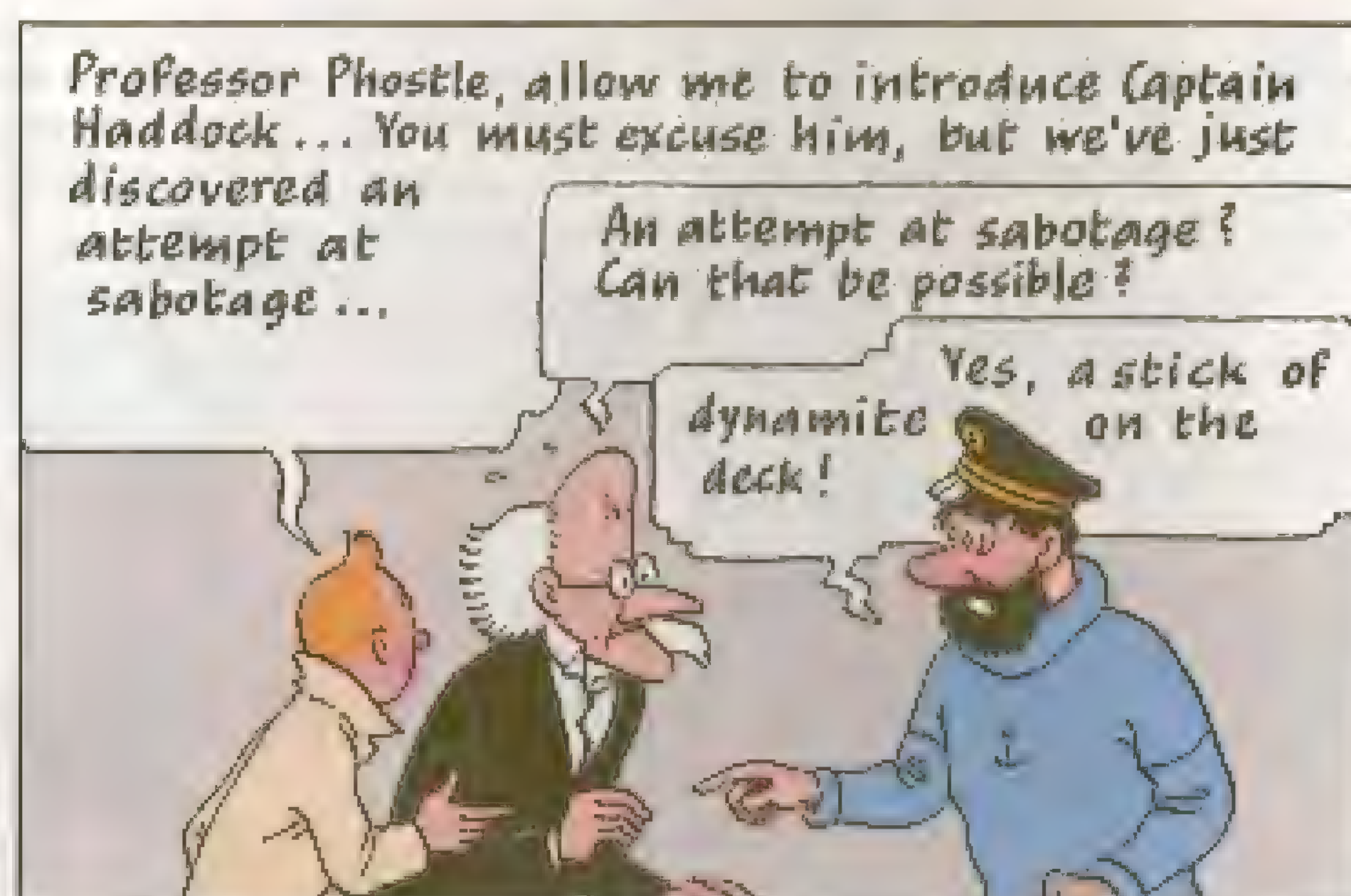
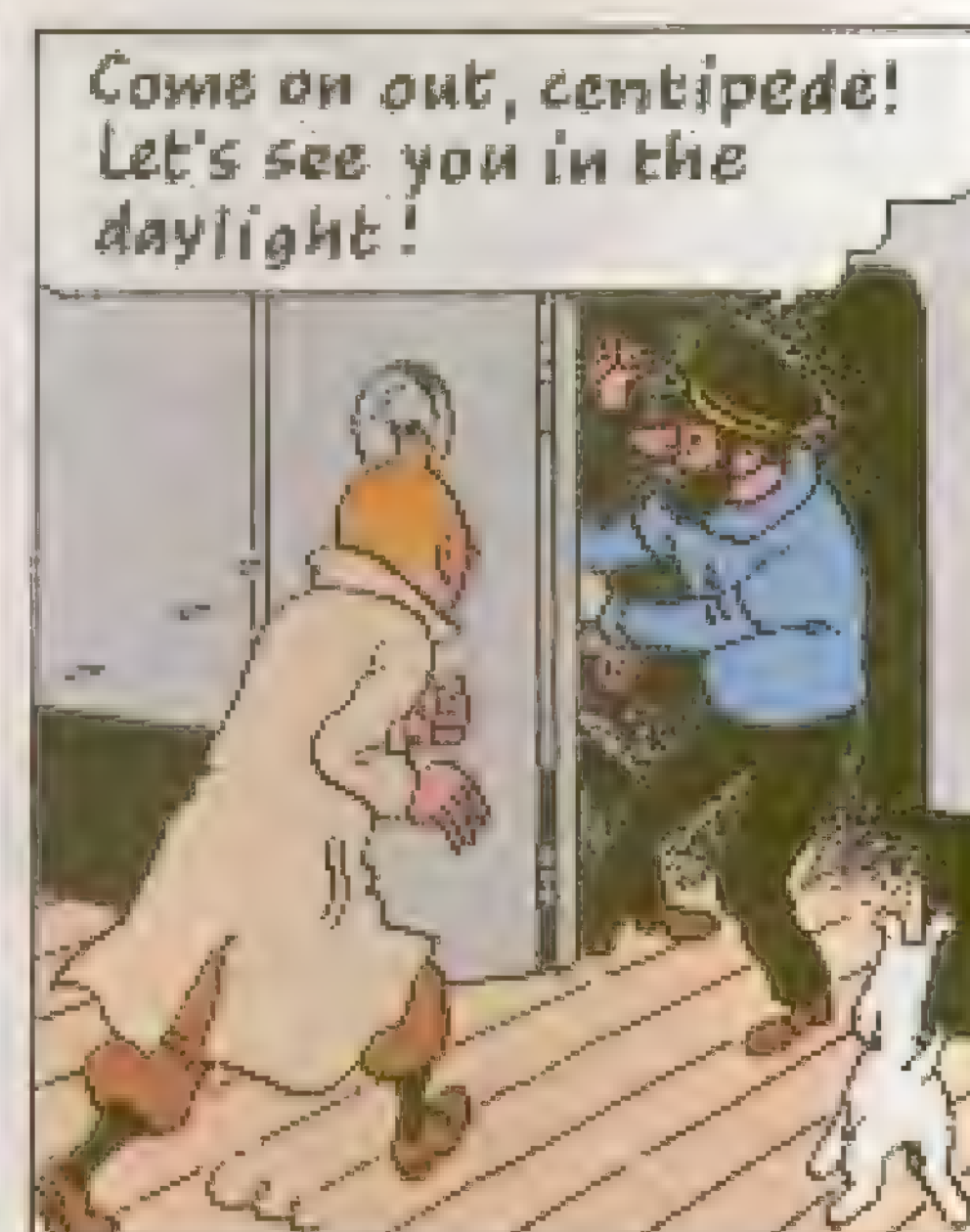
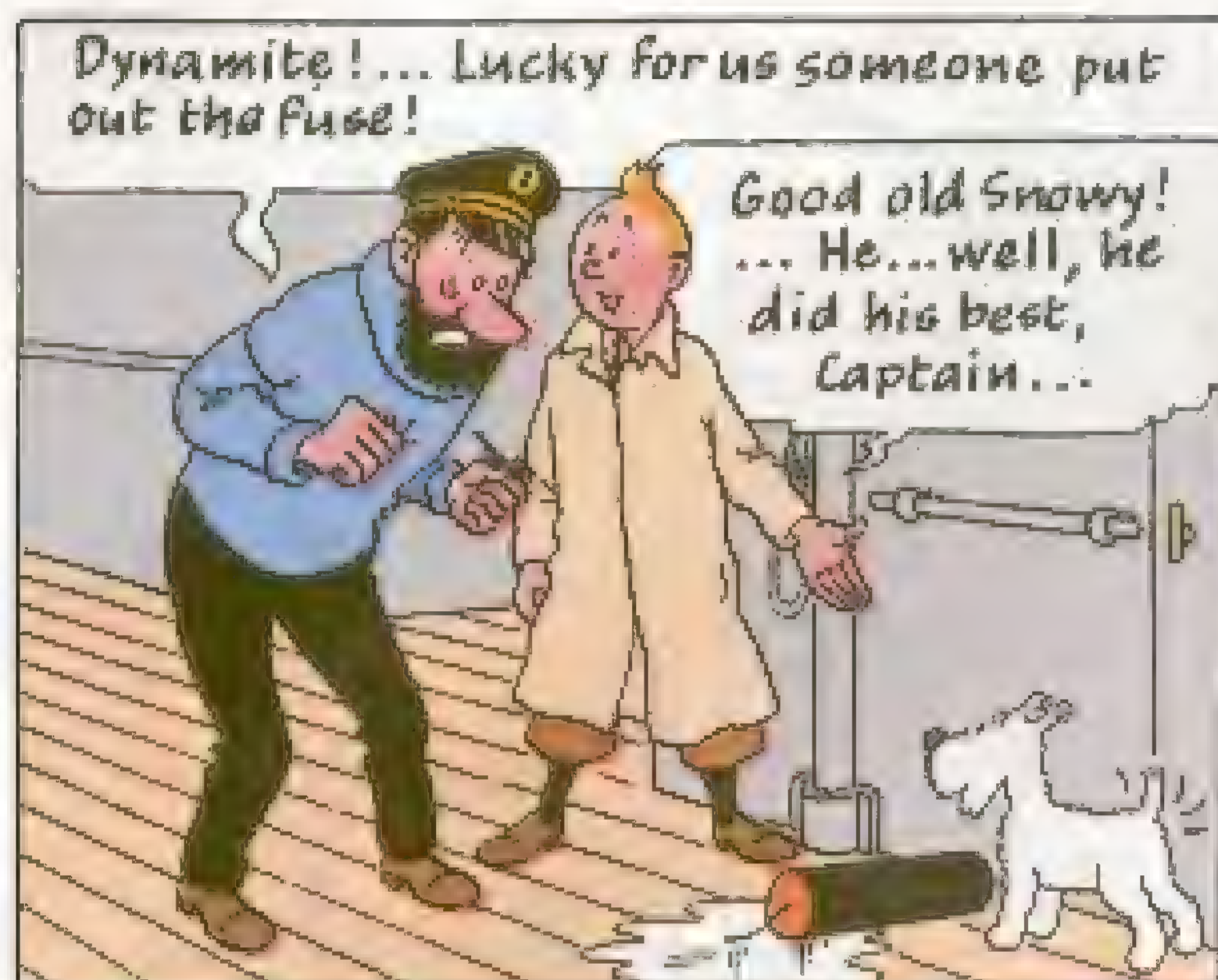


Stop!...

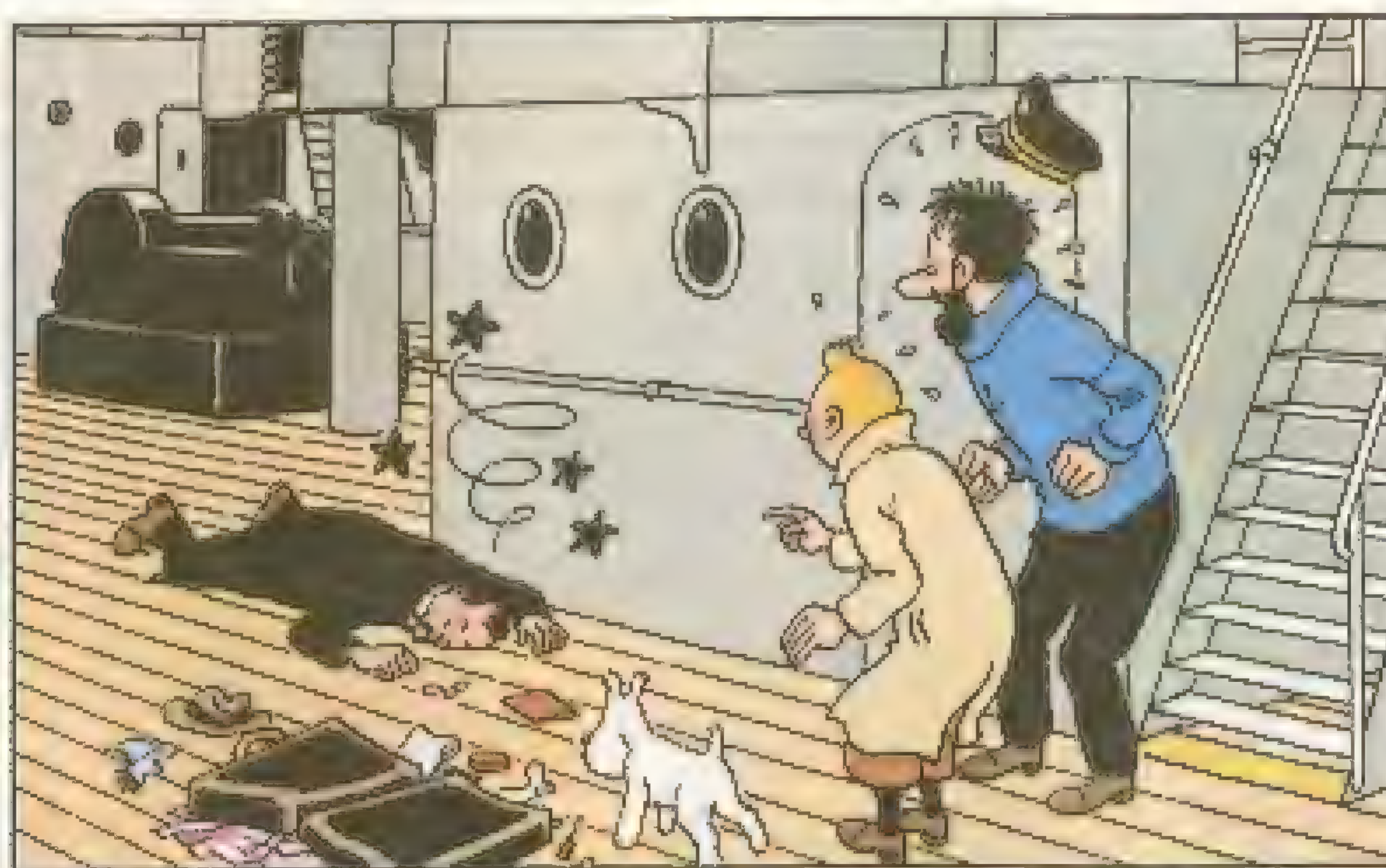
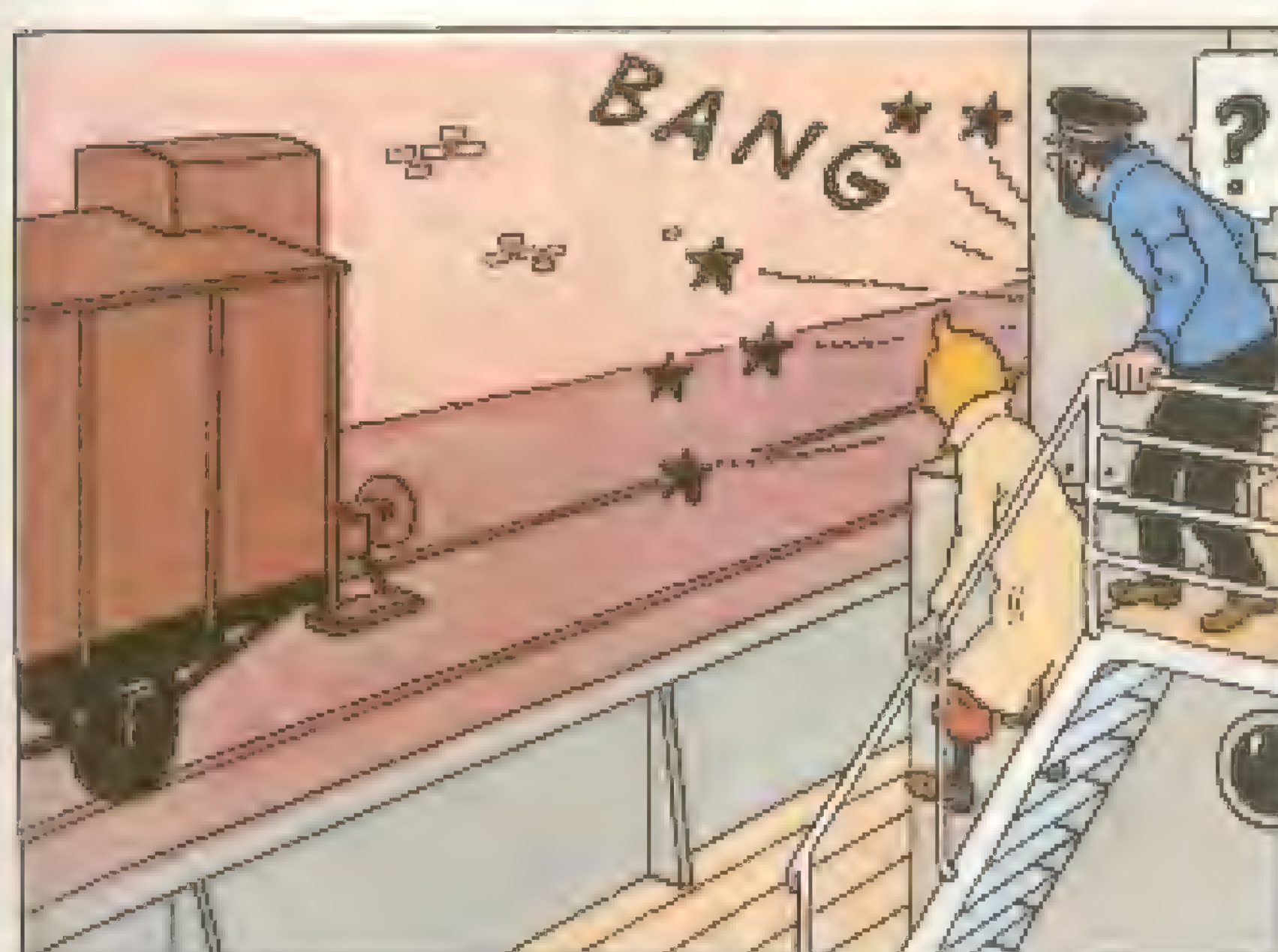
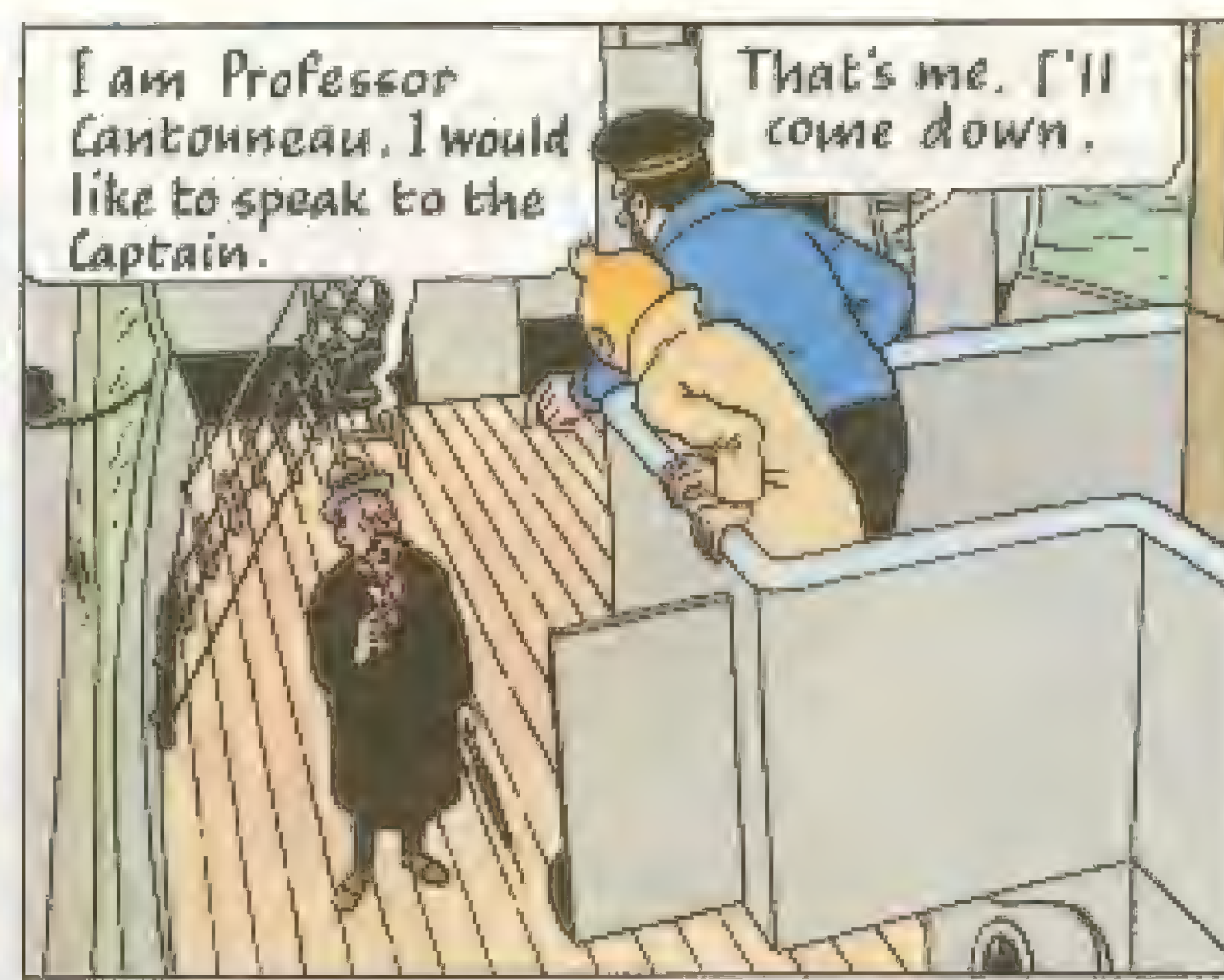
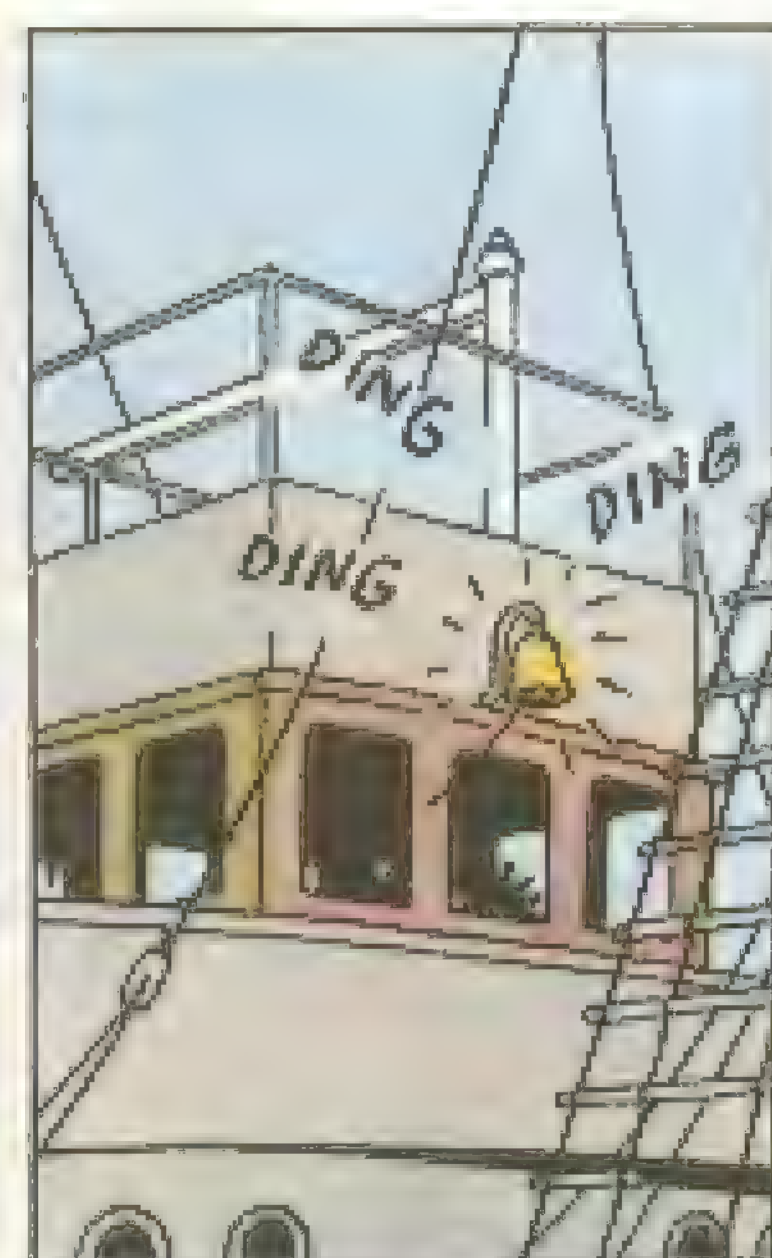
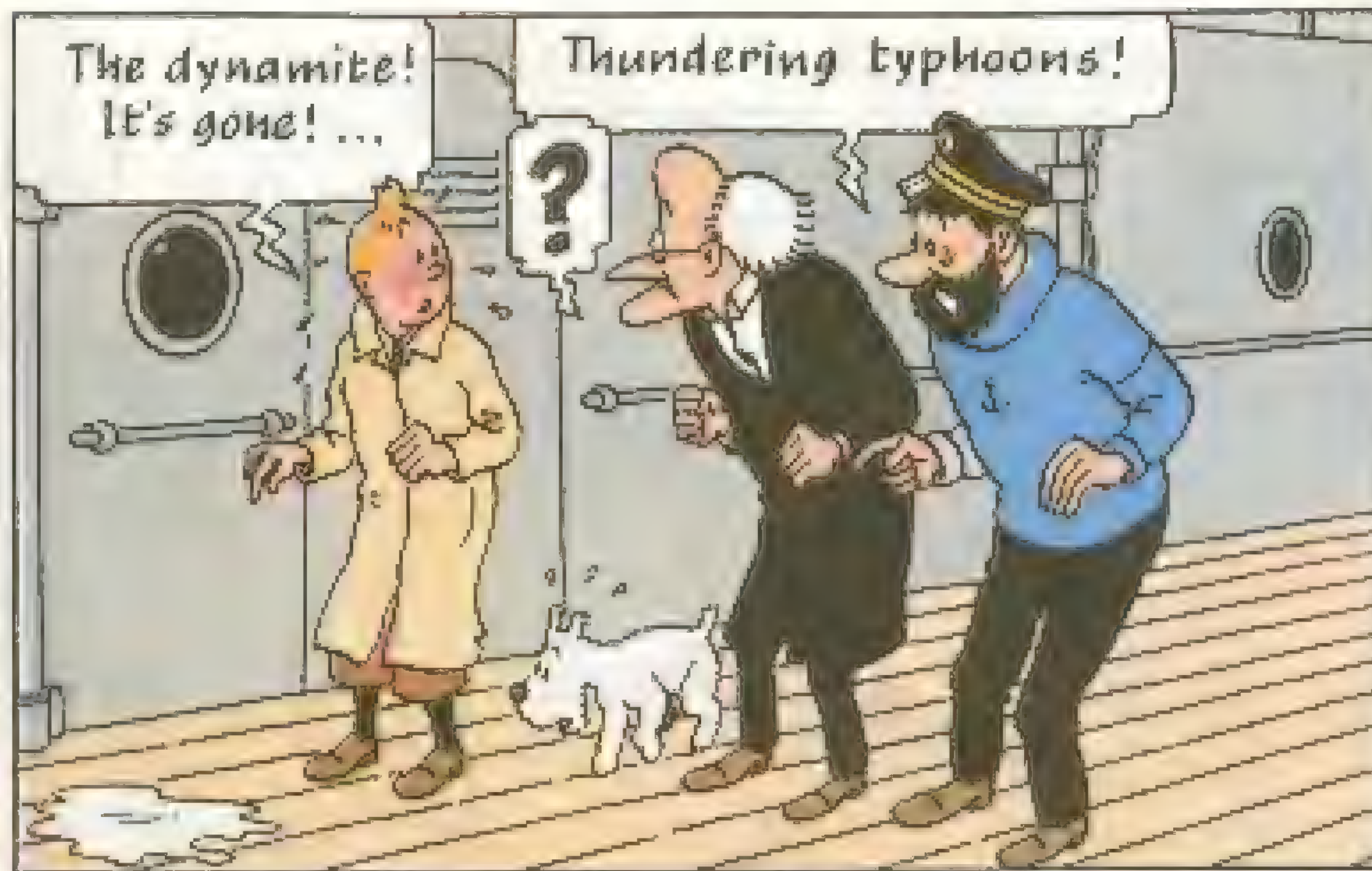




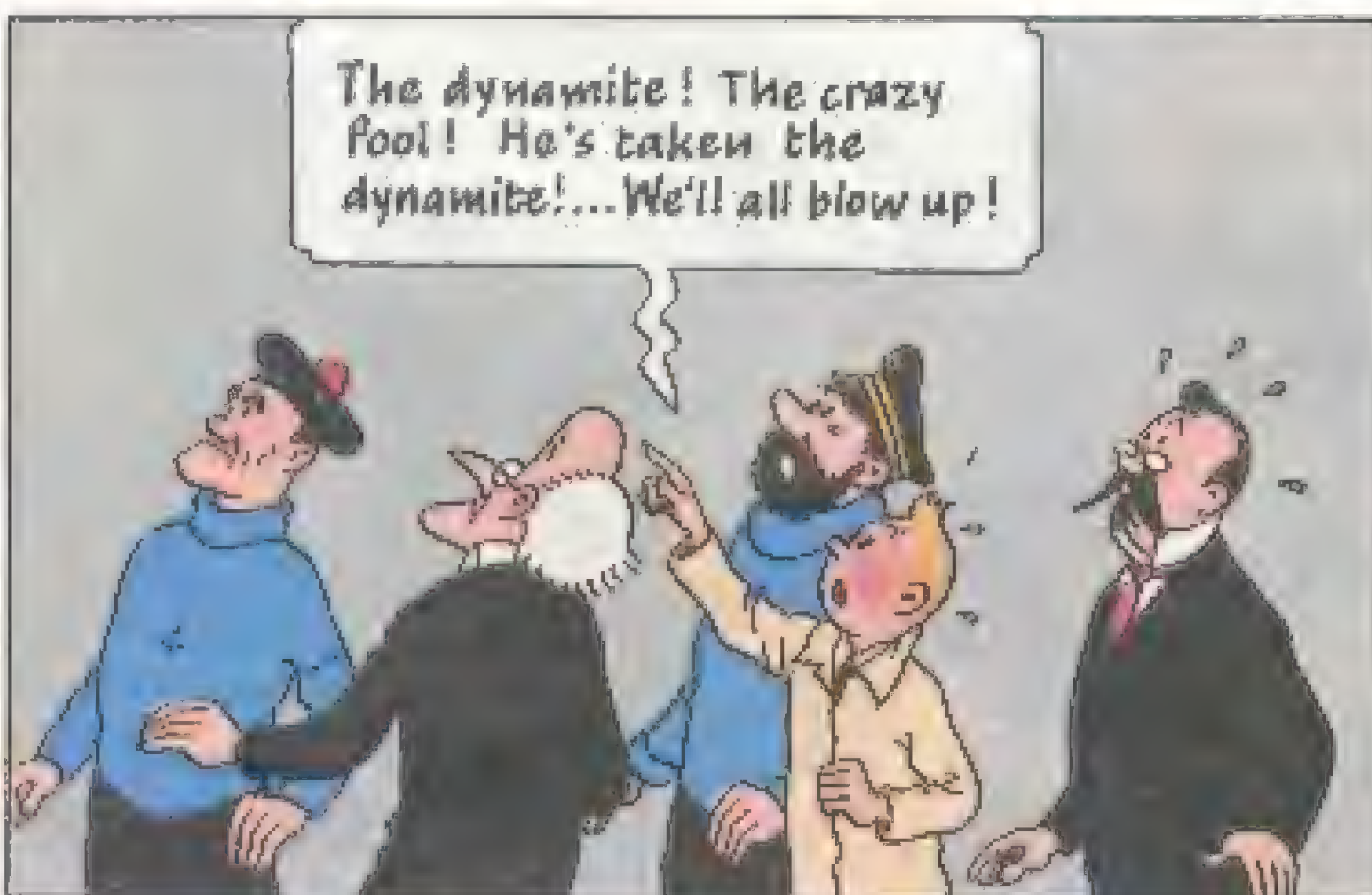
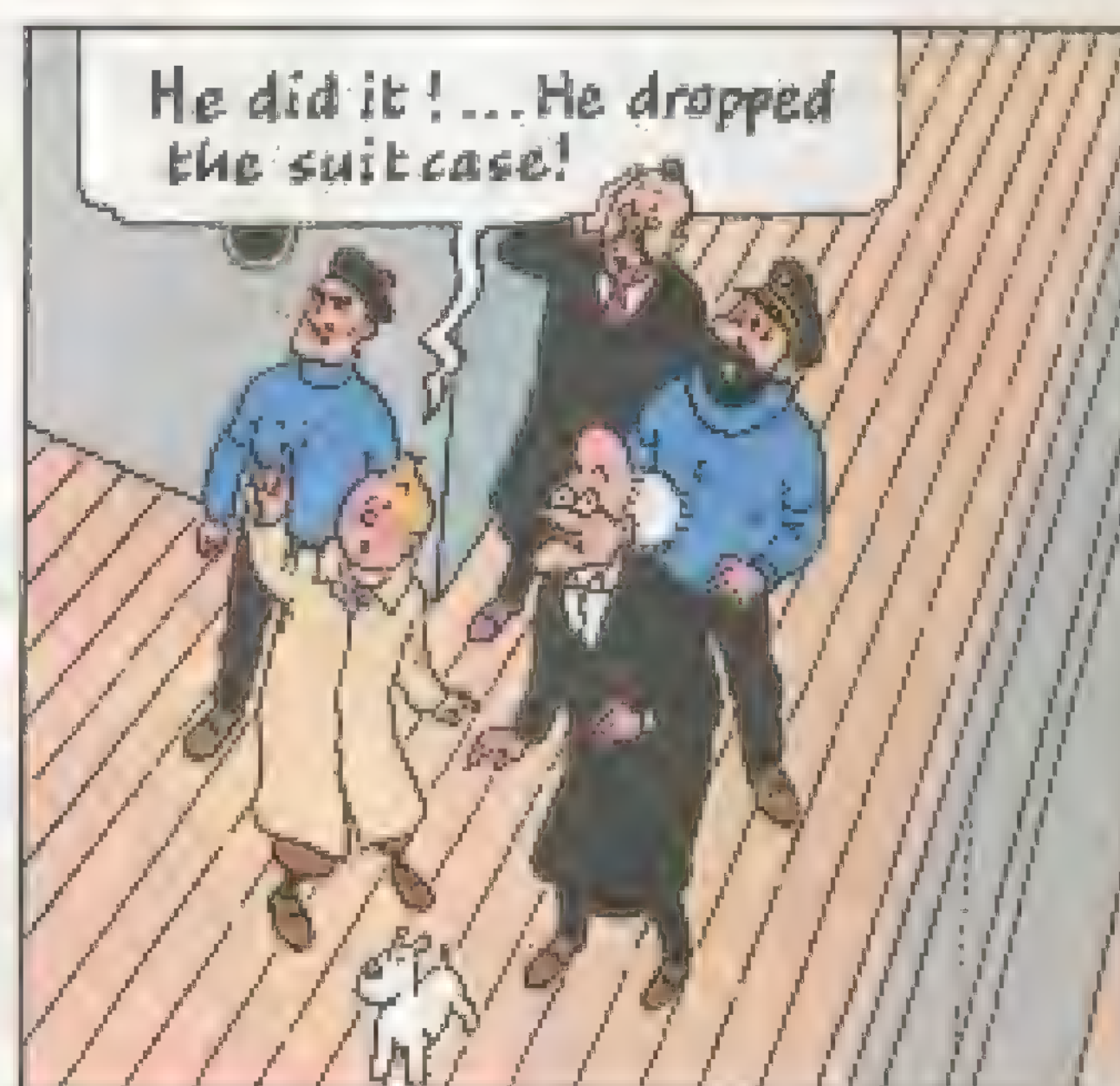
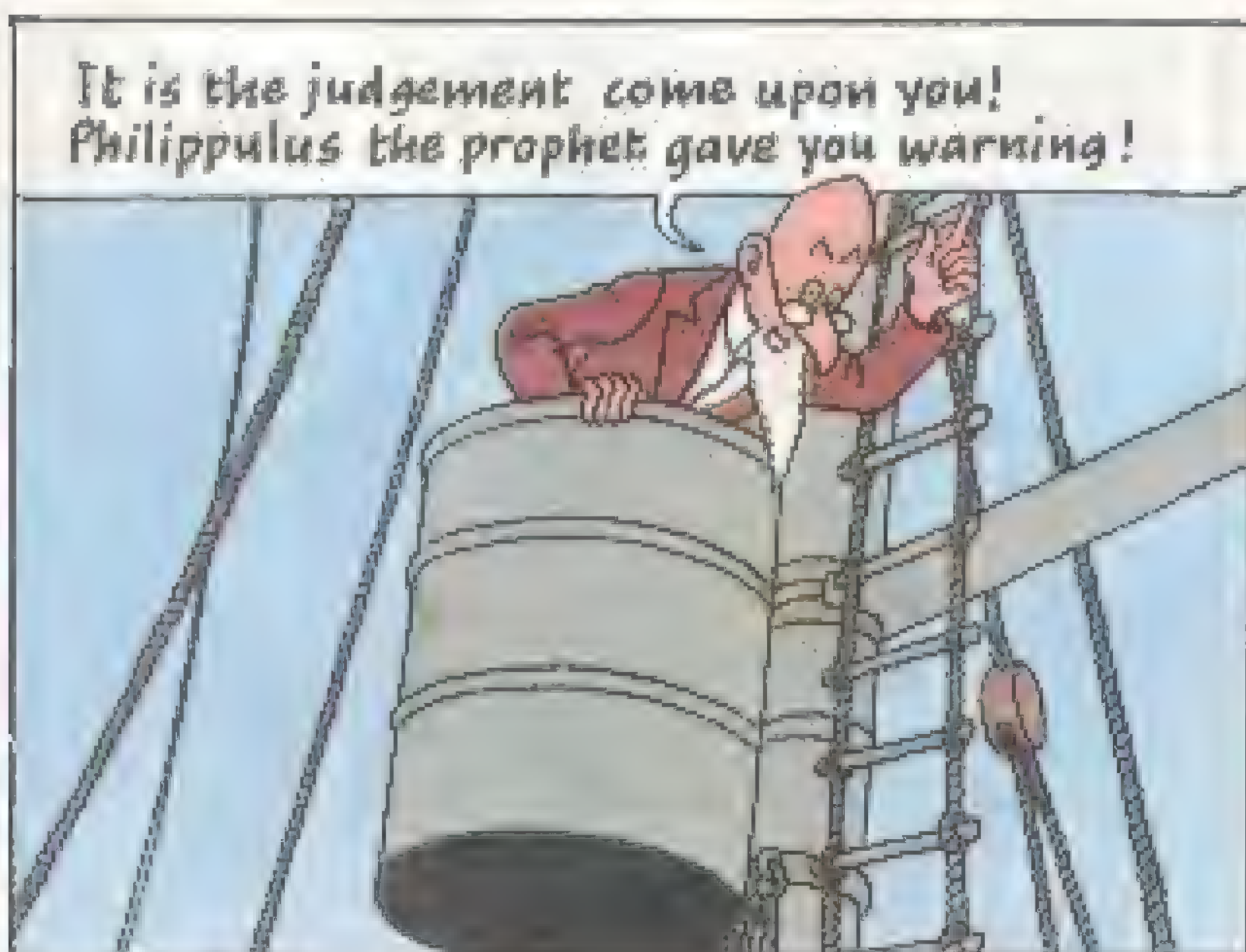








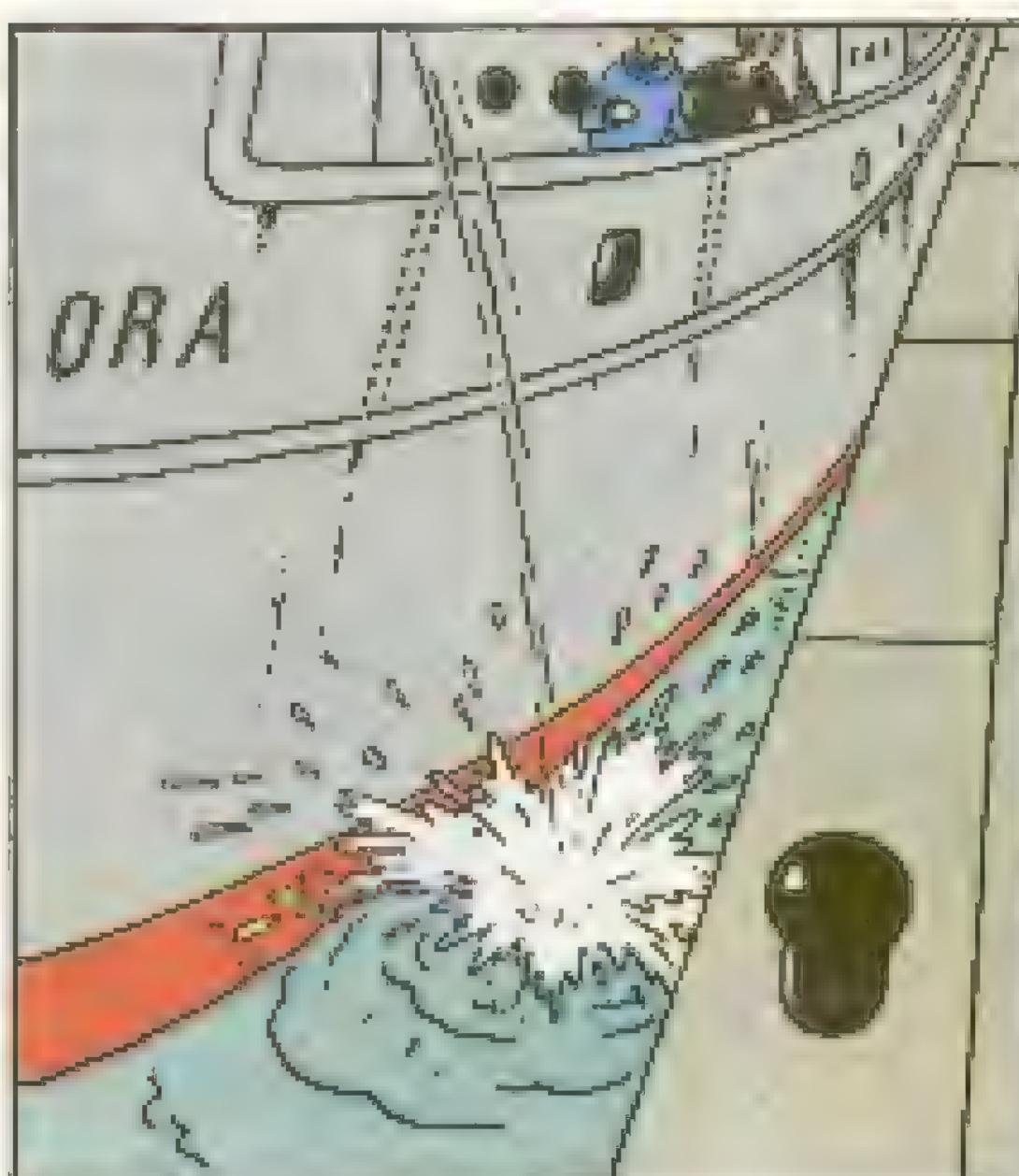
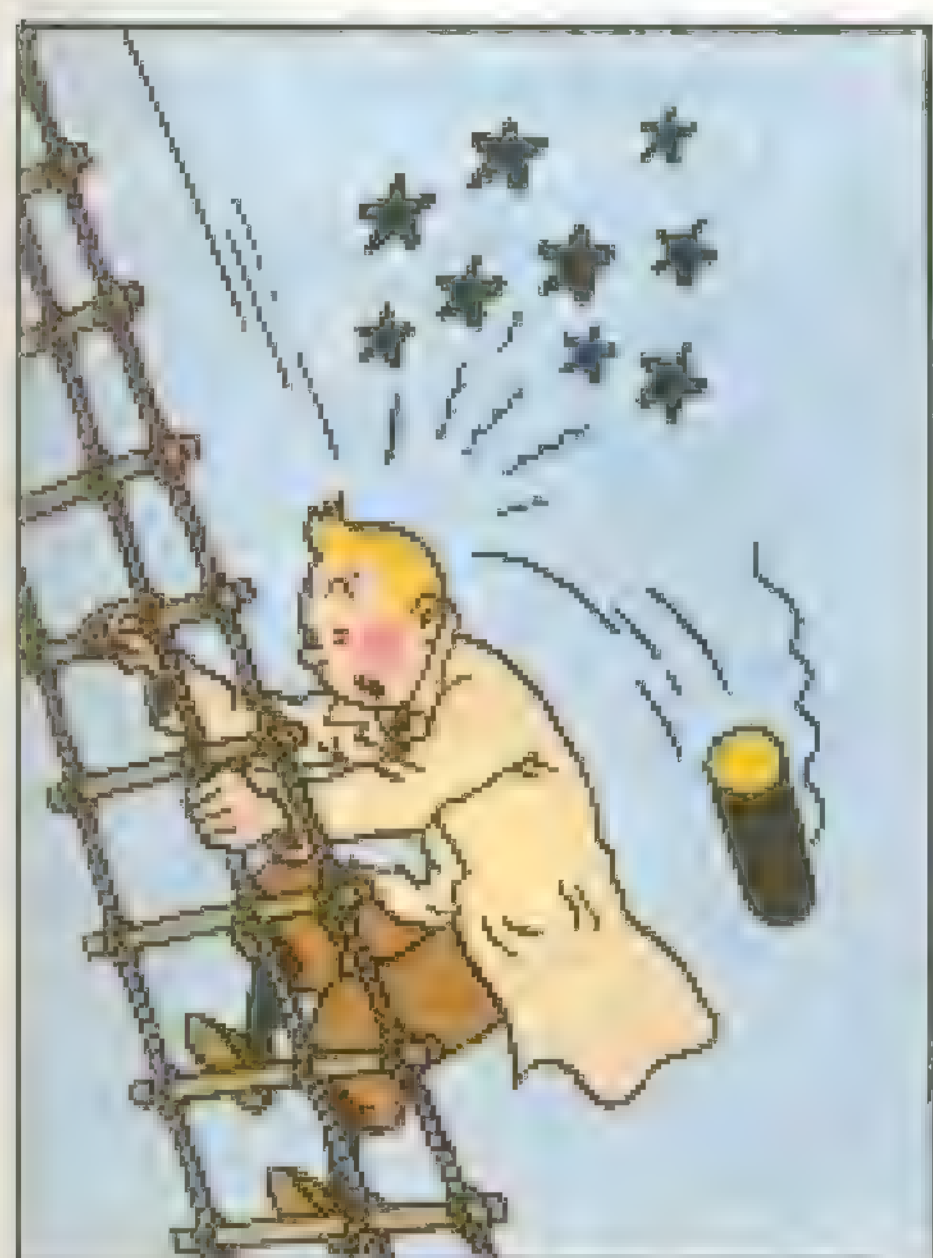
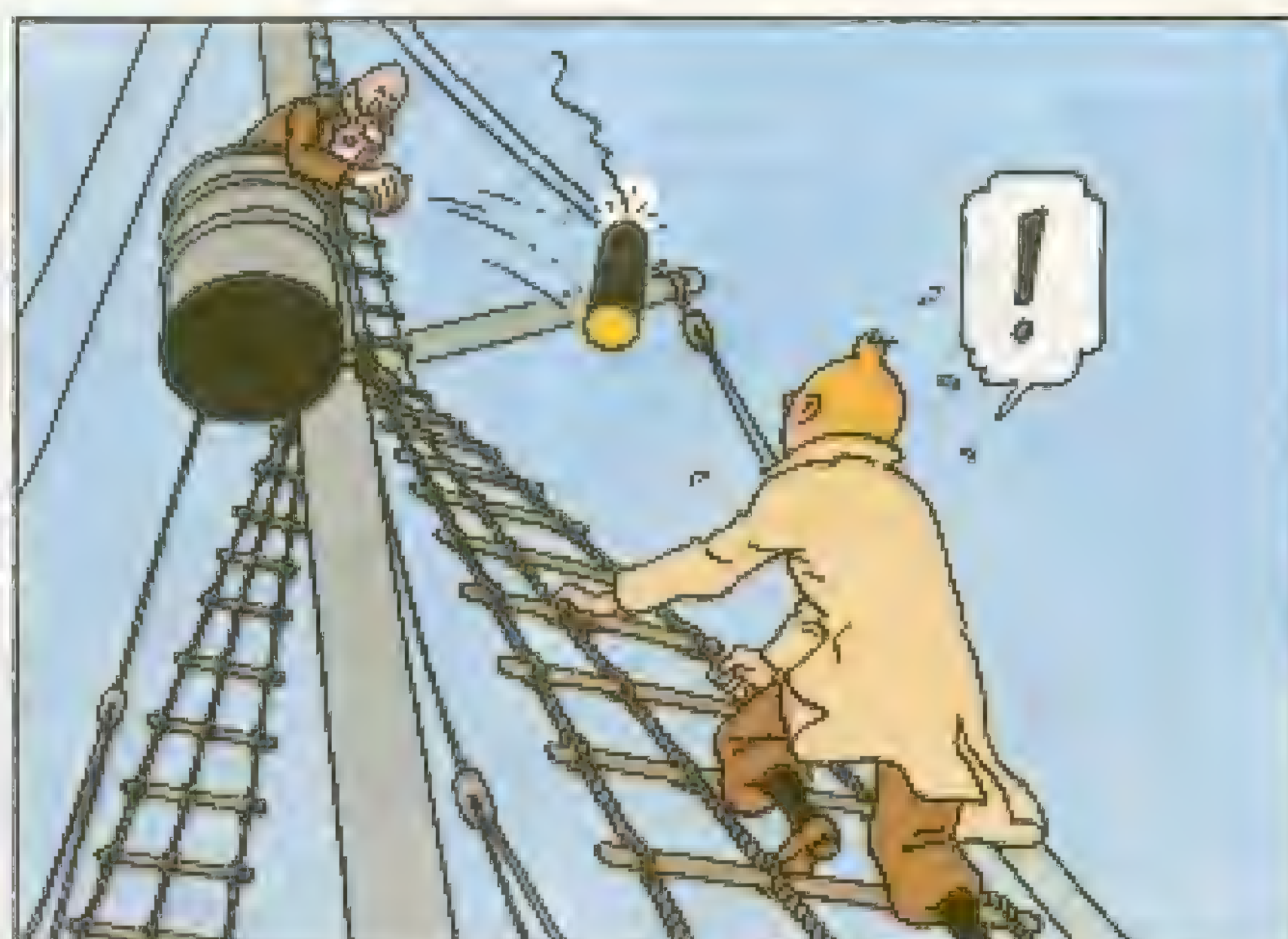








You! I recognise you!  
You're the servant of  
Satan! Keep your distance,  
fiend!



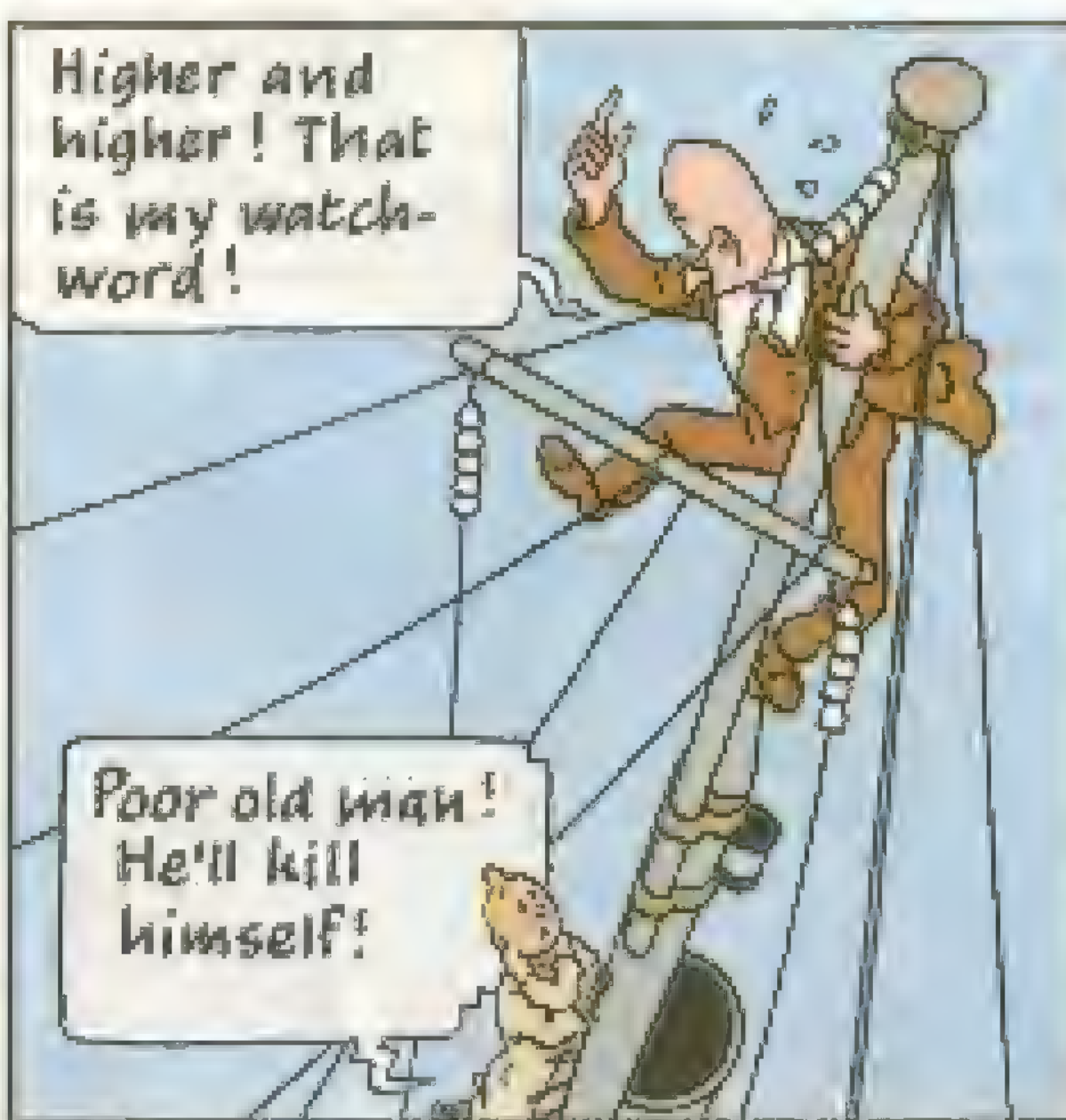
Whew! That was a  
close shave! I thought  
it would explode before  
it hit the water!...



Great snakes!  
What's he doing?...  
In heaven's name  
come down!



You speak not in the name  
of heaven... but of hell! You  
will never cast me down!



Higher and  
higher! That  
is my watch-  
word!

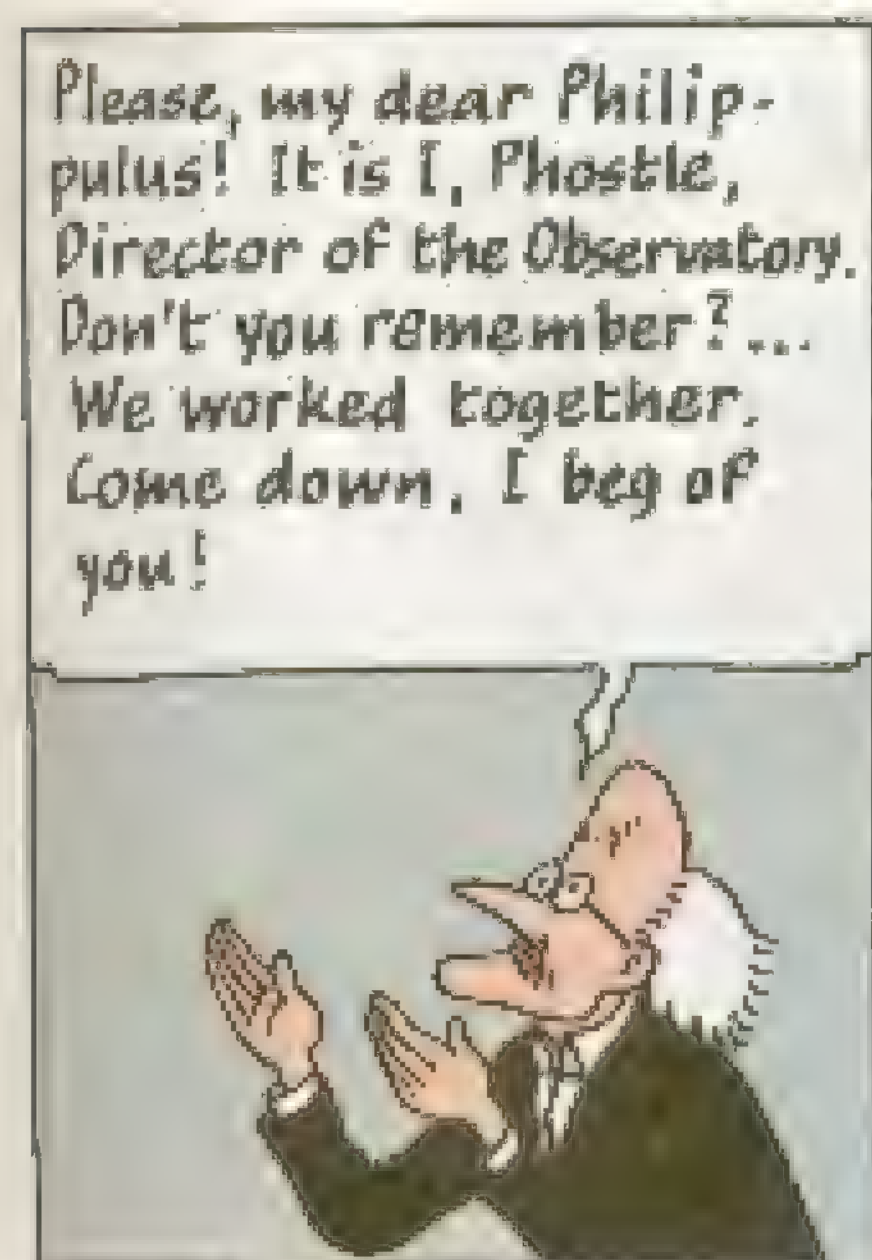
Poor old man!  
He'll kill  
himself!



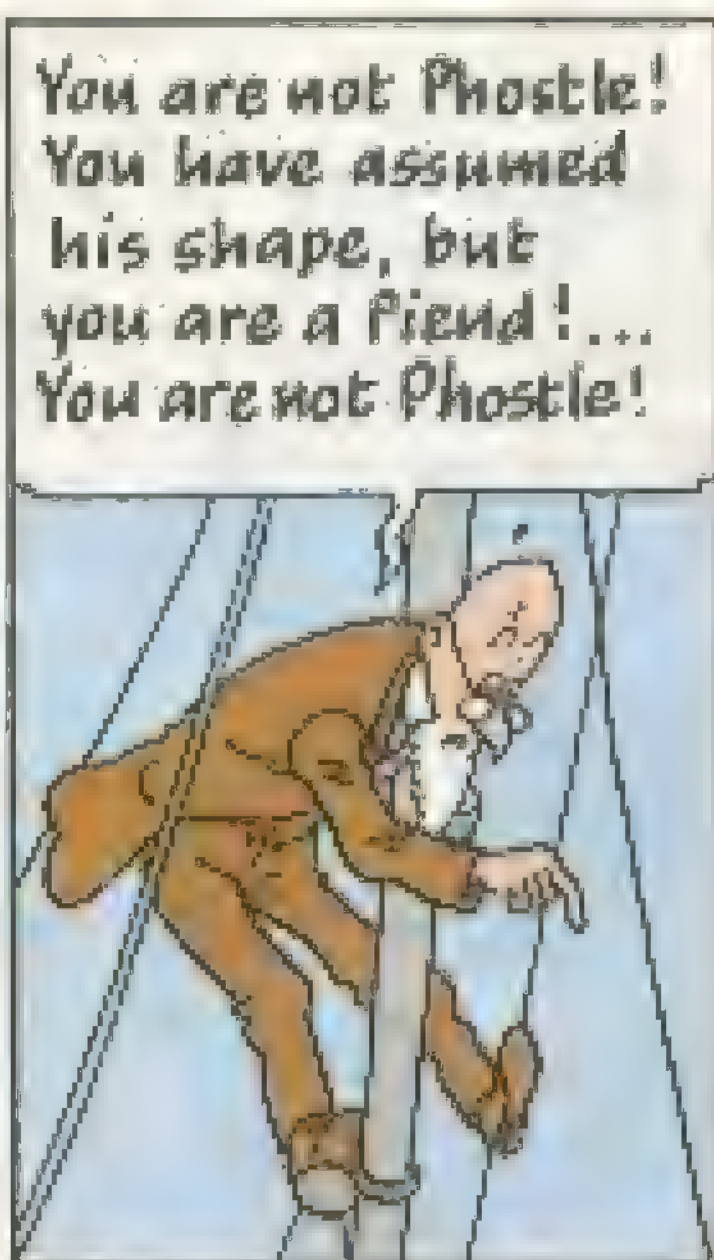
Look here, Mr.  
Prophet, do be  
sensible. Come on  
down. Look, I'm  
going down,  
too...



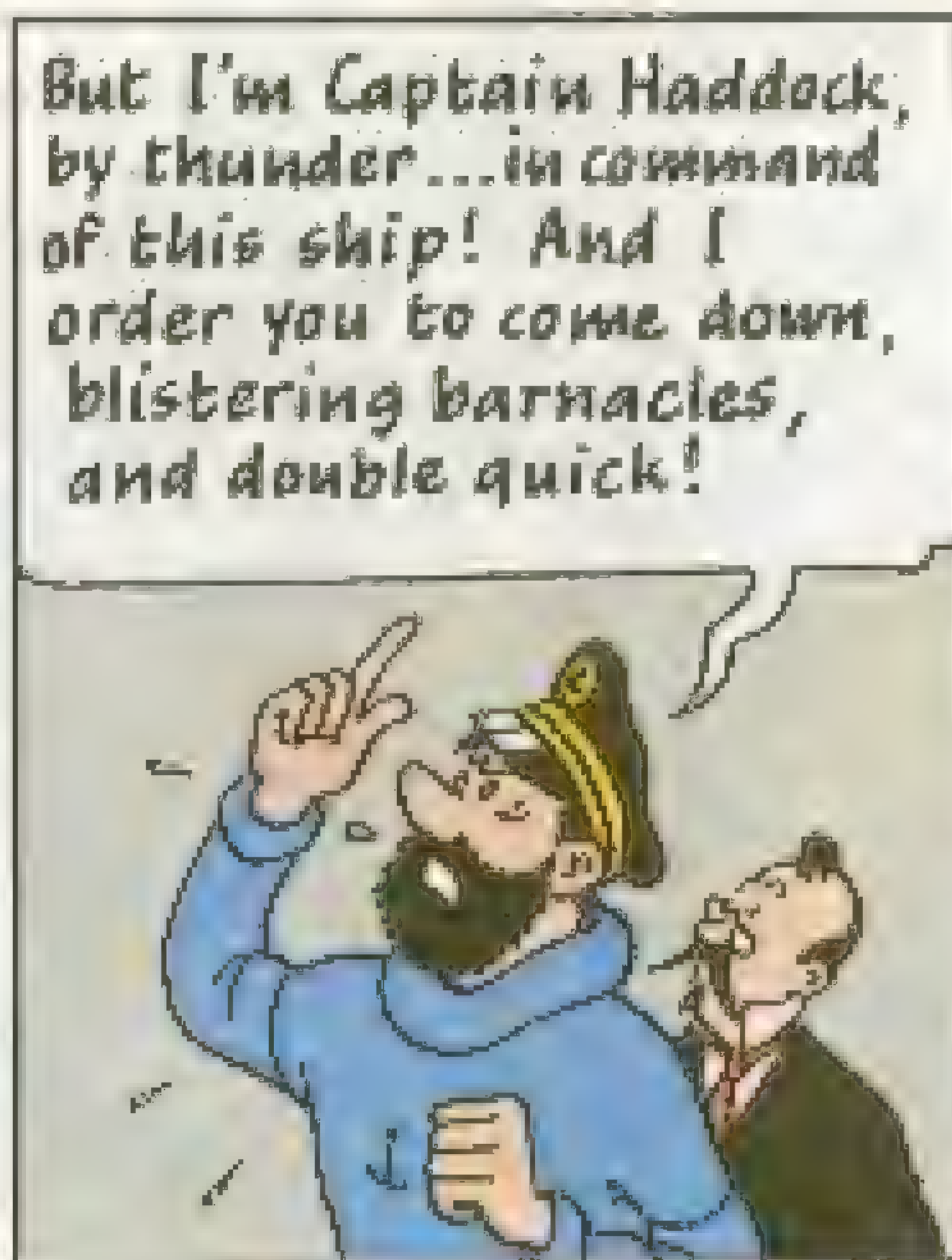
Yes! Go down!  
Return to the shades  
of hell, whence you  
should never have  
strayed!



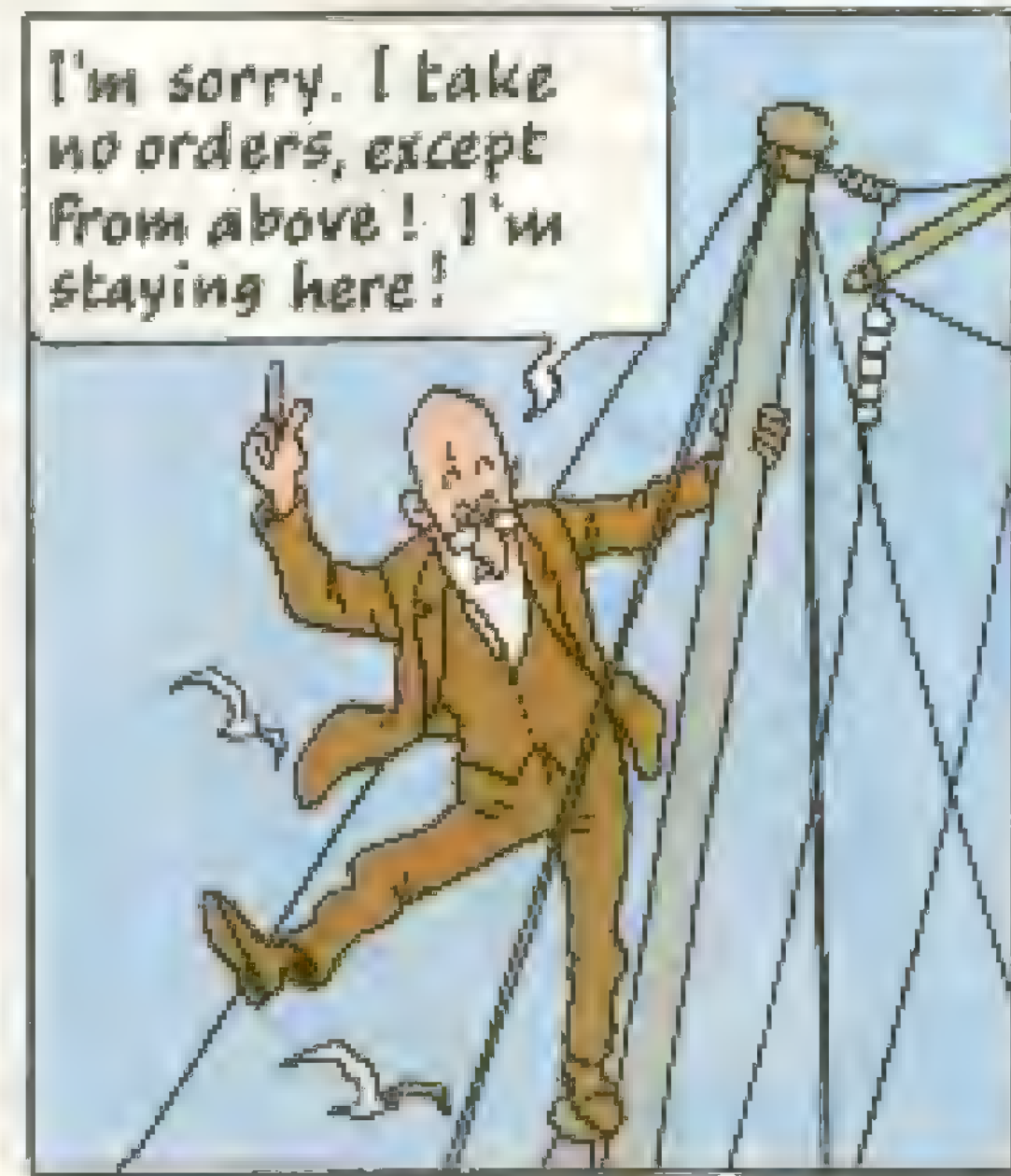
Please, my dear Philip-  
pulus! It is I, Phostle,  
Director of the Observatory.  
Don't you remember?...  
We worked together.  
Come down, I beg of  
you!



You are not Phostle!  
You have assumed  
his shape, but  
you are a fiend!...  
You are not Phostle!

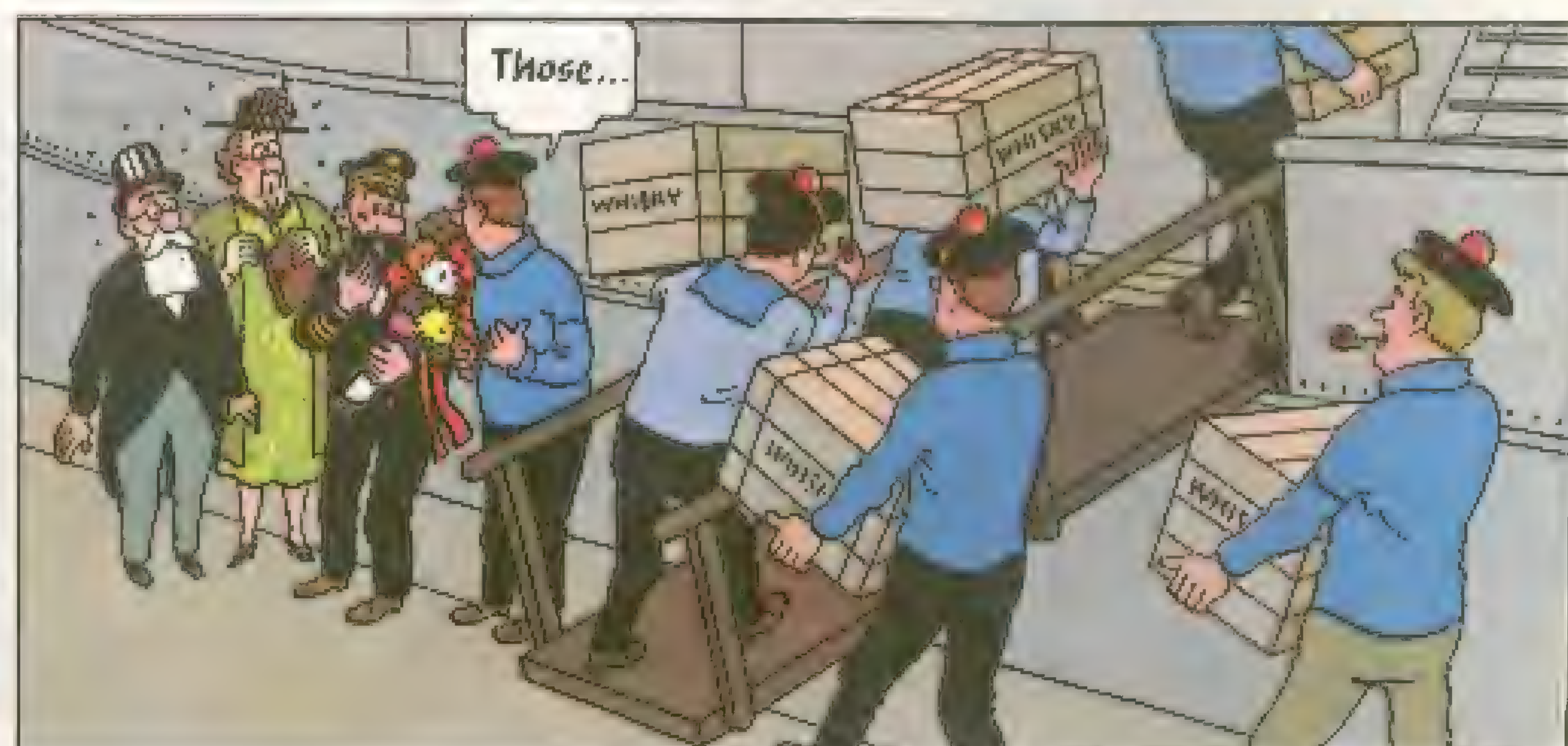
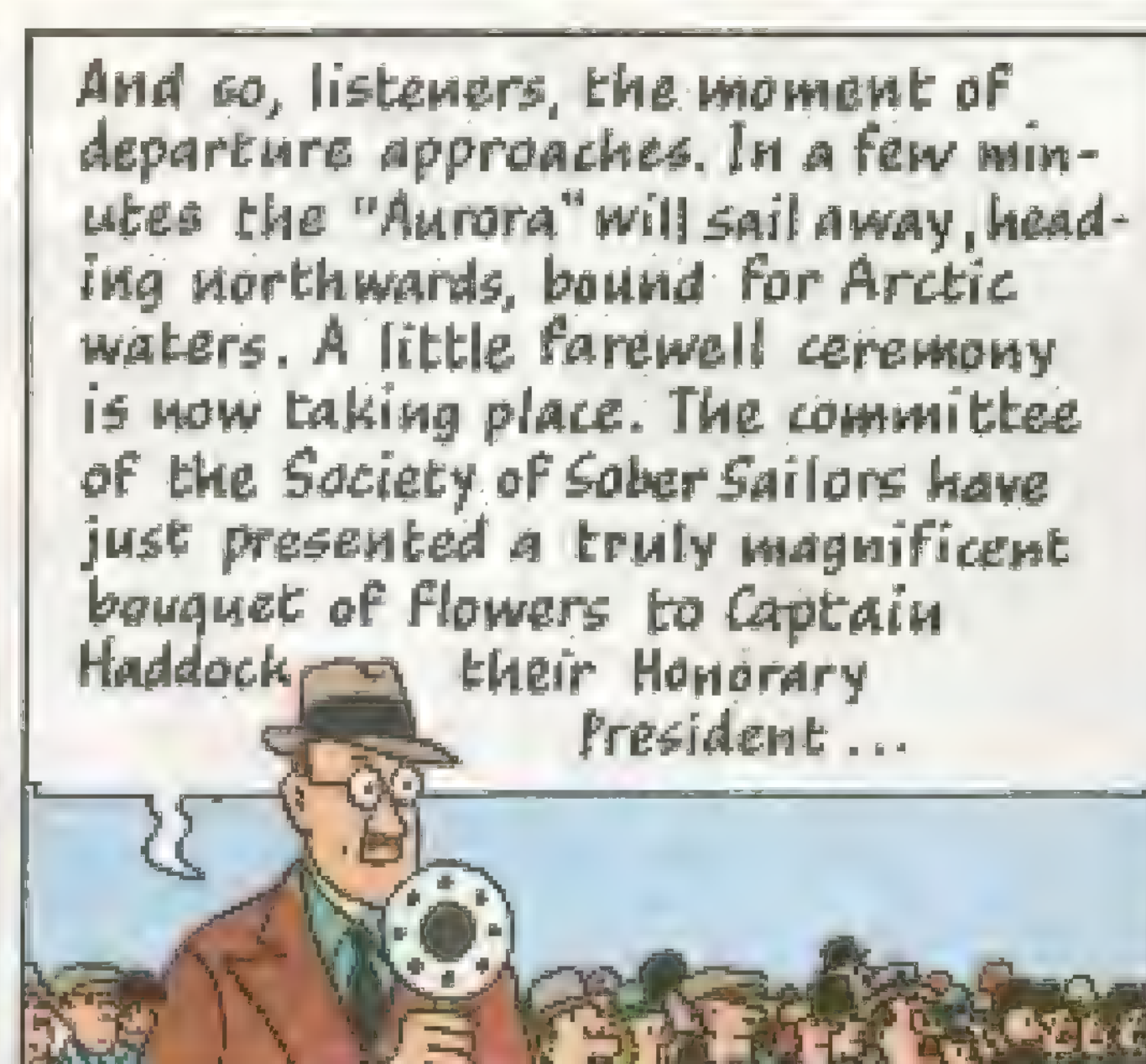


But I'm Captain Haddock,  
by thunder... in command  
of this ship! And I  
order you to come down,  
blistering barnacles,  
and double quick!

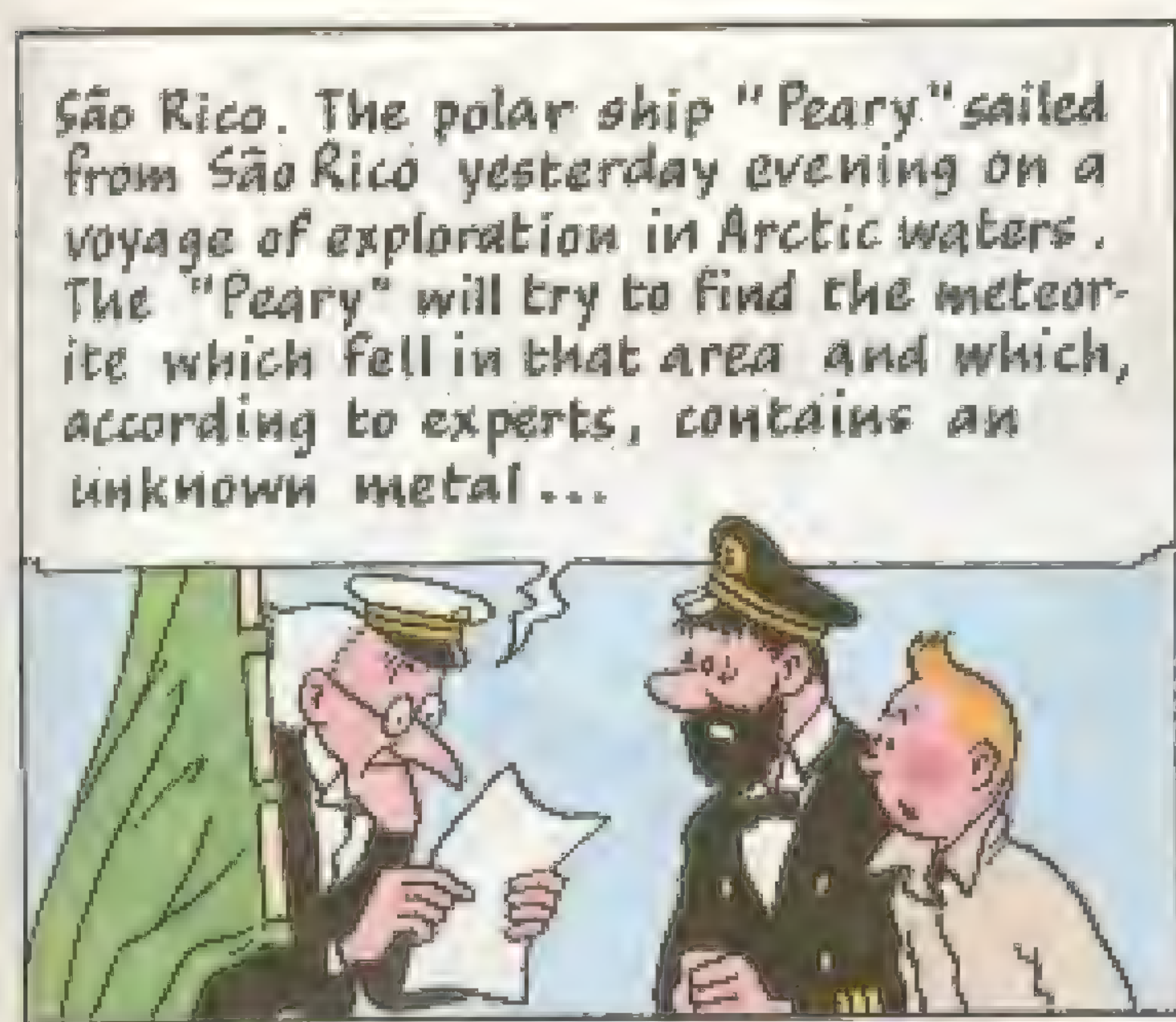
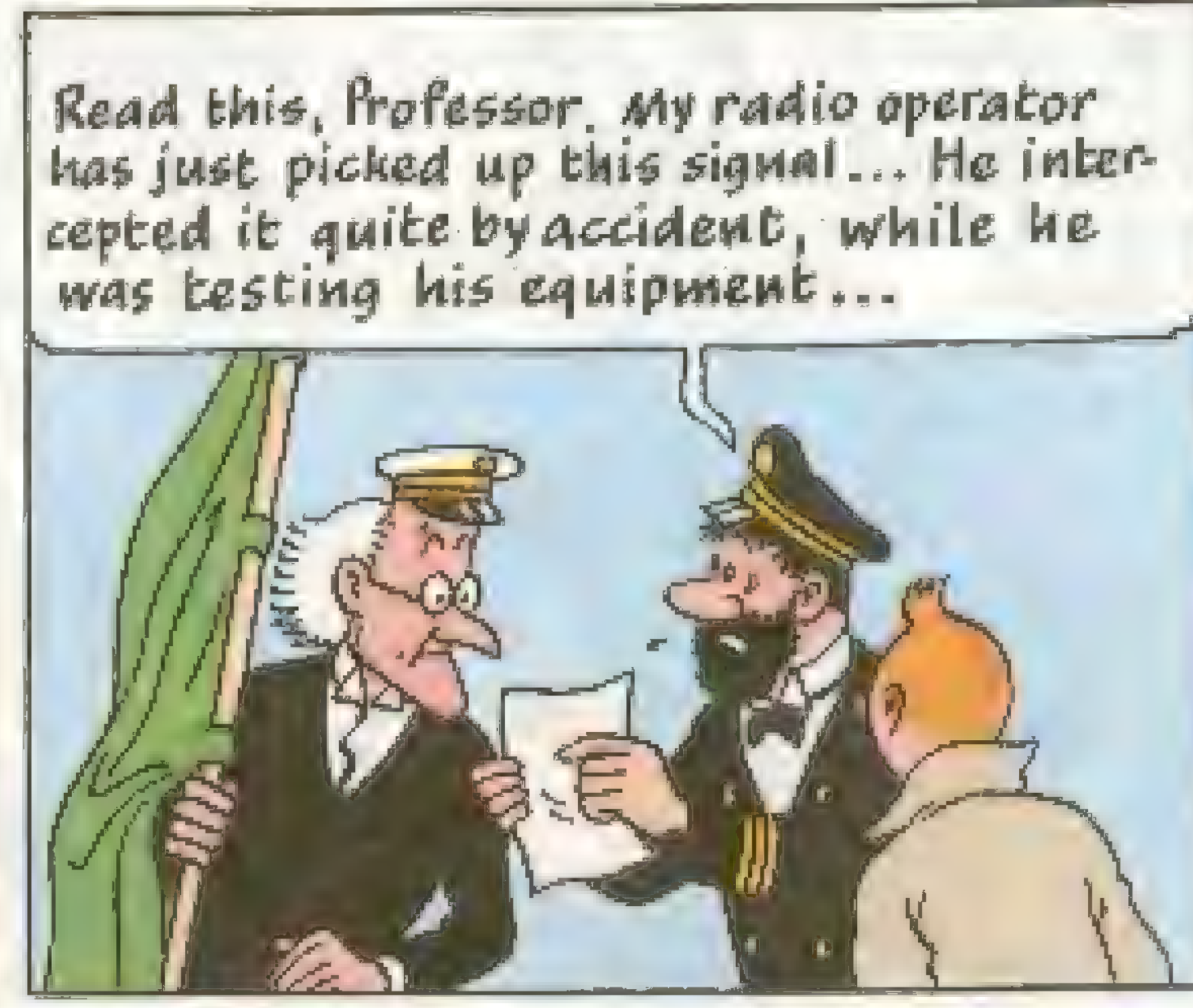
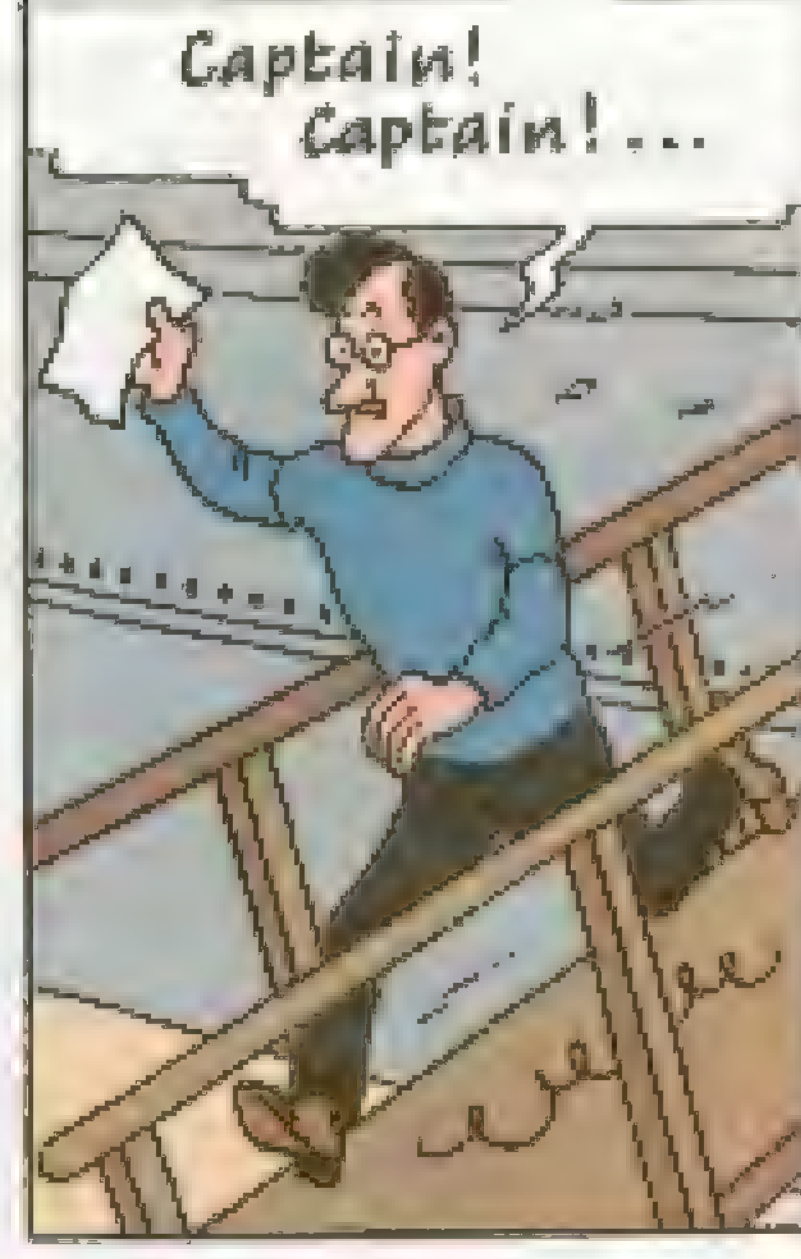
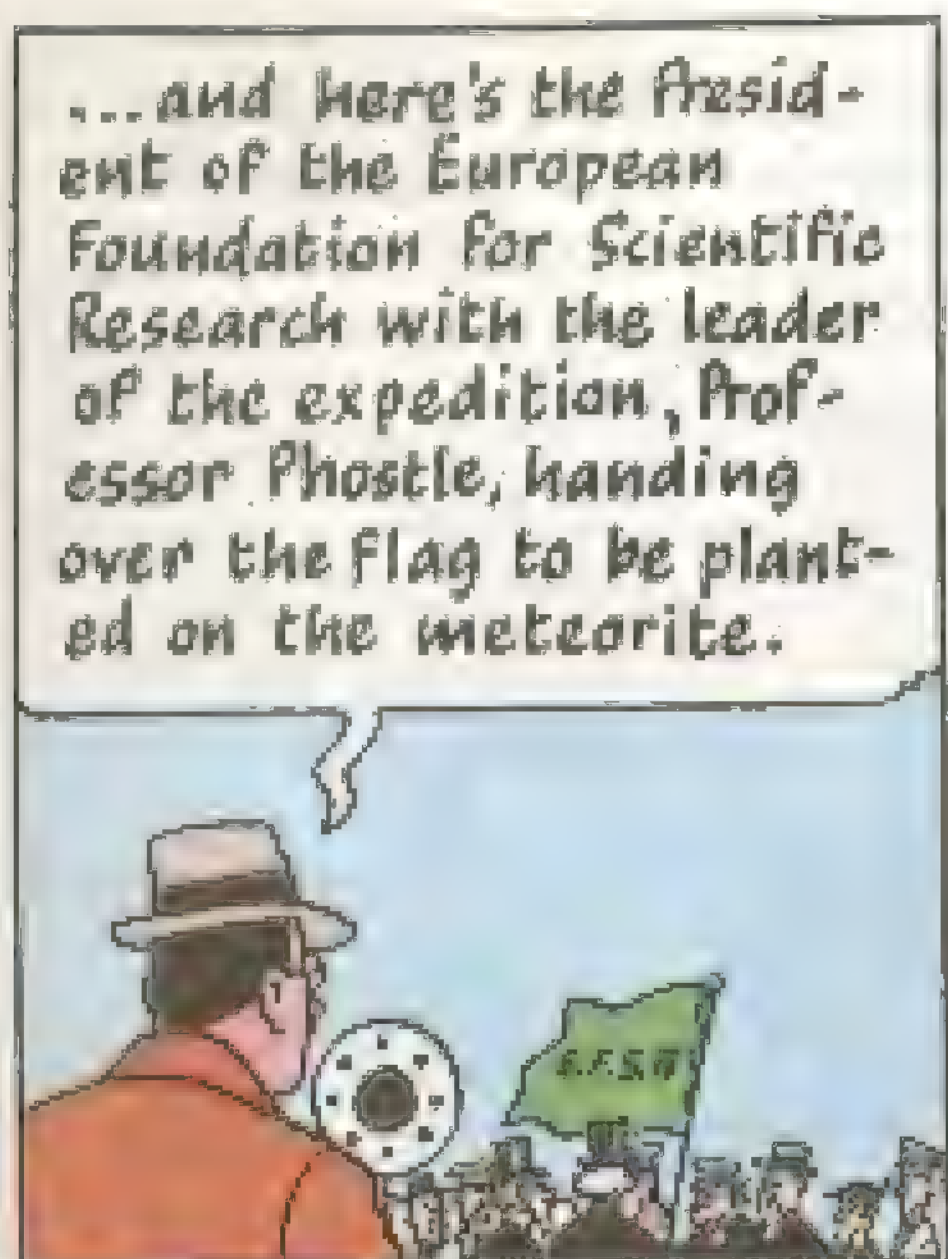


I'm sorry. I take  
no orders, except  
from above! I'm  
staying here!



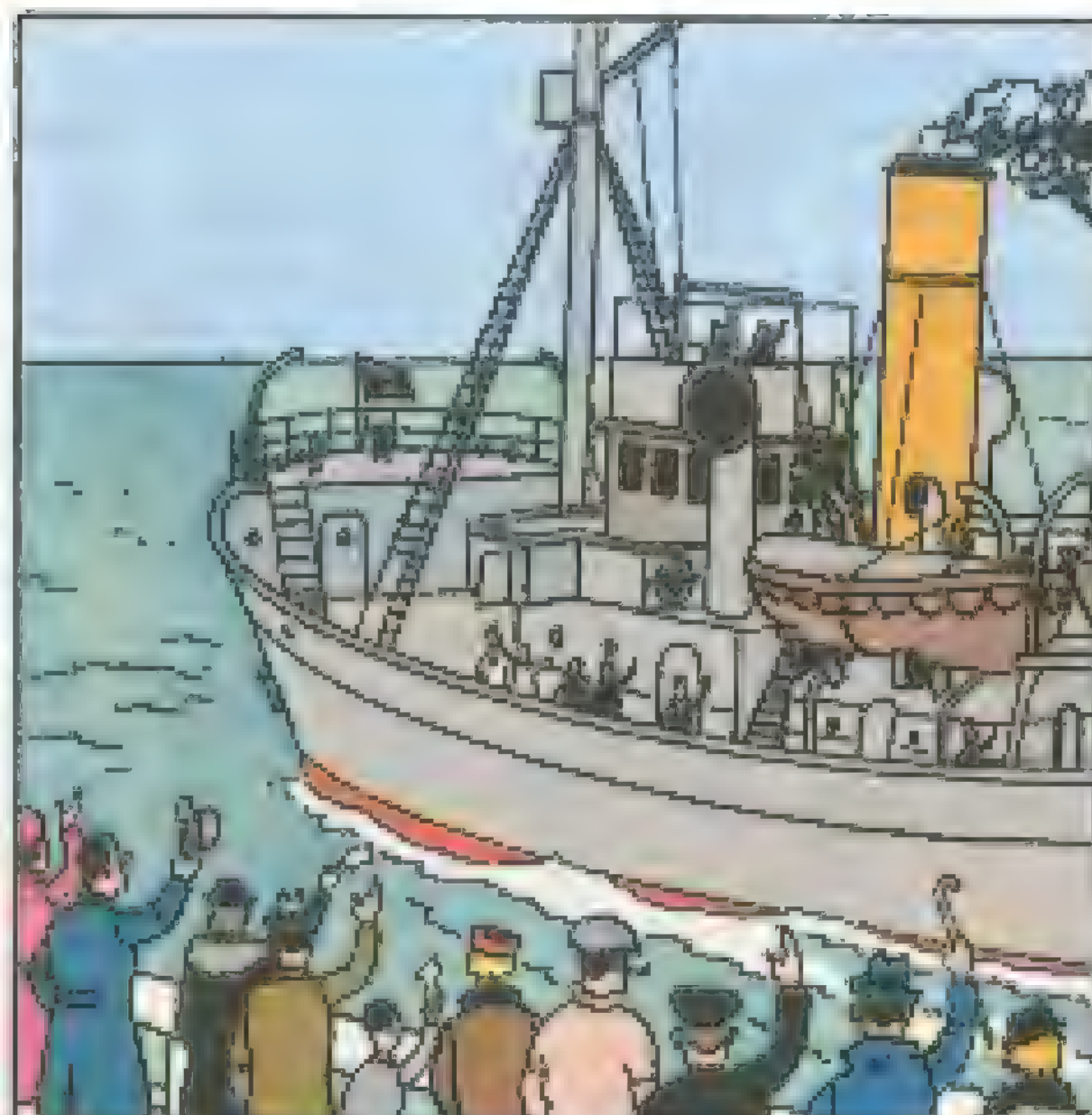








The last moorings have been cast off. This is the moment of departure... The ship is moving slowly away from the quay. The "Aurora" has sailed... Sailed away in search of a shooting star...



You have been listening to an eyewitness account of the departure of the polar research ship "Aurora". The programme was relayed through all European networks.



My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bohlwinkel Bank has financed the "Peary" expedition, there is no question of failure. Believe me: the "Aurora" hasn't a chance.

I hope so, Mr. Bohlwinkel. But still...

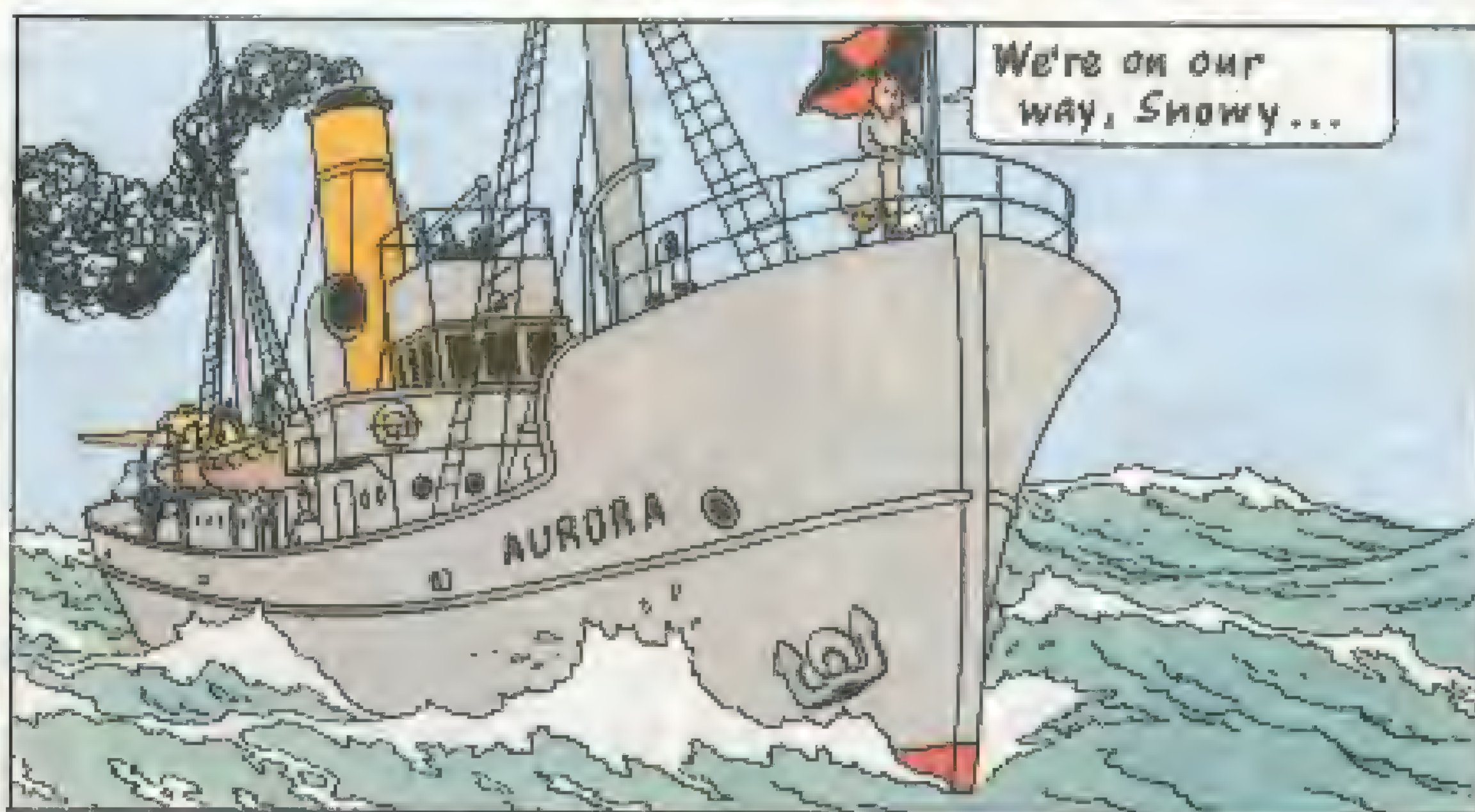
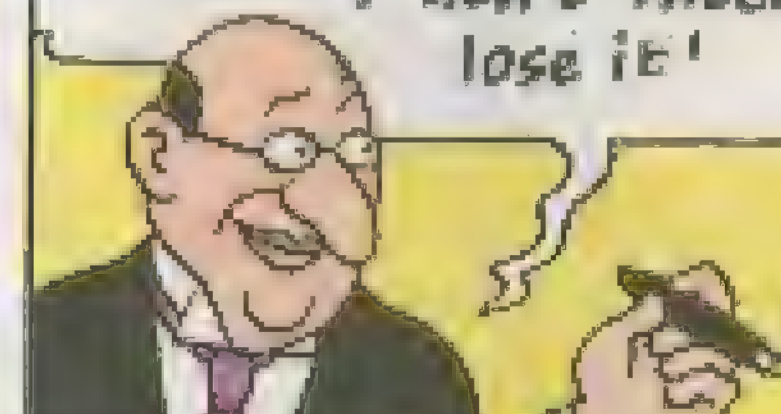


Yes, I know the "Aurora" sailed sooner than I anticipated... The fault of that fool Hayward, bungling his job. But don't worry, I've taken care of everything...

Ah, good, good...



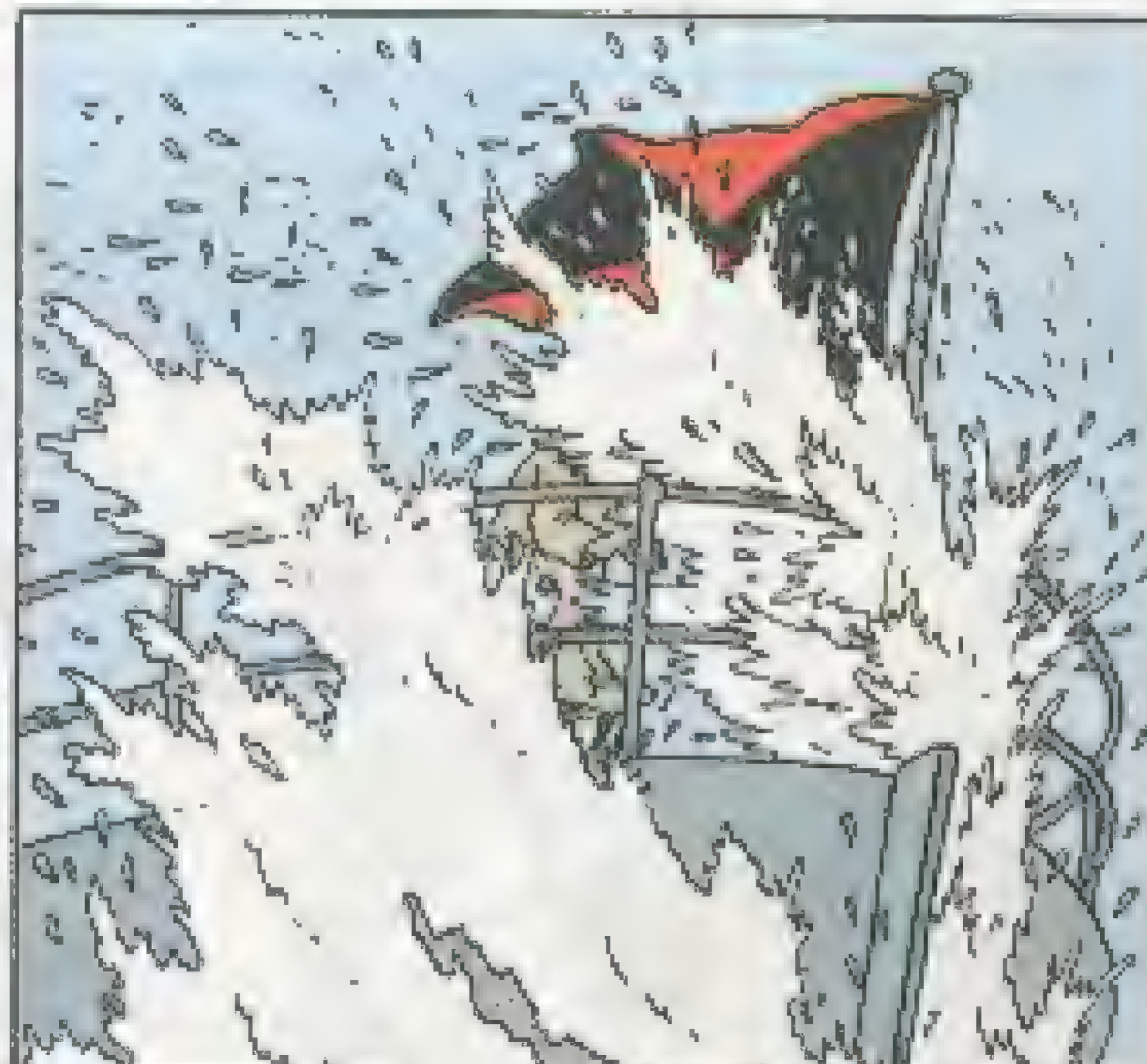
You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phostle was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for us. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to lose it!



This will blow away the cobwebs, eh, Snowy? What wonderful air... the real tang of the sea!

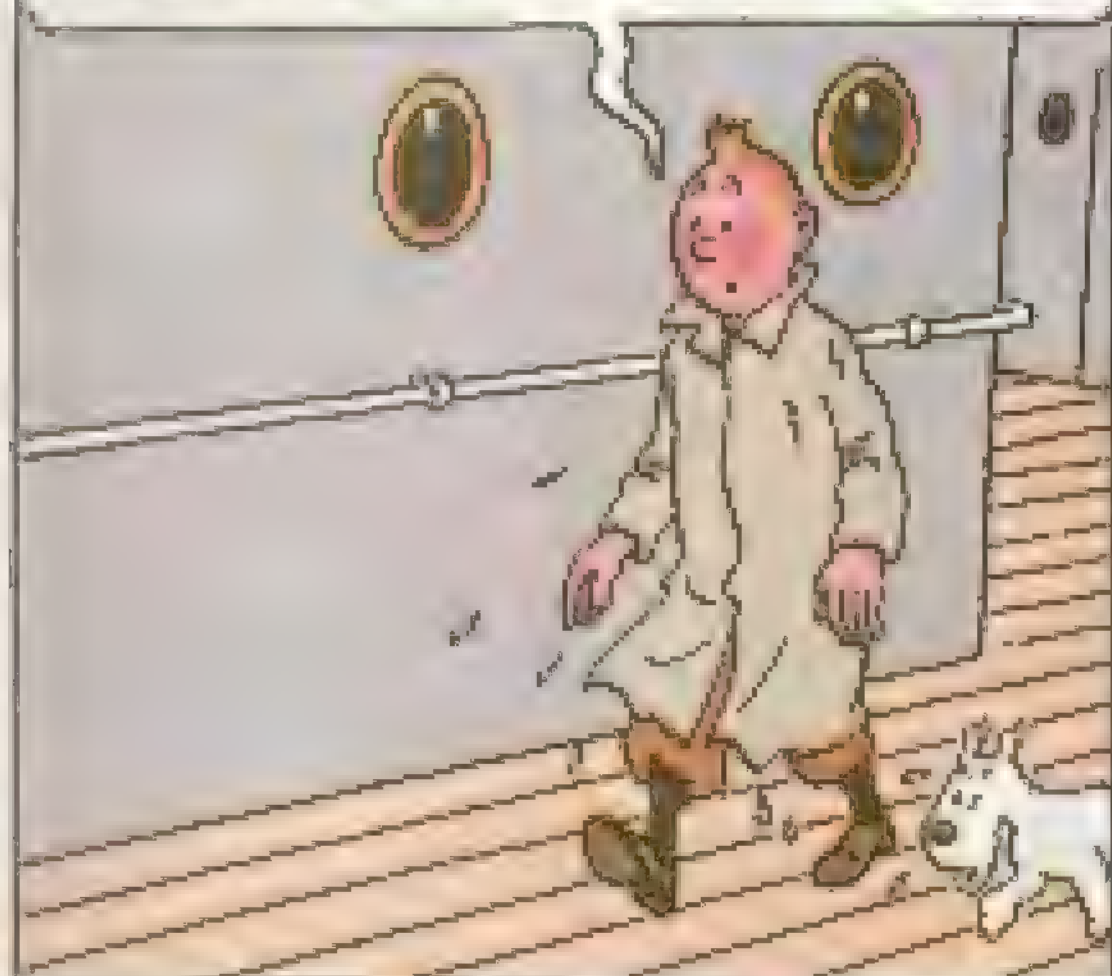


Do as I do, Snowy. Breathe deeply. Fill your lungs with fresh air.

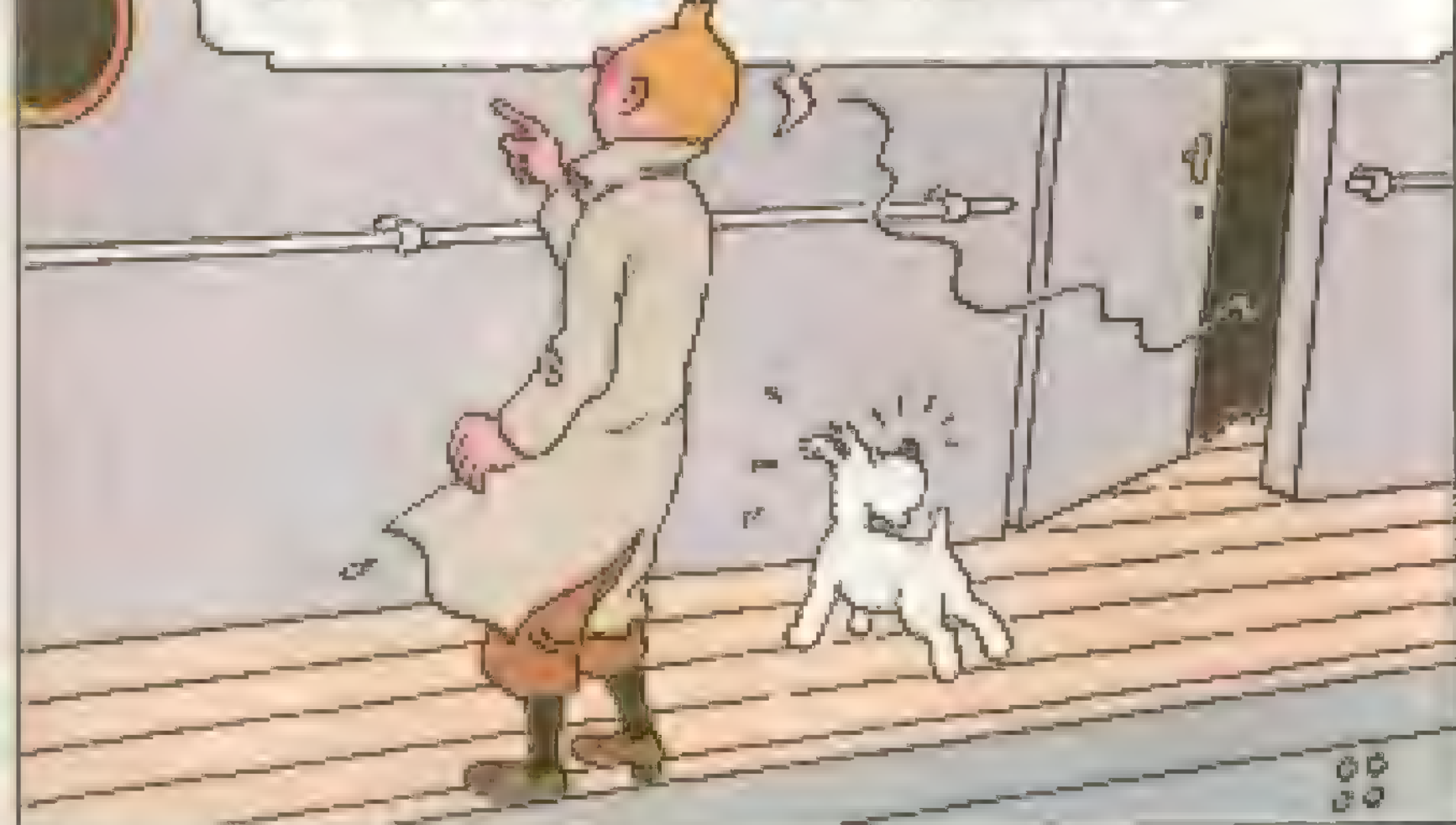




Let's go aft to the stern,  
Snowy. Anyway, it'll soon  
be time for lunch...



Look, Snowy, there's our seaplane up  
there, on its catapult. It will help in  
our search for the meteorite.



Ahoy there, steward!... You  
can announce lunch.  
Everything's ready.



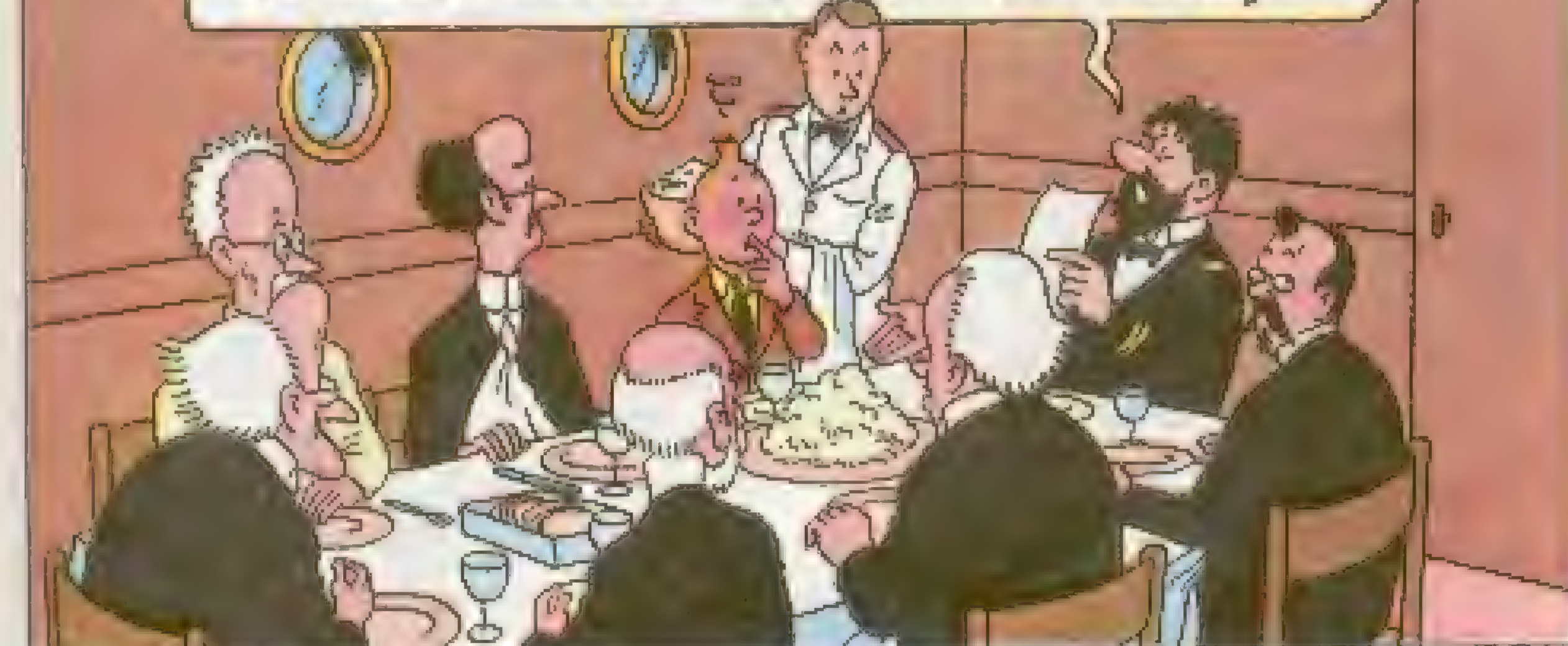
First service for  
luncheon!



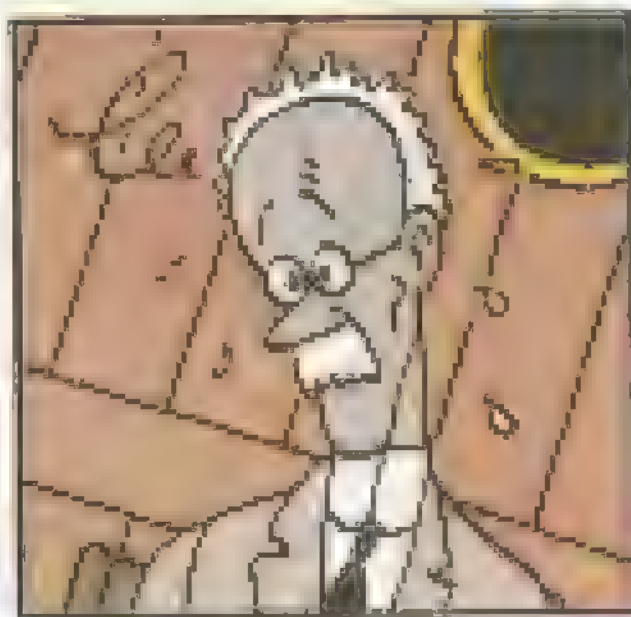
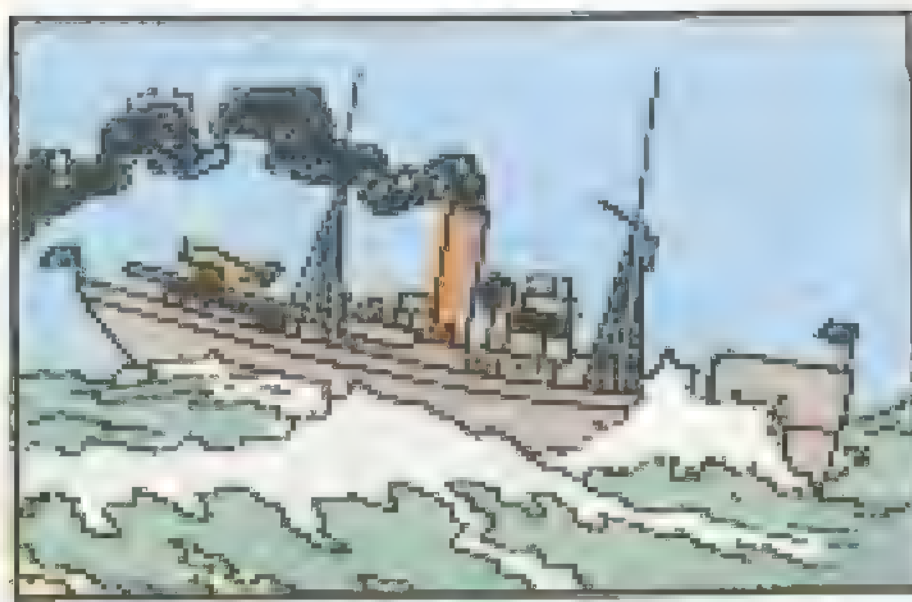
Where's Snowy got to?  
I don't see him about.



Hey, steward, what's the meaning of this? The menu  
says "Sausages and mash"! Right: where are the sausages?







They'll find their sea-legs in a day or two...



That night...



Impossible to sleep a wink... She's rolling worse than ever... Fairly dancing a jig!



Meanwhile, in São Rico...

Any further news of the "Kentucky Star"?

Nothing more, Mr. Bohlwinkel...



I've a good mind to go and join the Captain on the bridge.

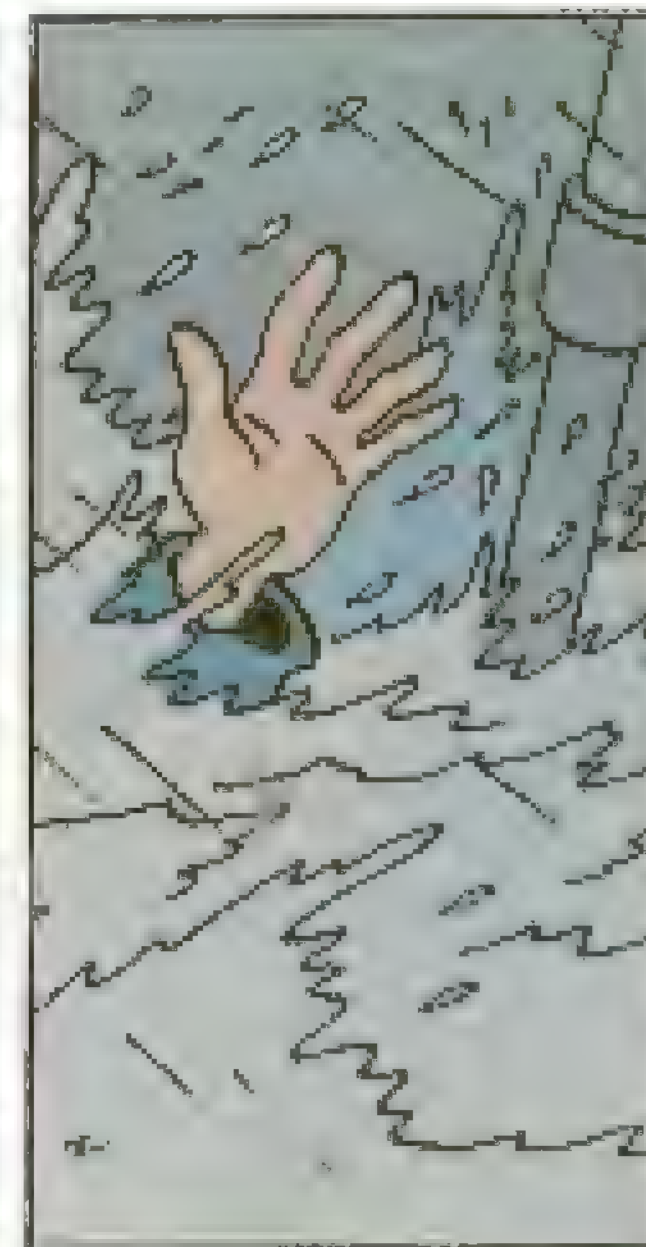
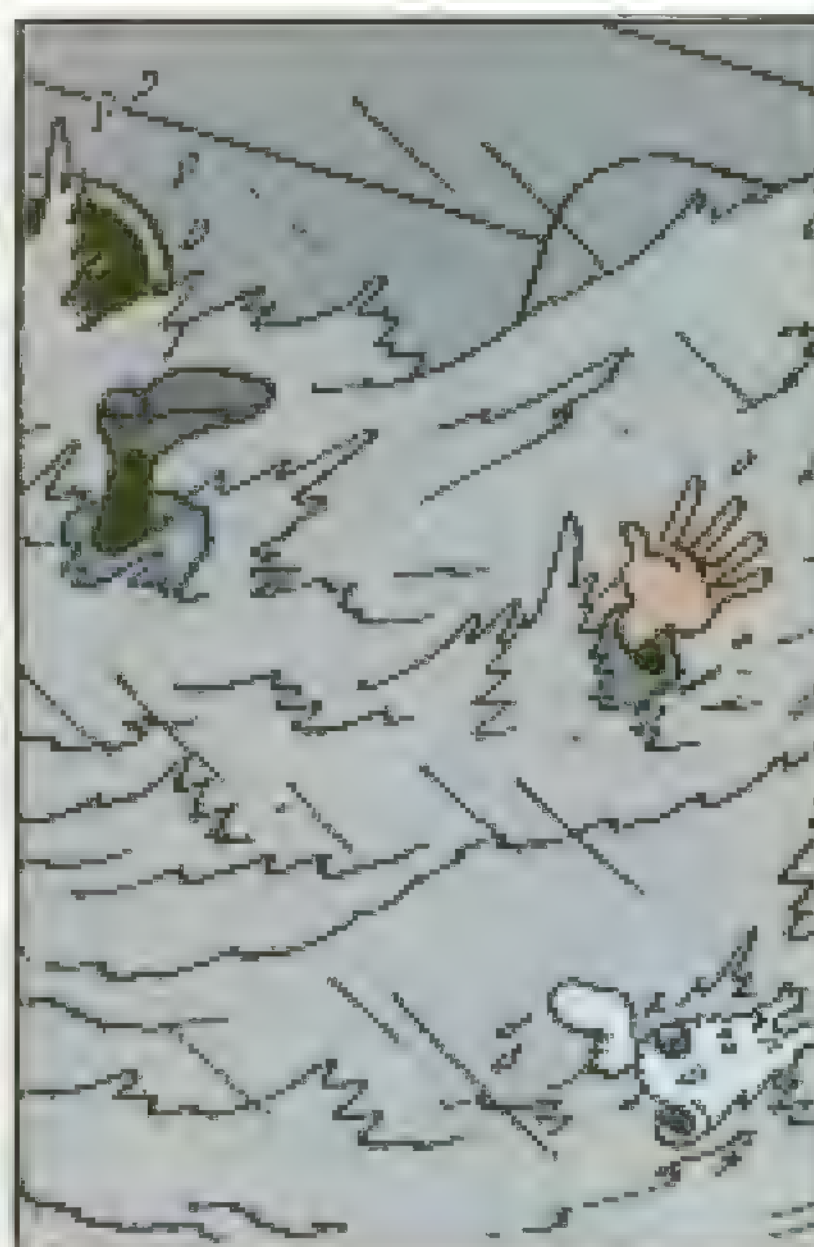
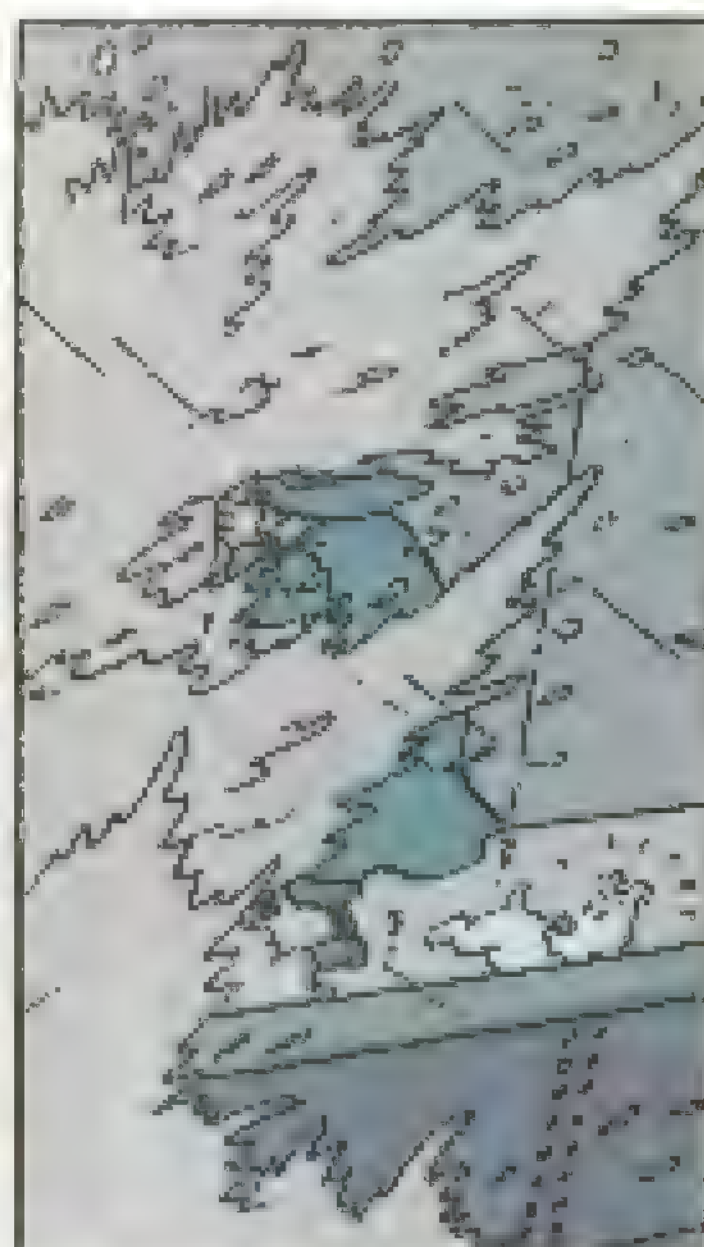


Come on, Snowy we'll go to the bridge.

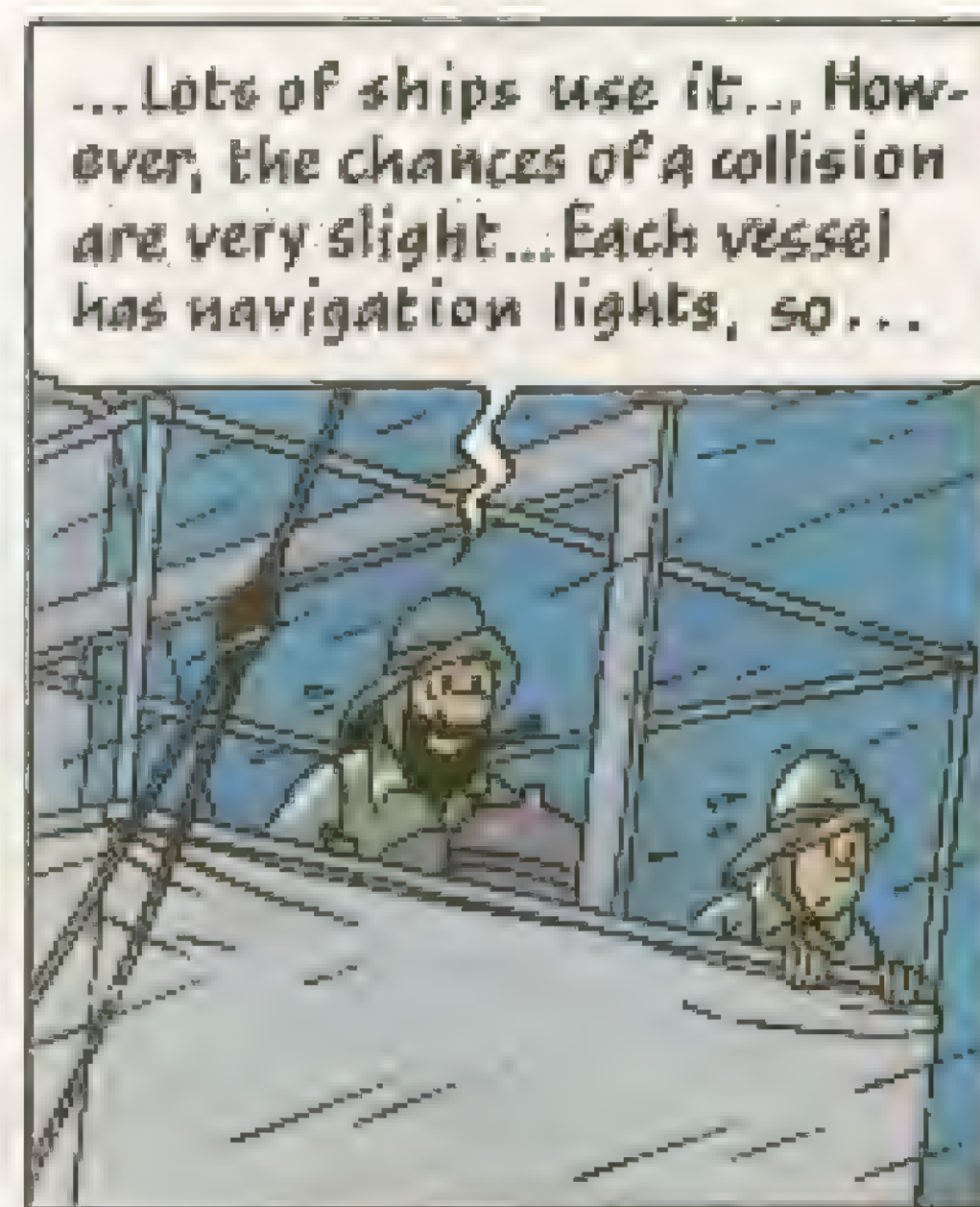
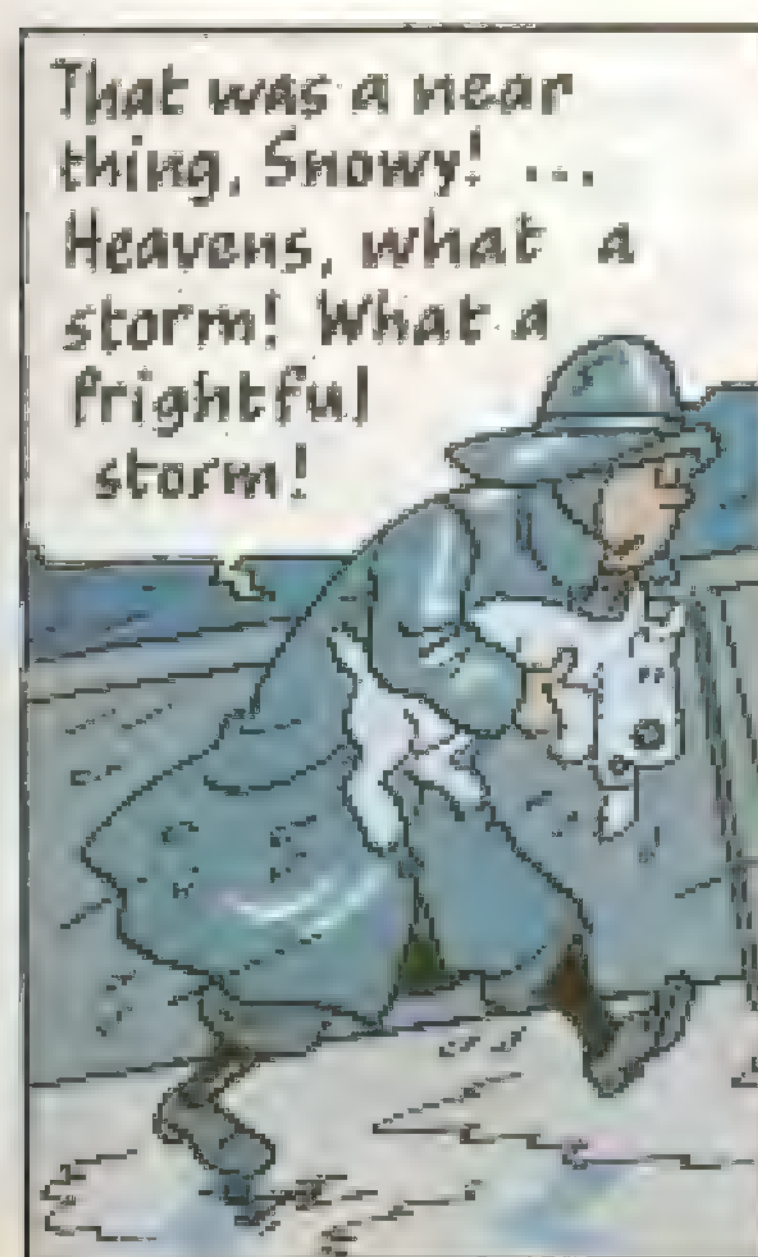


Great snakes!... It's blowing a real gale!





Whew!... I... honestly, I thought I'd been swept overboard. But Snowy? ...Where's Snowy?







Hard a star-board!...



Pirates!... Shipwreckers!...  
Sea-lice!... Filibusters!...  
Hoodlums!... Road-hogs!...  
Freshwater swabs!

Saved!

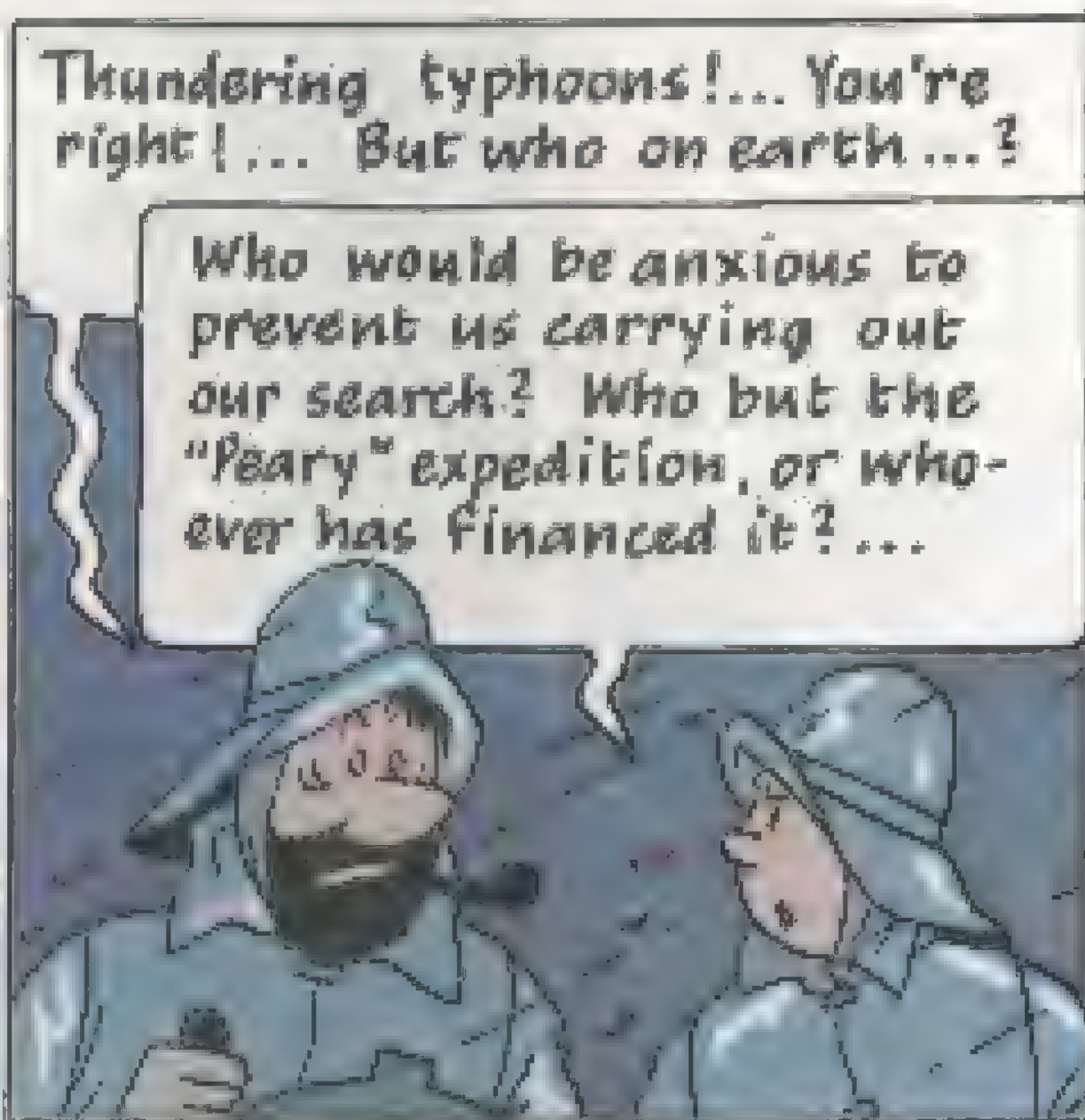
The lunatic! A little bit closer and he'd have cut us in two... He must be crazy sailing like that, without any lights... He couldn't have judged it better if he'd meant to sink us.



And why not? That might be precisely what he intended.



What do you mean? I mean, Captain, that someone's already tried to sabotage the "Aurora"... the night before we sailed. The accident we just avoided looks remarkably like another attempt...



Thundering typhoons!... You're right!... But who on earth...?

Who would be anxious to prevent us carrying out our search? Who but the "Peary" expedition, or whoever has financed it?...



Is that the "Kentucky Star" this time?

Yes, coming in now Mr. Bohlwinkel. A radio signal...



S.S. Kentucky Star. Obeying orders received, attempted to sink Aurora. Operation miscarried. Awaiting instructions.



They've failed! The bungling fools! Now we're back where we started!... But I'll get them yet!



Oh, misery! I feel so ill! I feel horribly ill!

I feel sick...  
Ooooooh...

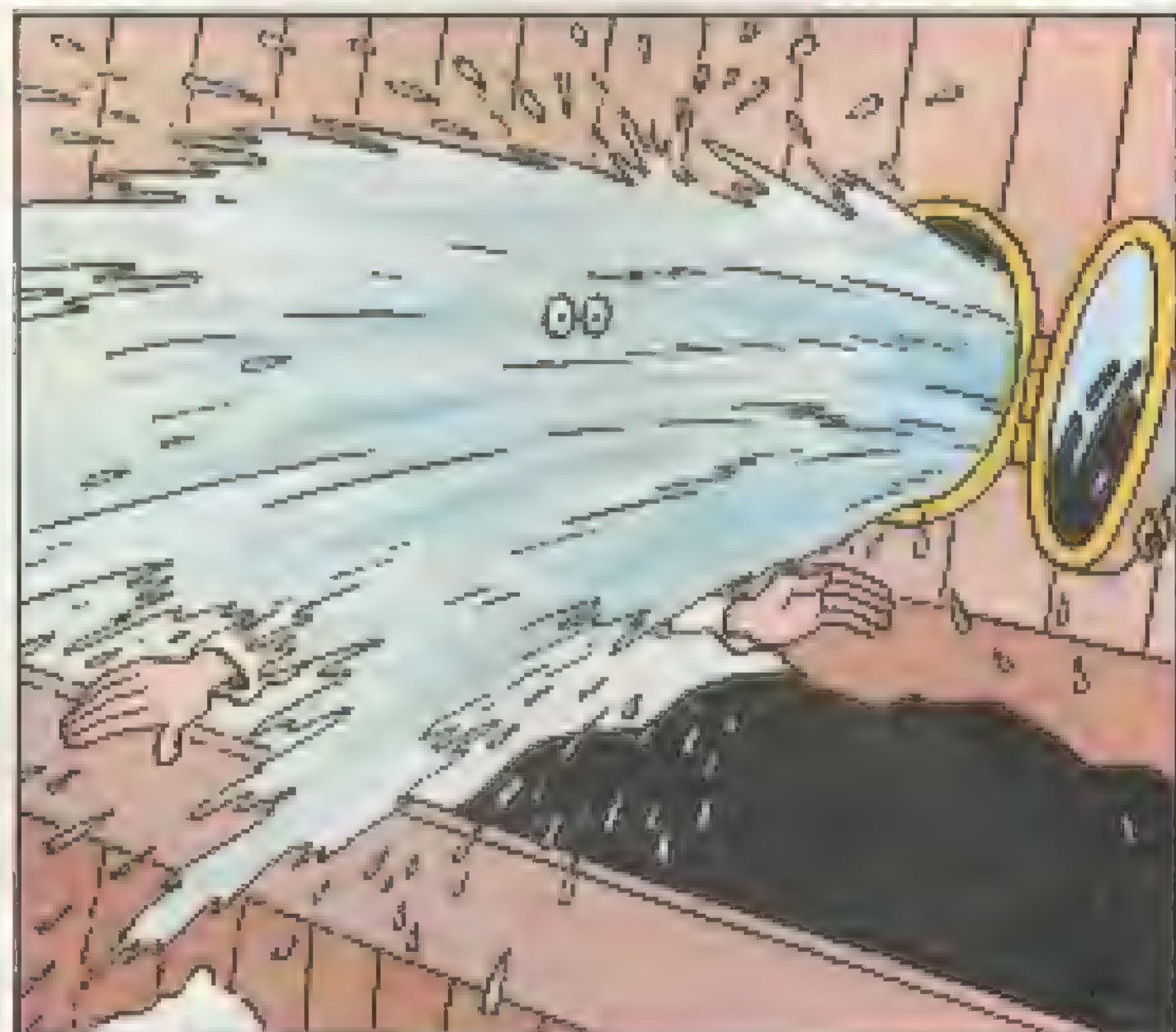


Would you mind if I opened the window a little bit? Some fresh air would do us good.

Do as you please... Just let me die in peace.



Aaaah!... I feel better already.





Some days later...

Brrr! It's cold this morning. It feels as if we're approaching the Arctic region.

Have you noticed? It froze last night.

You ought to put on warm clothes: you'll catch cold going about like that.

You're quite right.

Come along, Snowy. We need our coats on.

I should have told him to be careful on the deck. This sheet-ice is really...

... dangerous!

Now we'll go and say good morning to the Captain.

I'm going to cause a sensation!

Here, send this by radio.

Aye, aye, Captain.

M.S. Aurora to President, E.F.S.R. In sight of Iceland. Putting into port at Akureyri, in Eyjafjörður, for re-fuelling. All well on board.

Here, Mr. Bohlwinkel: it's a message sent by the "Aurora" to the European Foundation for Scientific Research. Our wireless operator just intercepted it.

Give it me.

Aha!... They're putting in at an Icelandic port! Excellent! Excellent! I think, my dear Johnson, that their stay will be a long one... Let us begin by sending a short note. Take this down, Johnson...

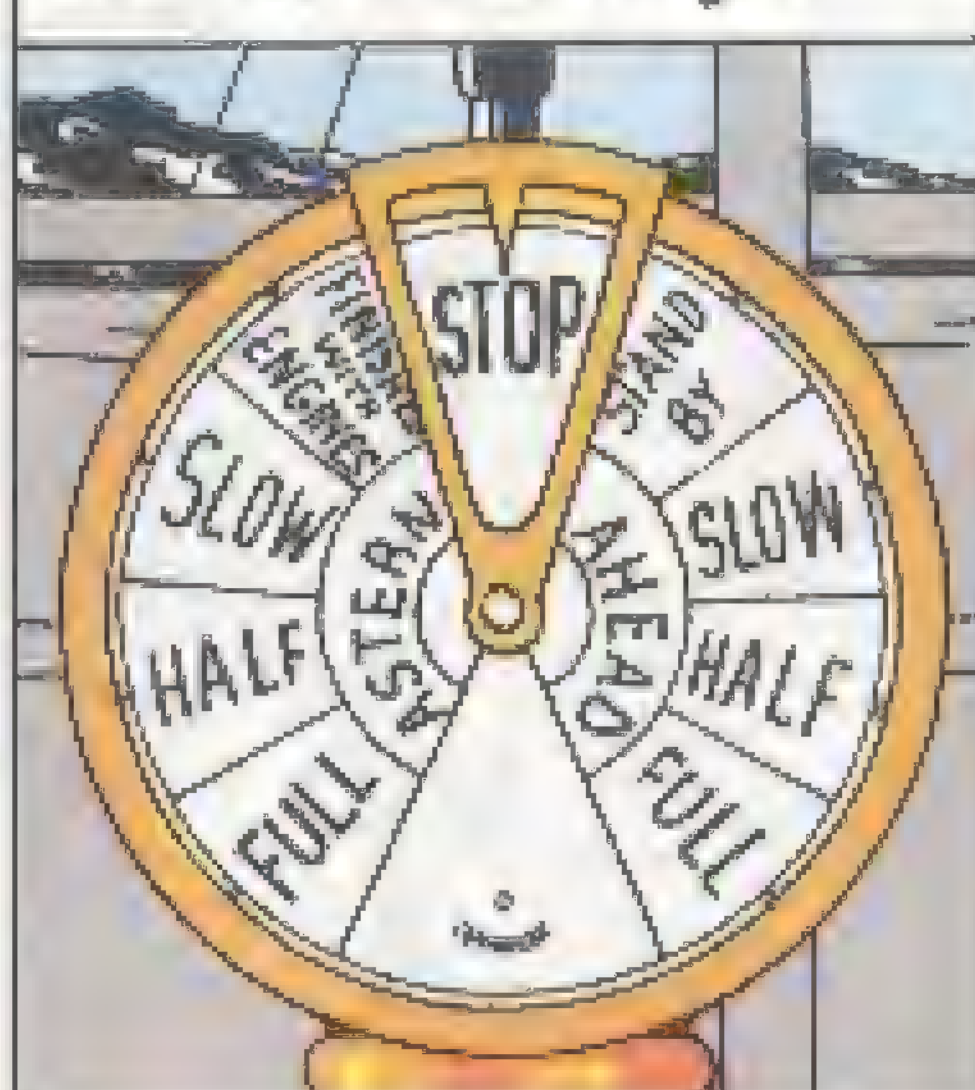
I'm ready, sir...



Bohlwinkel Bank to Smithers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reykjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to all agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refuelling polar vessel Aurora... There! Have that sent in the secret code.



The next morning...



So here we are in Akureyri. Shall we be staying here long, Captain?



Just long enough to fill up with oil. Then we set out for Greenland.



There. I'm going to order the fuel. It won't take a minute.



Good morning. I want my ship refuelled with oil.



Polar research ship "Aurora". Captain Haddock.

Oh?... You're the Captain of... of the "Aurora"?



Oh!... I... I've bad news for you, Captain. I suddenly remembered, we haven't a drop of fuel oil in stock...



What's that you say? No fuel oil?... That's absurd! I've got to have oil, d'you hear?



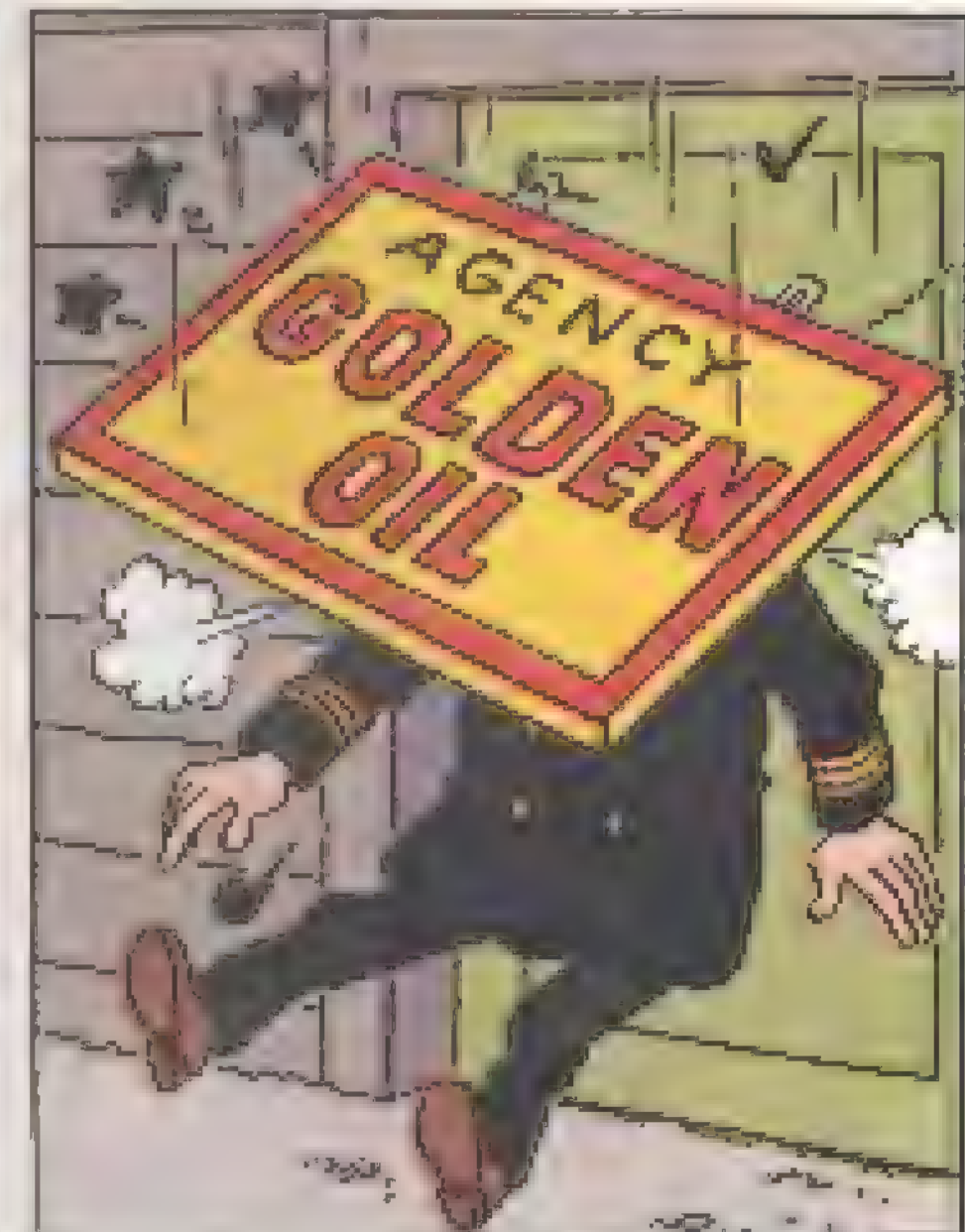
That sounds like an argument...



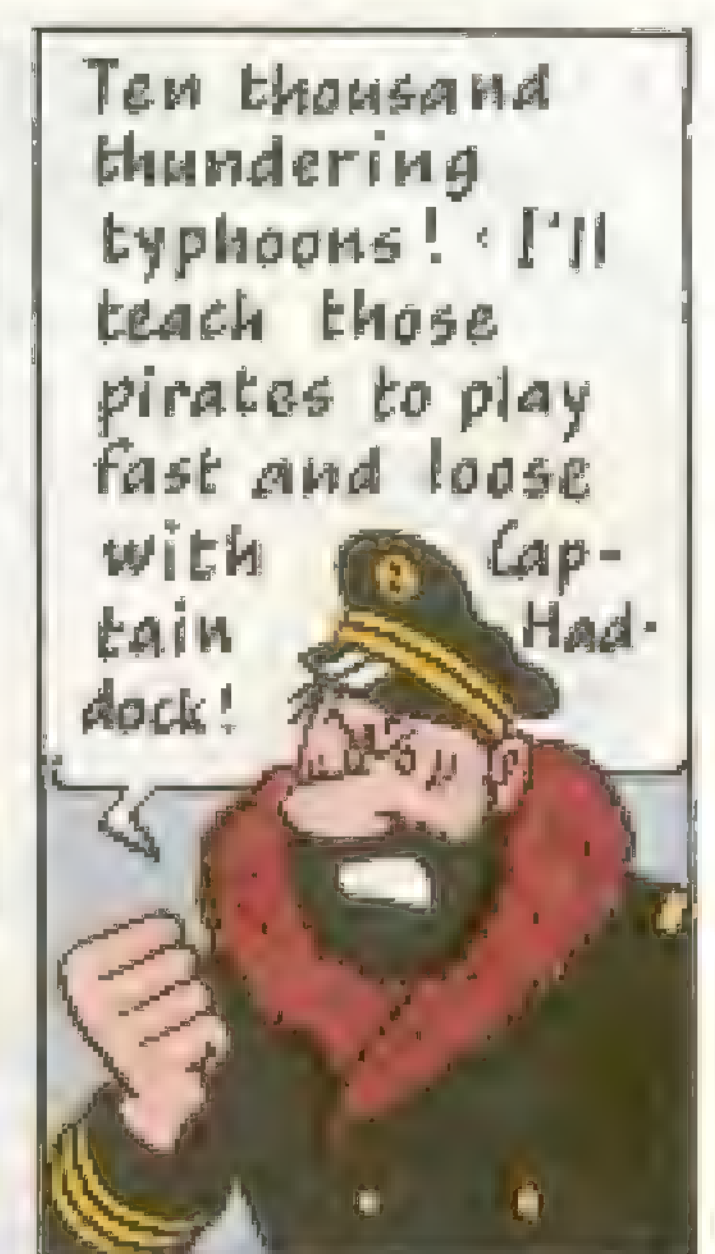
It's disgraceful, I tell you! Disgraceful!



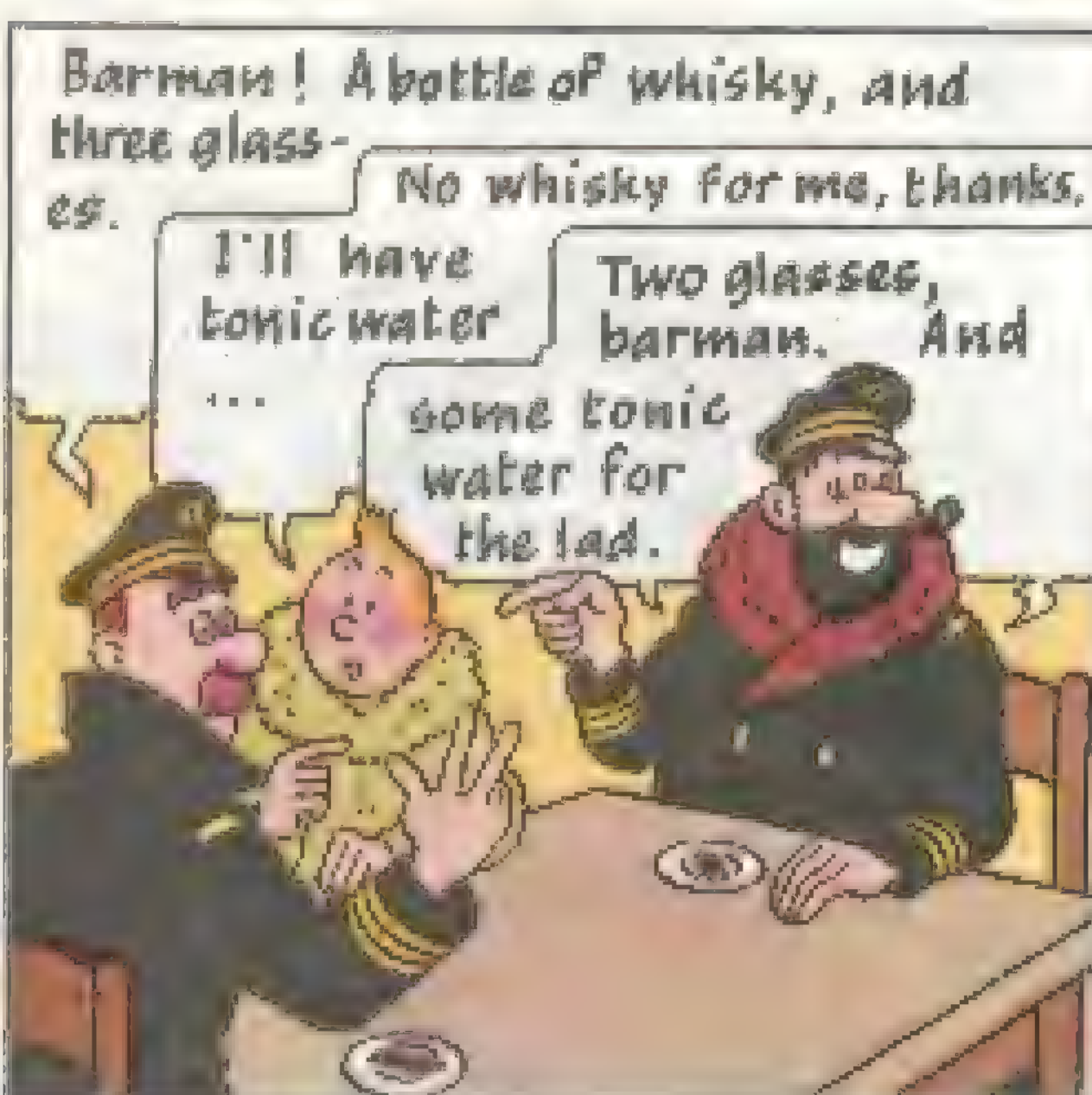
Remember! On your own head be it!















Aaaaaaaaah! ...  
The tonic in these parts  
does you a power of  
good!



Now, tell us your idea.

Look, where is your  
ship moored?

Yes, where's she  
moored, the  
"Sisi"... the  
"Sirius"?



Just astern of the "Aurora".

That's fine! ... And you're  
refuelling tomorrow morn-  
ing? ... Splendid! ... Now,  
listen ...

Li-li-listen carefully,  
Chester. This boy al-  
ways has ex-x-x-x-  
cellent ideas.



The next morning ...



I say, Cap-  
tain, d'you  
think there's  
a leak in  
your tanks?  
They don't  
seem to be  
filling.

O.K., O.K...  
They're big  
ones, that's  
all. Keep  
on pumping.



That's the lot, Captain! Our  
tanks are full ...



Will you send off this cable?

"Smithers, Golden Oil, Reykjavik.  
Your orders carried out. Aurora  
stays here until new instructions  
received. Signed: Payne." That'll  
be seven krón- ur.



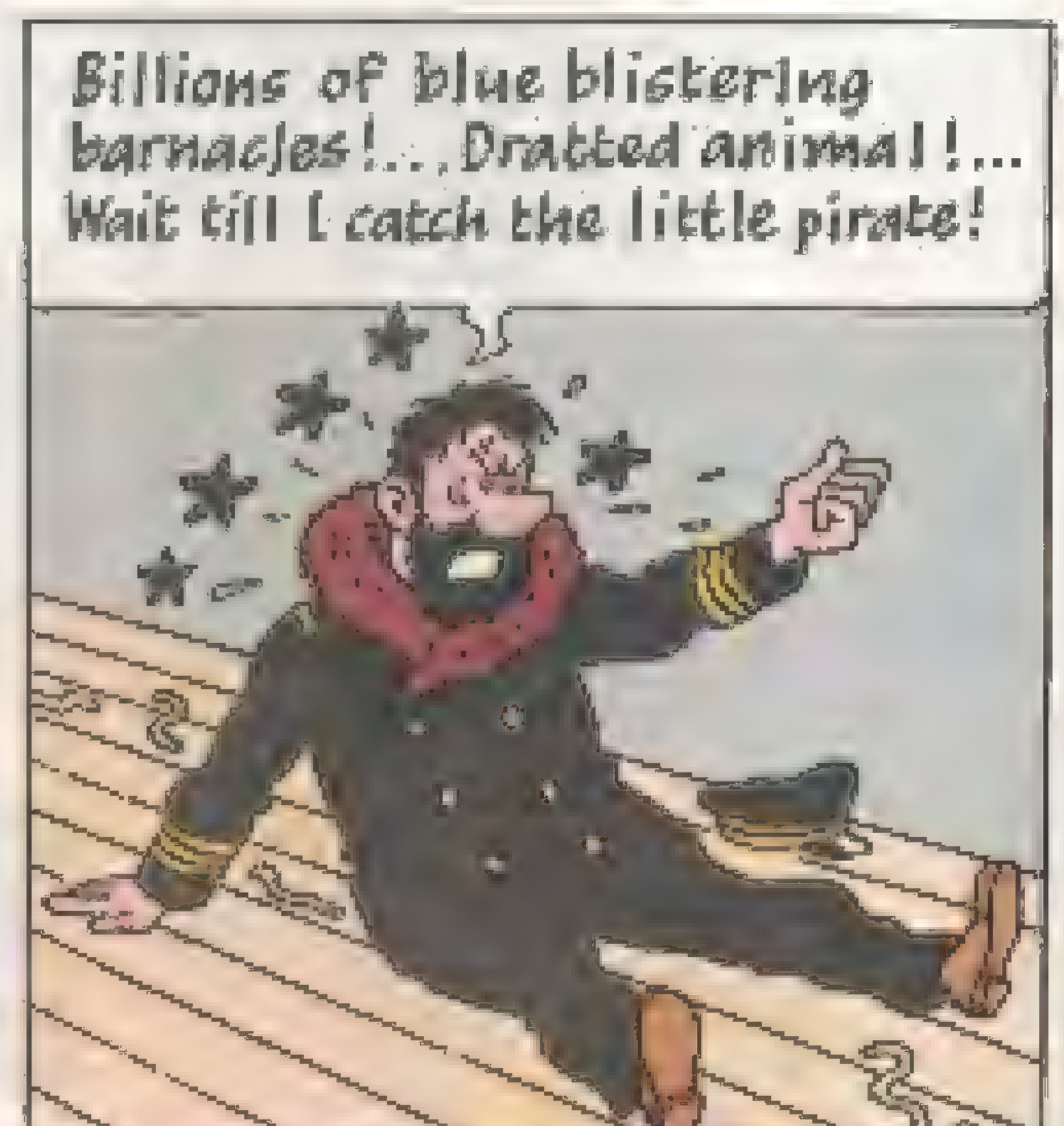
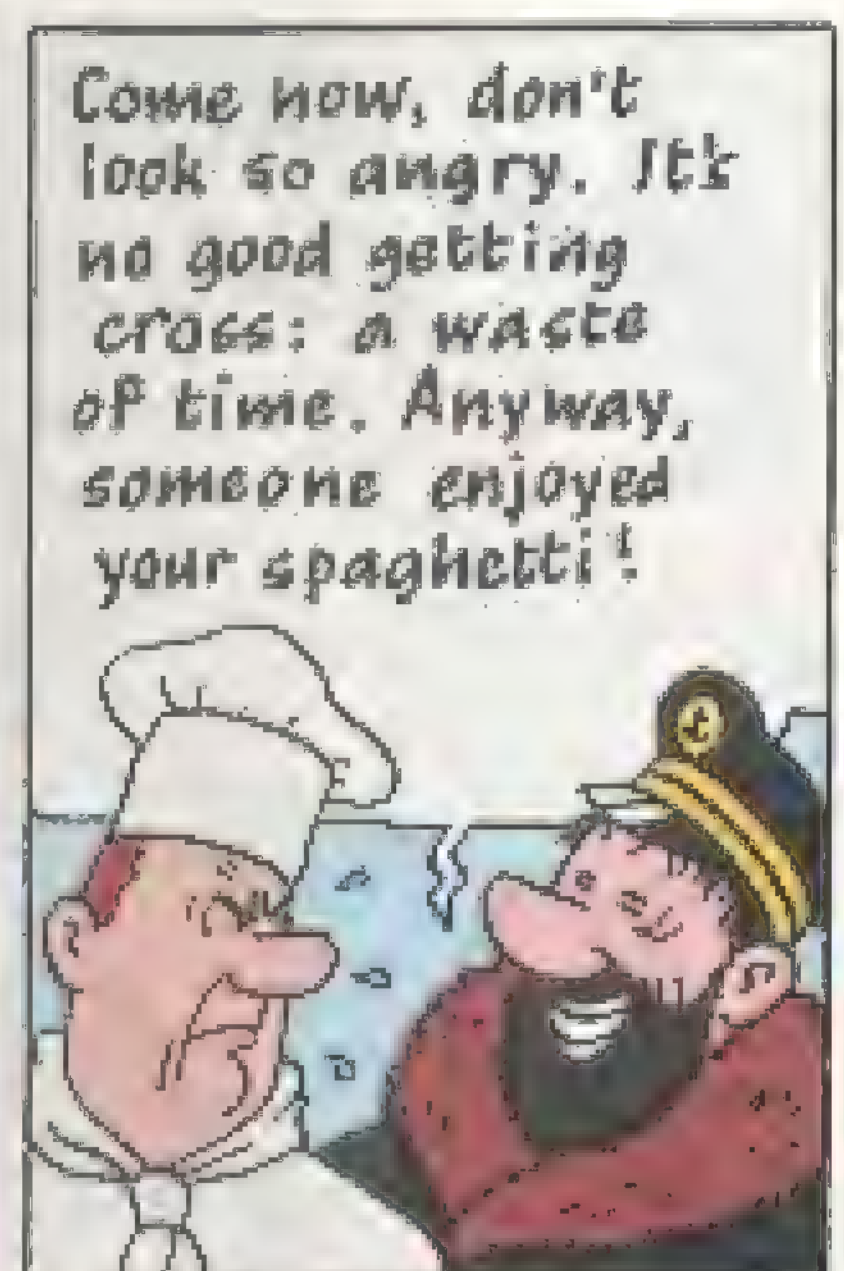
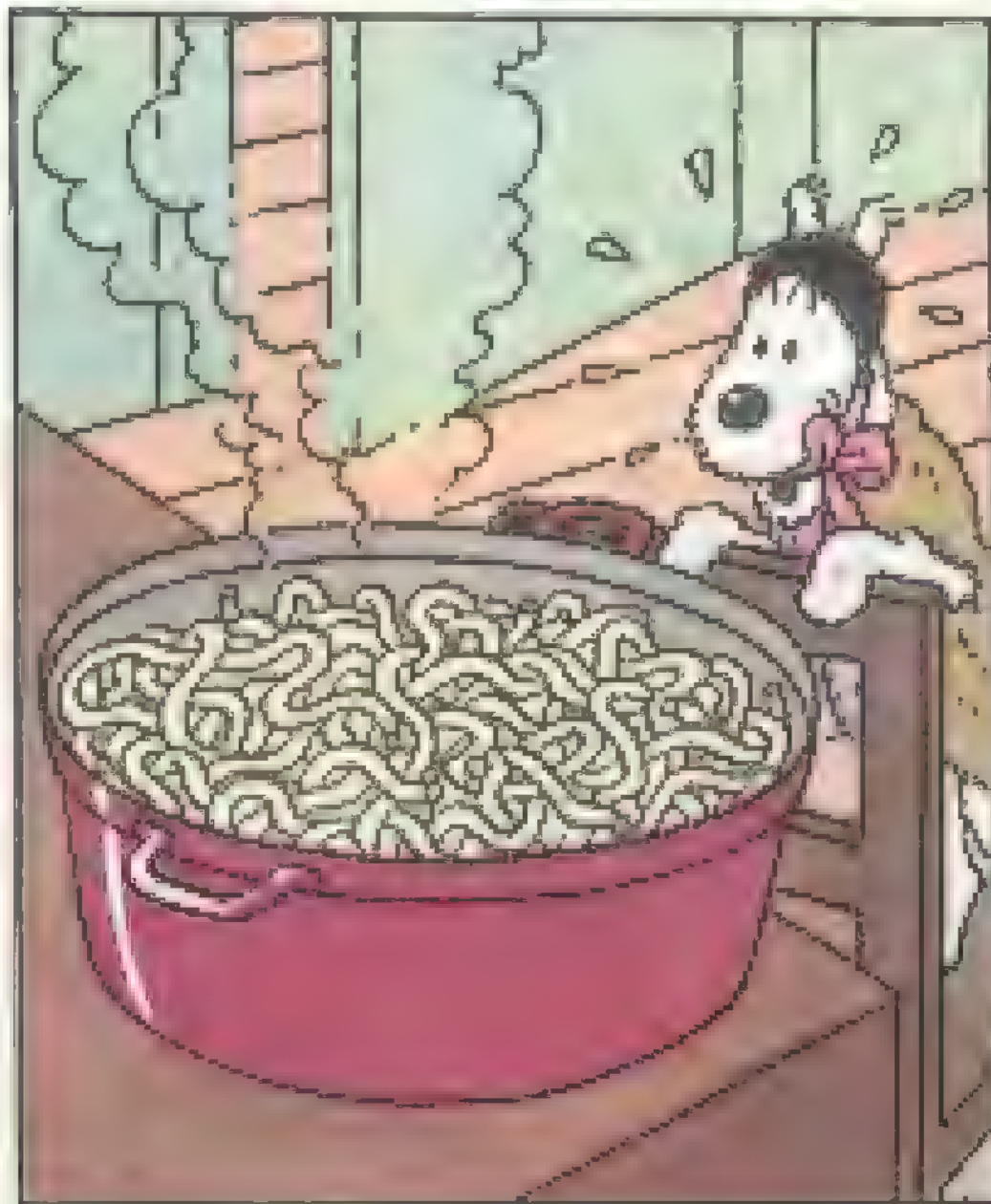
Good. That's the  
"Sirius" going out ...



It's not the "Sirius"! ...  
It's the  
"Aurora" !!









A week later...



This is where we are. We've crossed the 72nd parallel. You will confine your search to an area between 73 and 78 North, and 8 and 13 West... You understand?

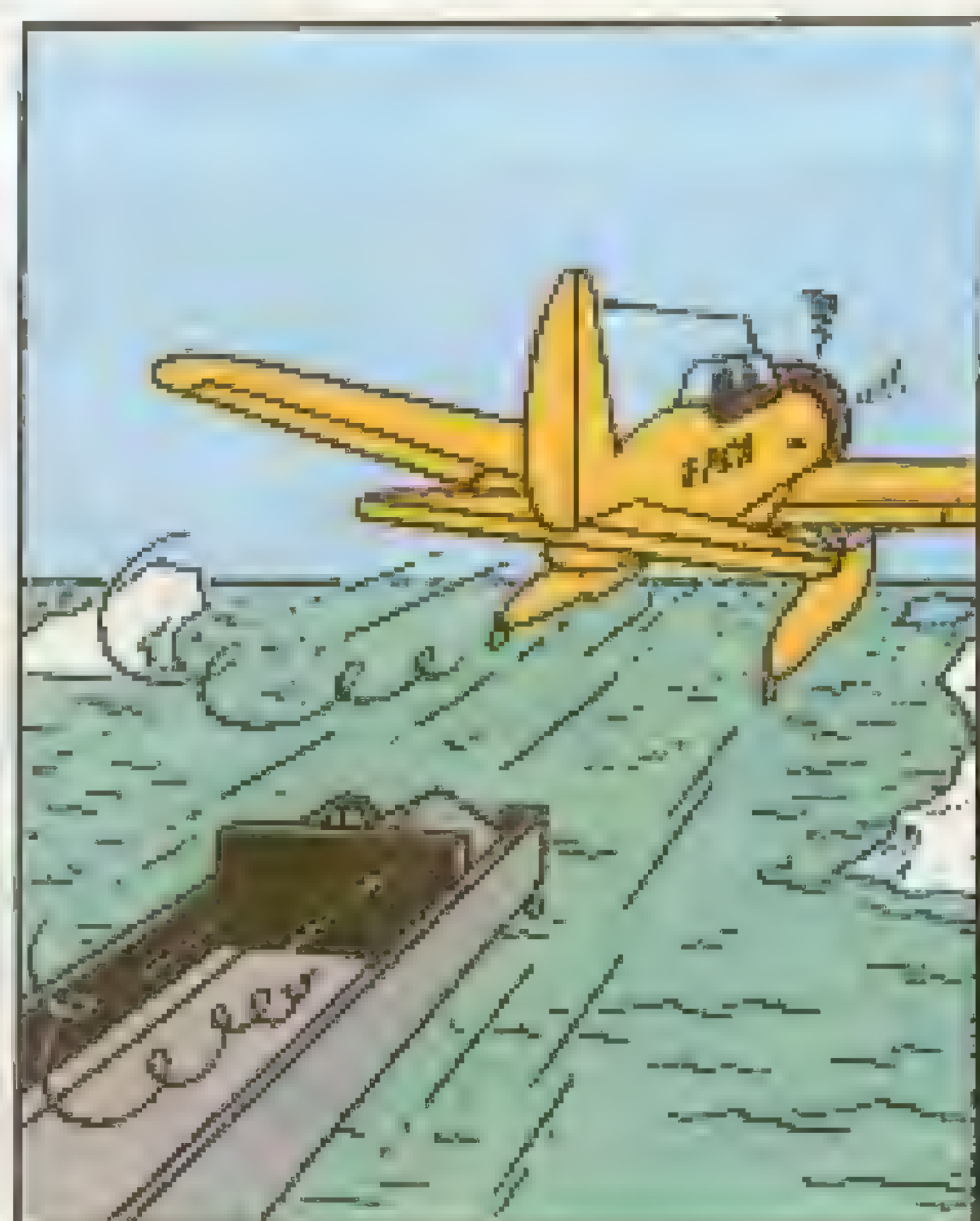
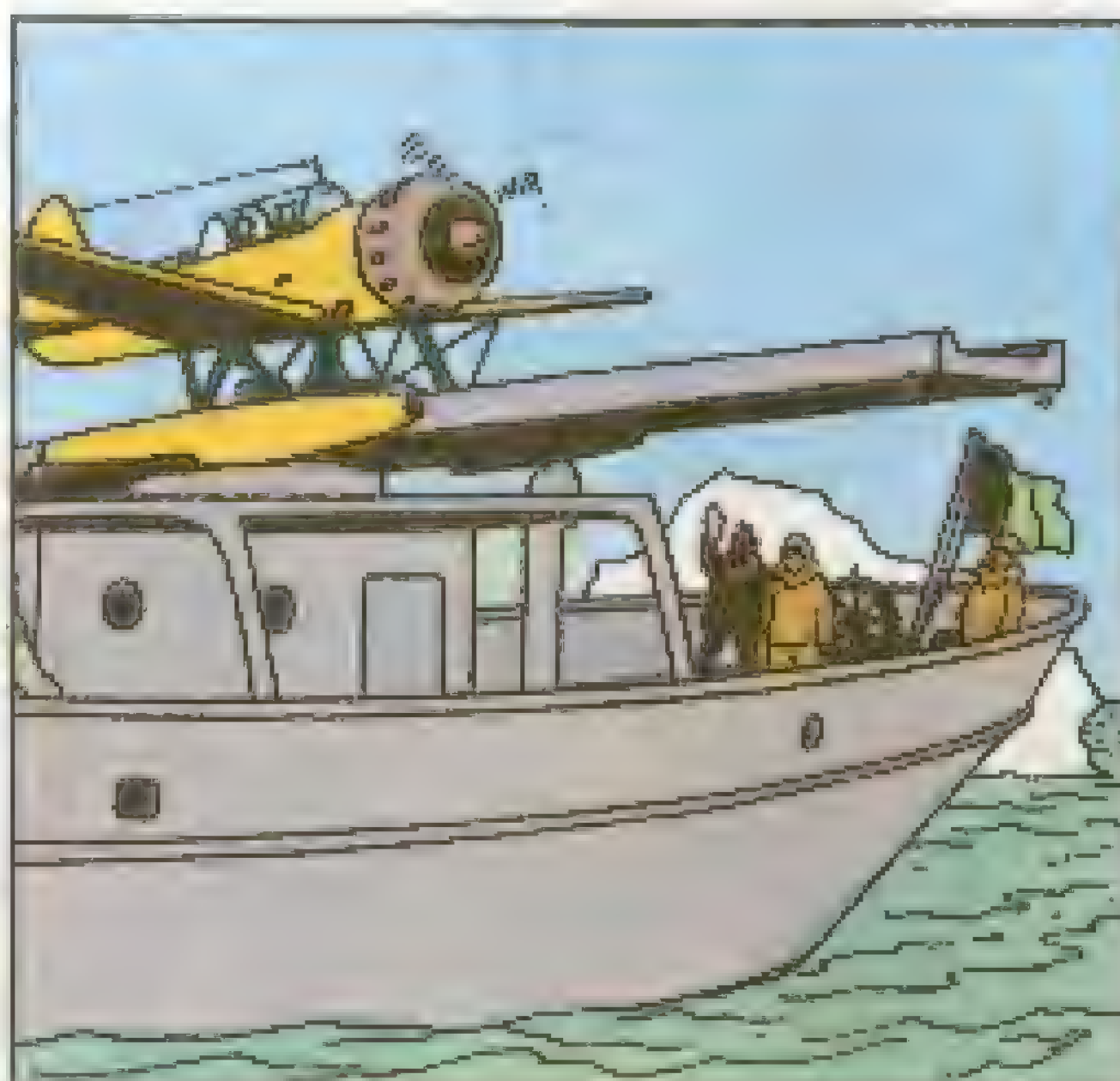
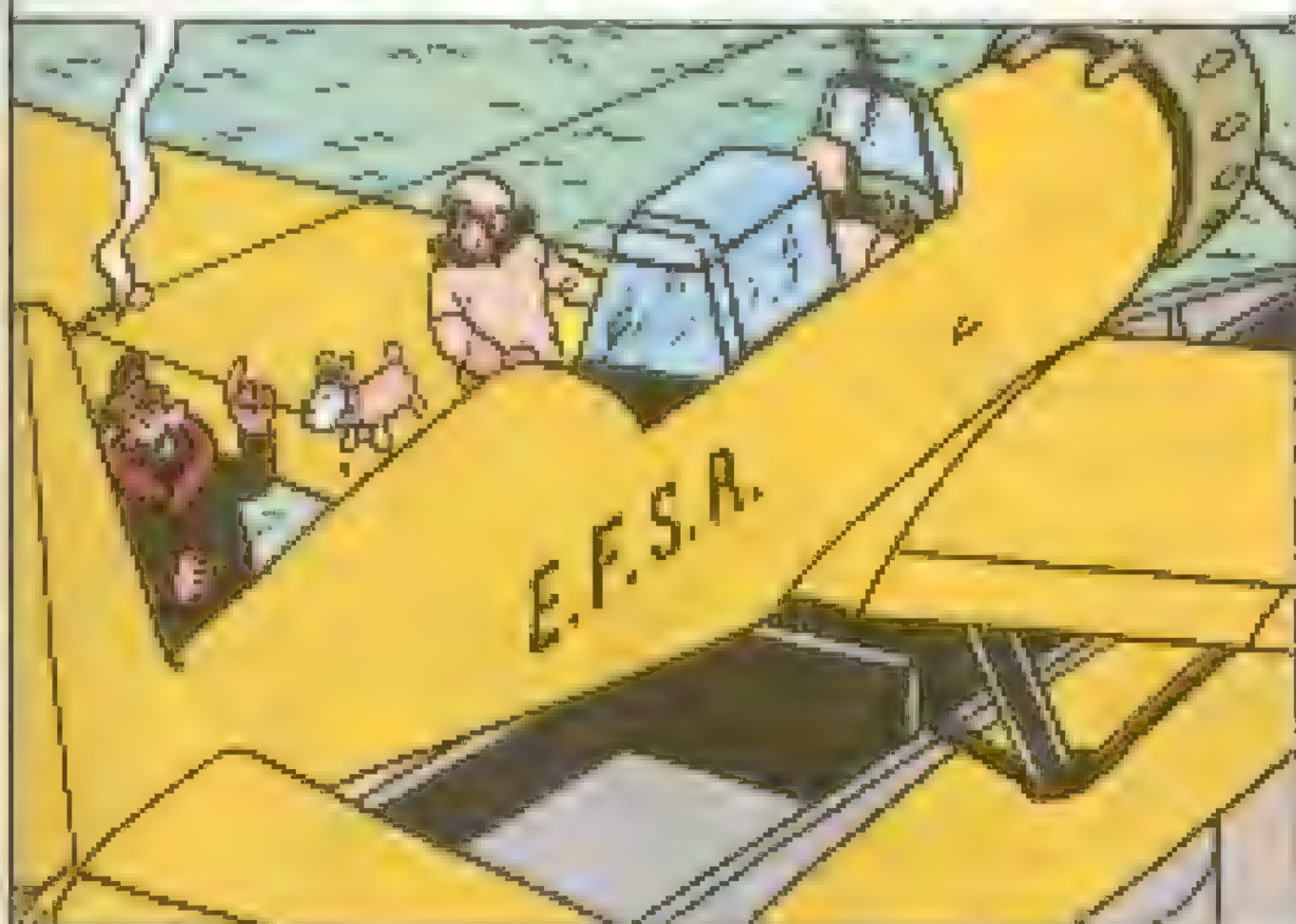


Right.

Above all, don't take risks: don't go beyond the limits we fixed.

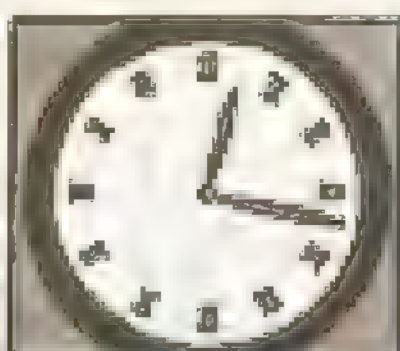
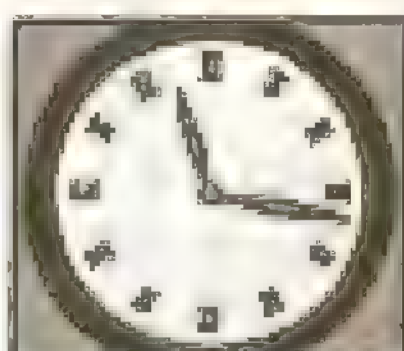
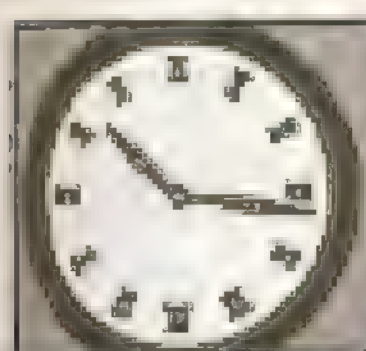
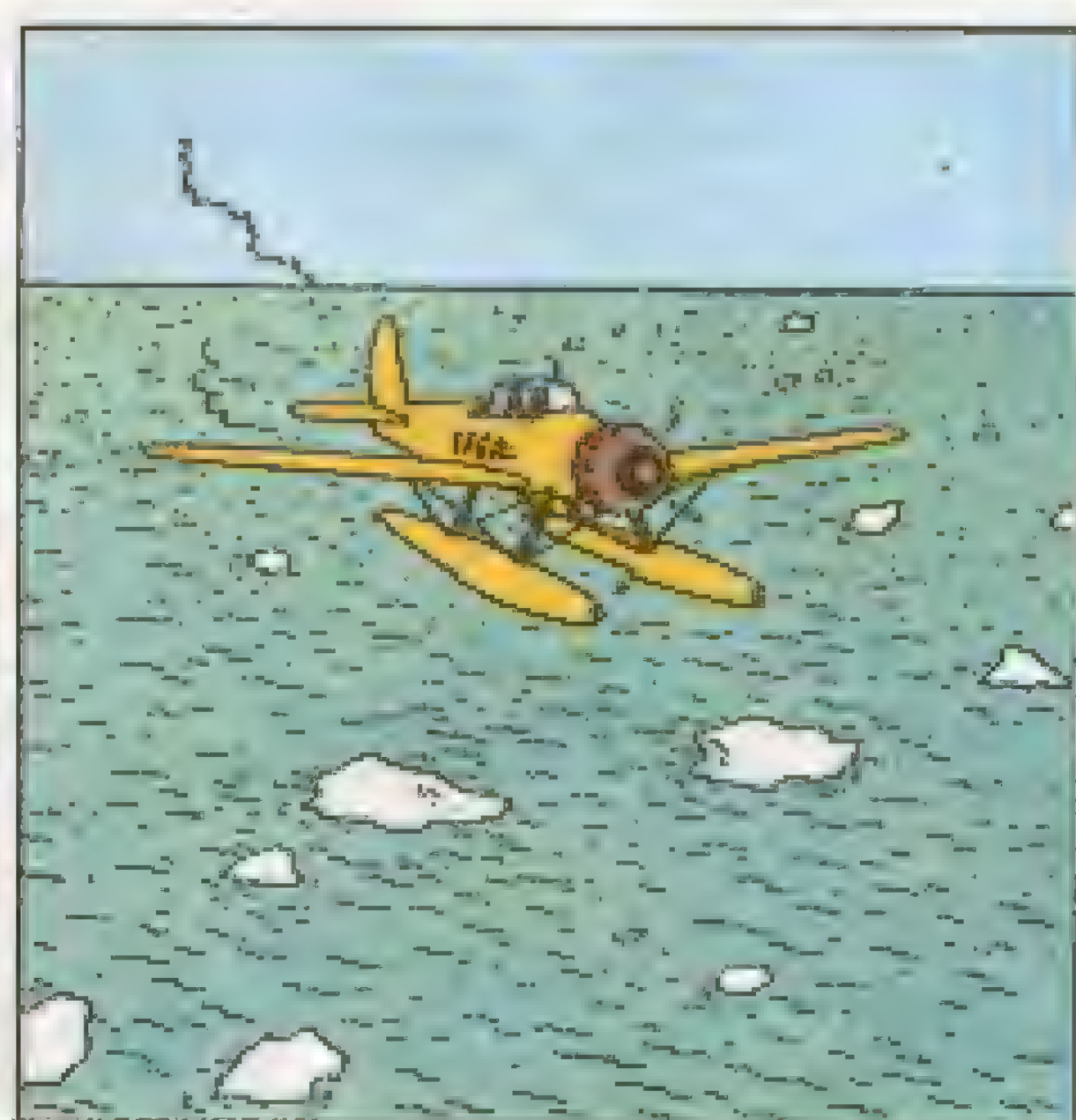


And don't forget to maintain contact by radio. Goodbye, and good luck. Keep your eyes skinned for the meteorite.



There they go...

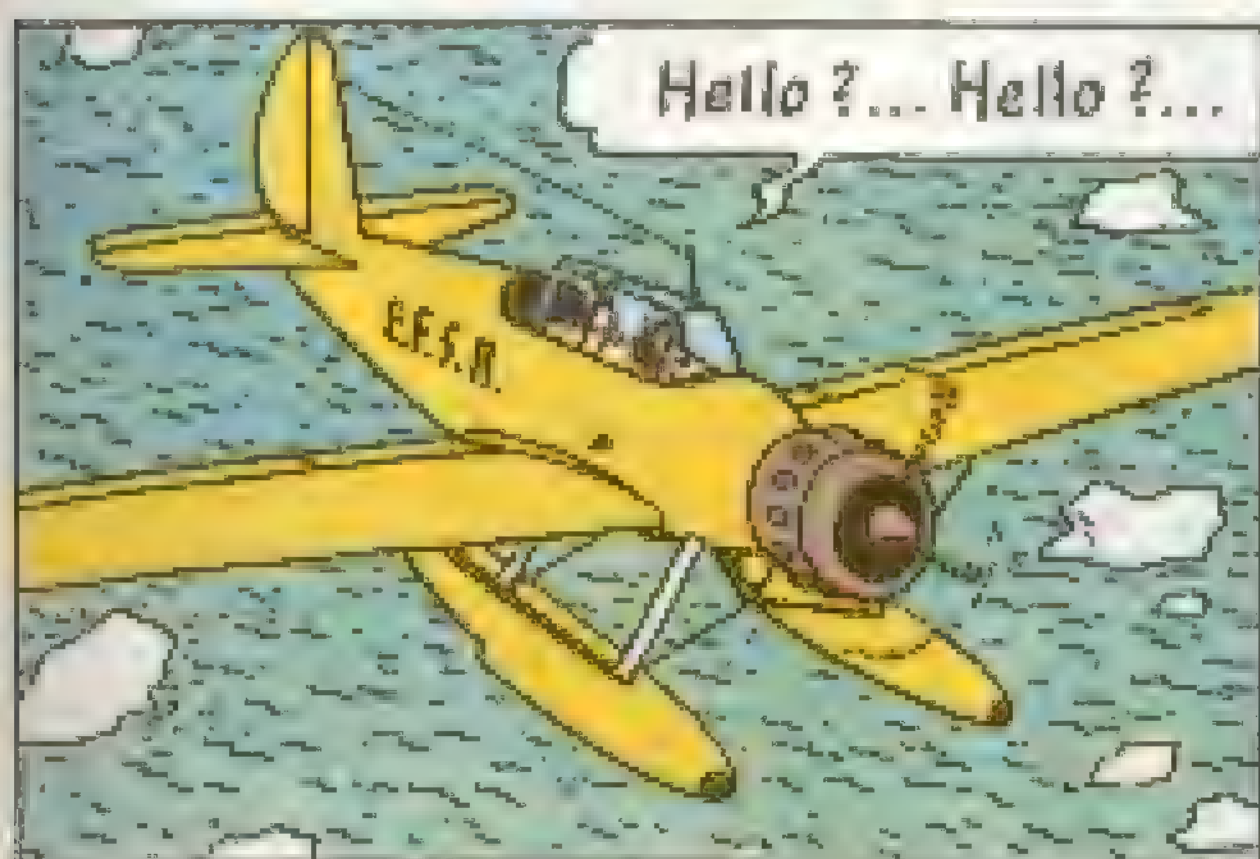
Let's hope they don't run into any trouble.



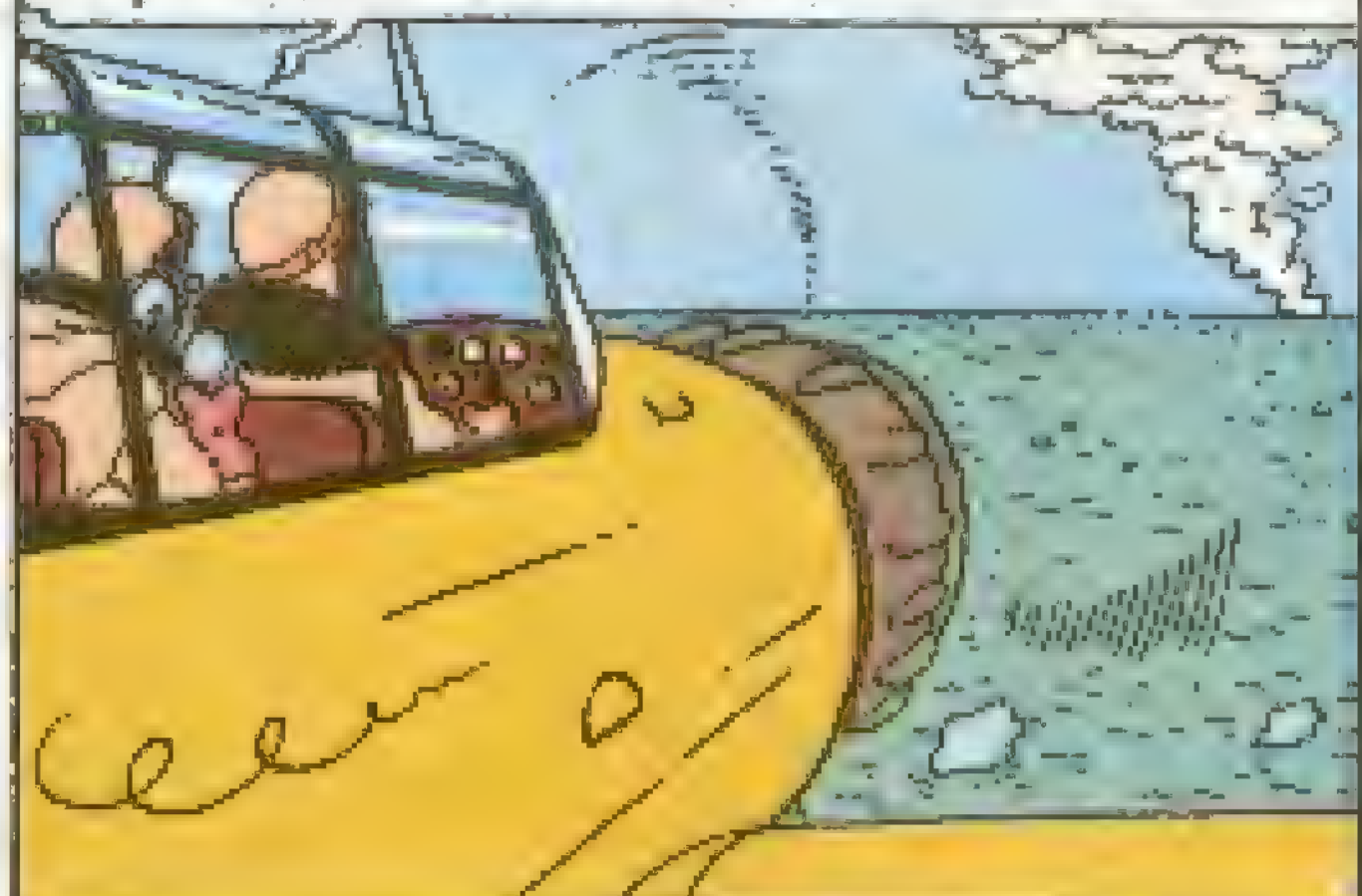
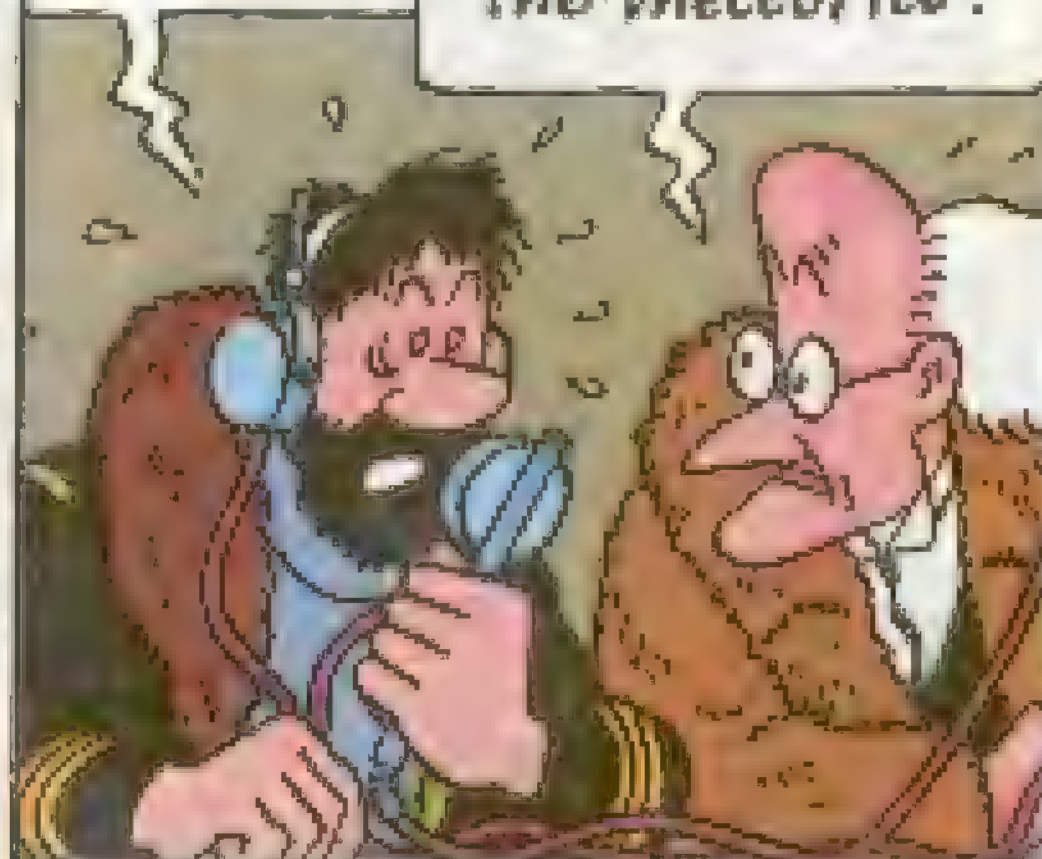
Hello?... Receiving you loud and clear... What?... You've seen something?

The meteorite?

Something peculiar. The sky's quite clear. But there's a great column of white vapour rising from one spot about 20° East.



Hello?... Hello?...





How extraordinary. They've seen a great column of white vapour on the horizon.

Quick!... Give me the microphone.



This is Professor Phostle. Tell me, does the column of vapour seem to be coming from a definite point? ... You say there are no other clouds in sight? The sky is clear?



That's it!... They've found the meteorite!!



Careful!... The earphones...



Forgive me, I forgot! Yes, Captain, it's the meteorite causing the column of vapour. The heat emitted from it has already melted the ice. Gradually the water surrounding it is warming up.



Thus water-vapour is created, and this is rising up to form the clouds which they have seen.



Hello? Hello?... You have found the meteorite!... Hooray!... Hello?... Are you receiving me?



Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... They're not answering any more!...



Tell me, Captain, should these wires be connected to anything?

Thundering typhoons!... The leads weren't plugged in!



There! That's fixed it.



Hello?... Ah, you can hear me... Turn round and come back... The vapour is caused by the meteorite... yes... Come back, you've completed your mission.



All right, we're returning.



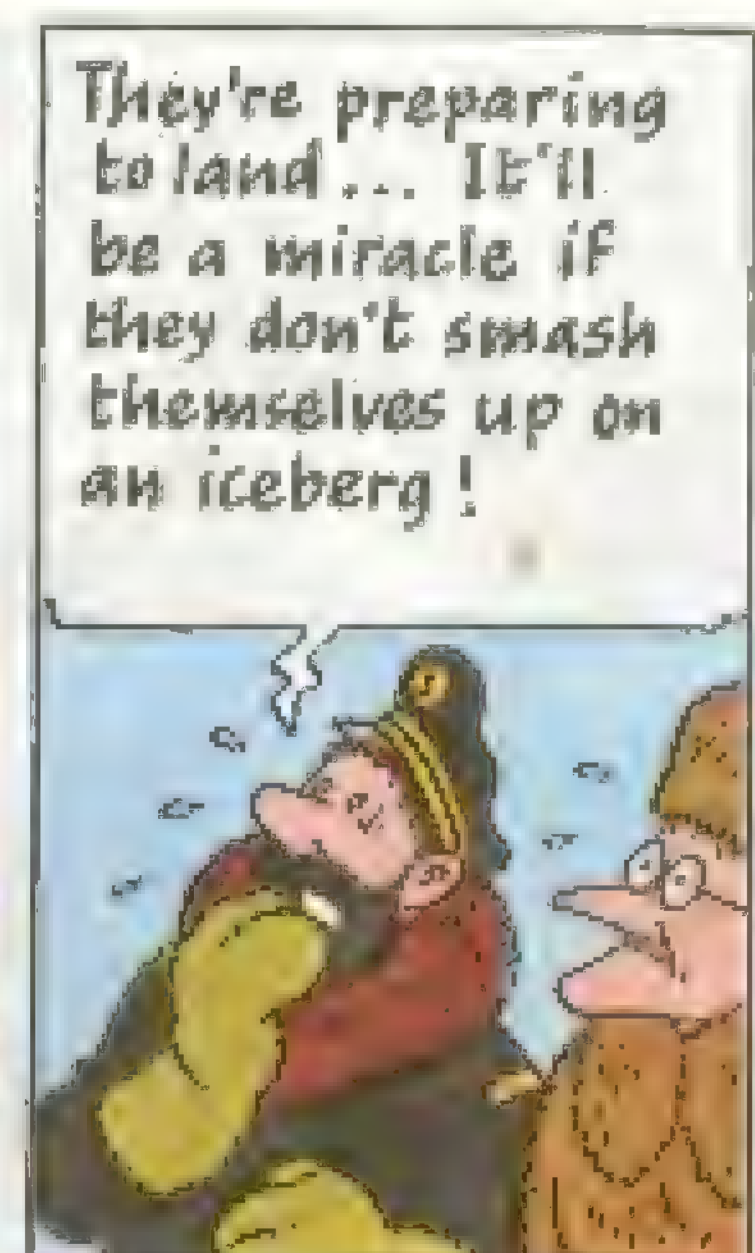
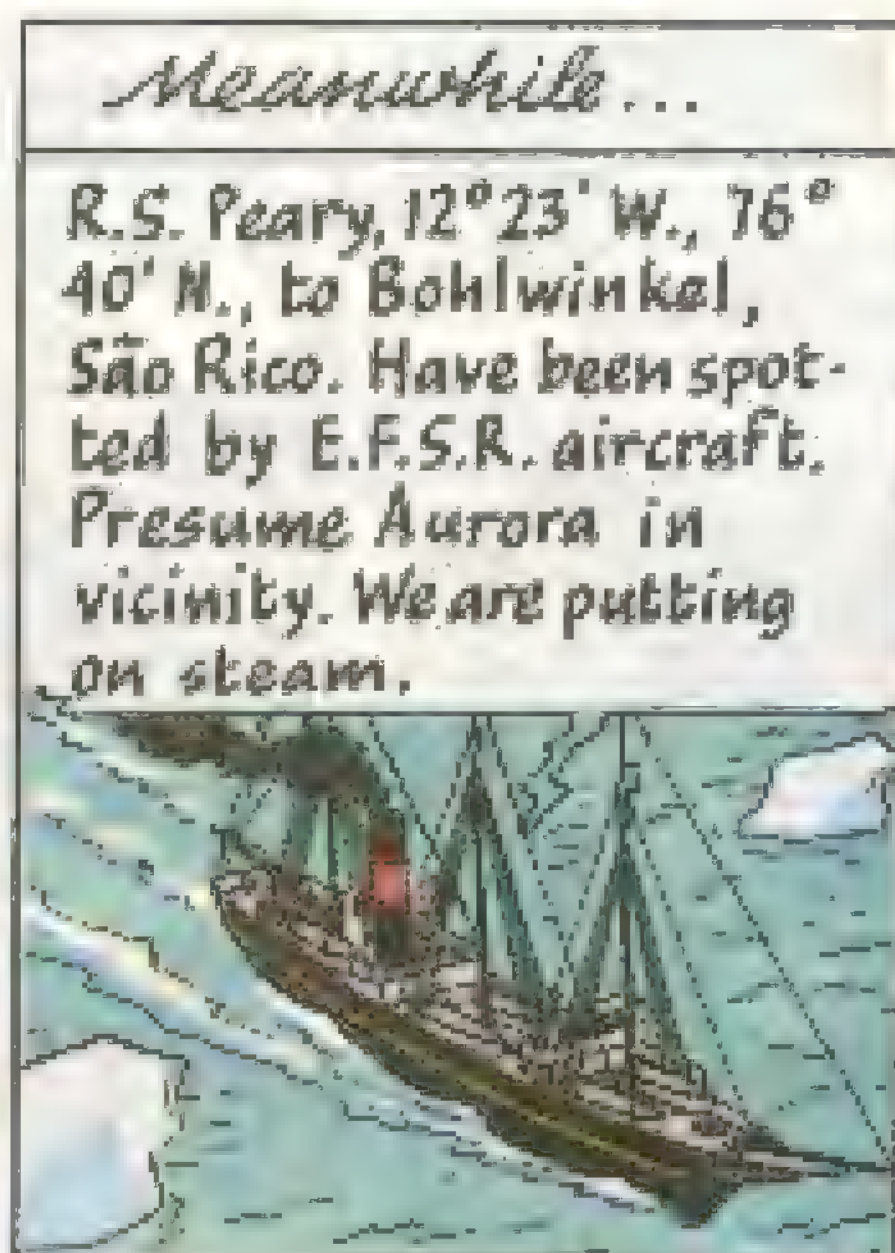
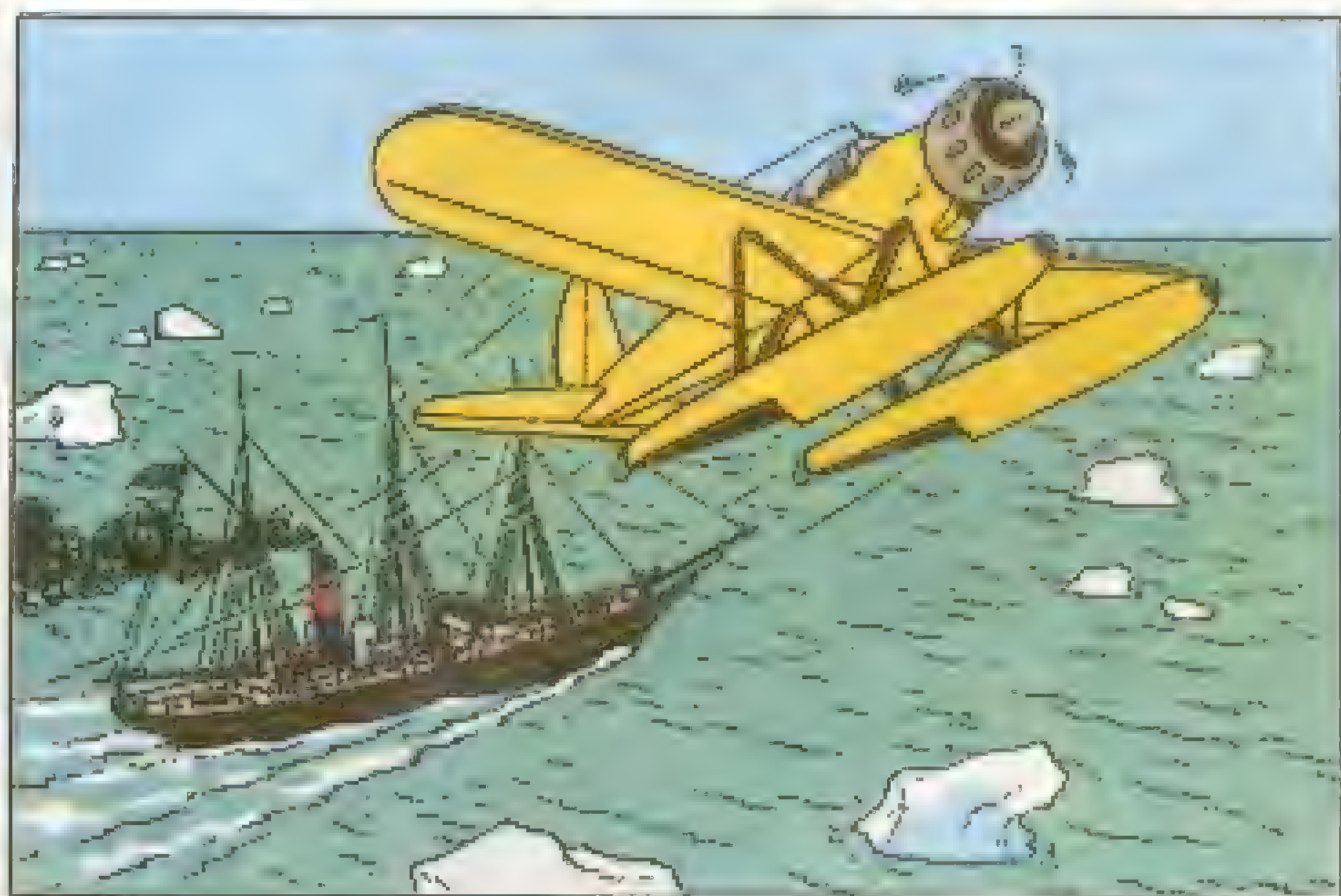
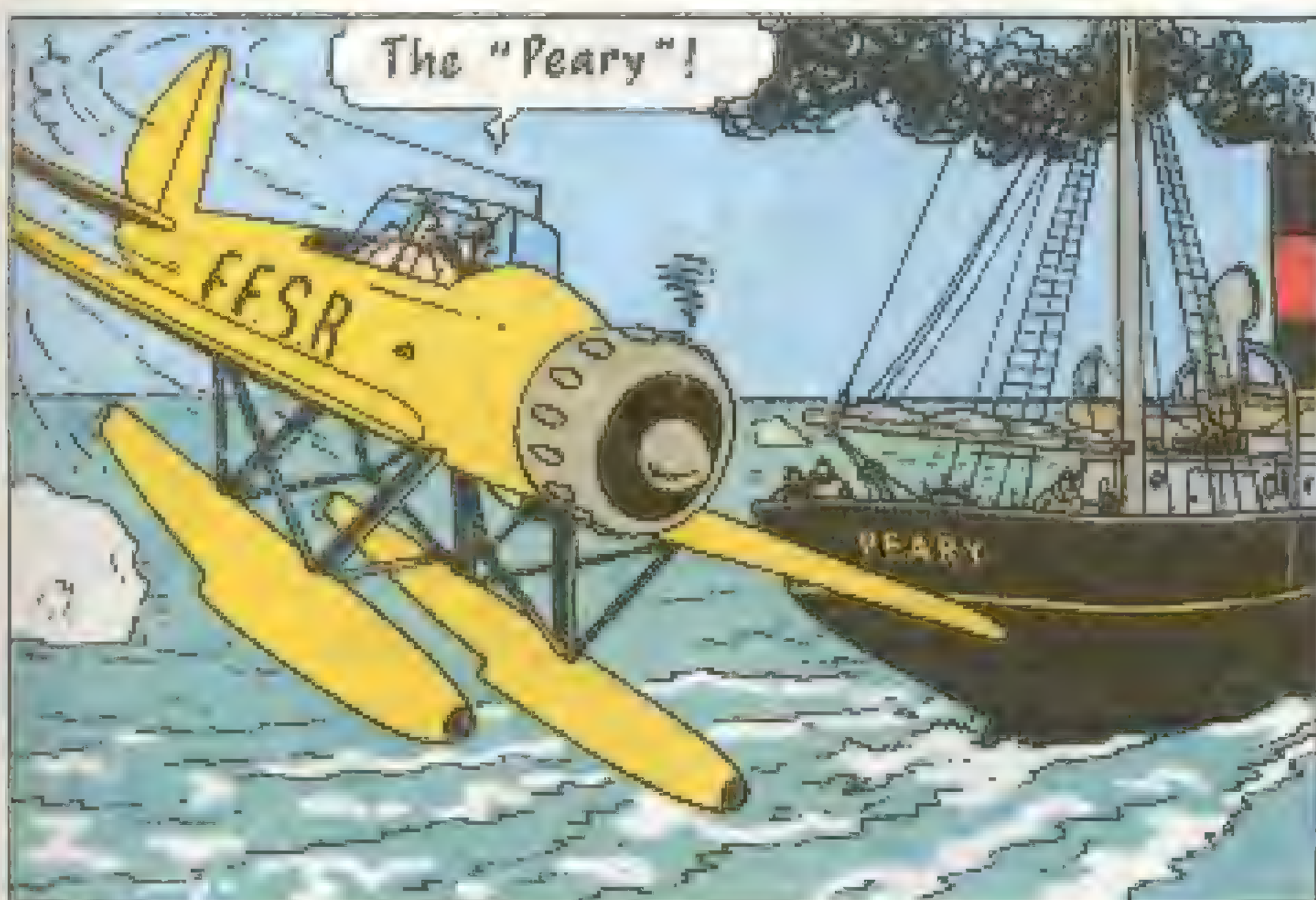
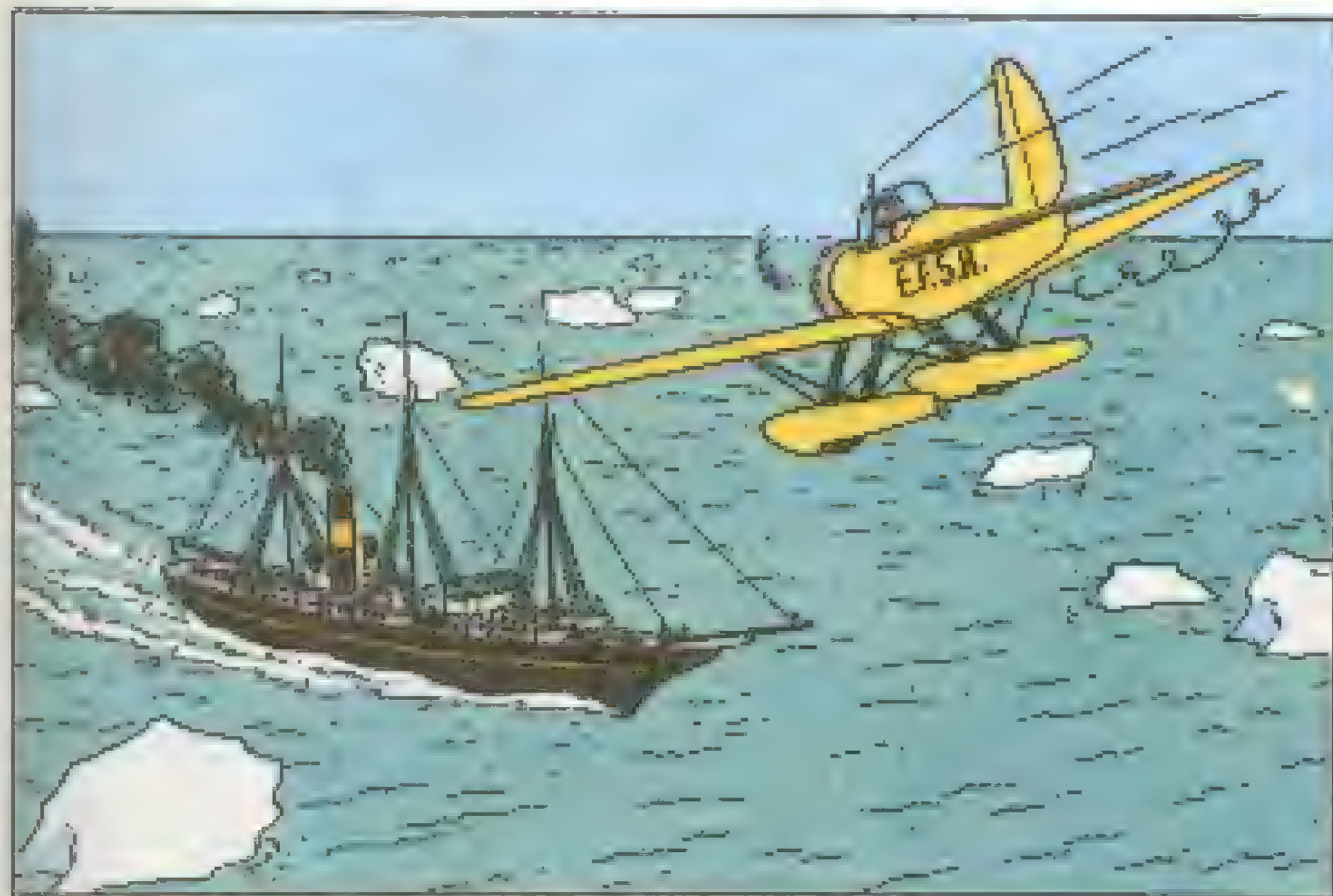
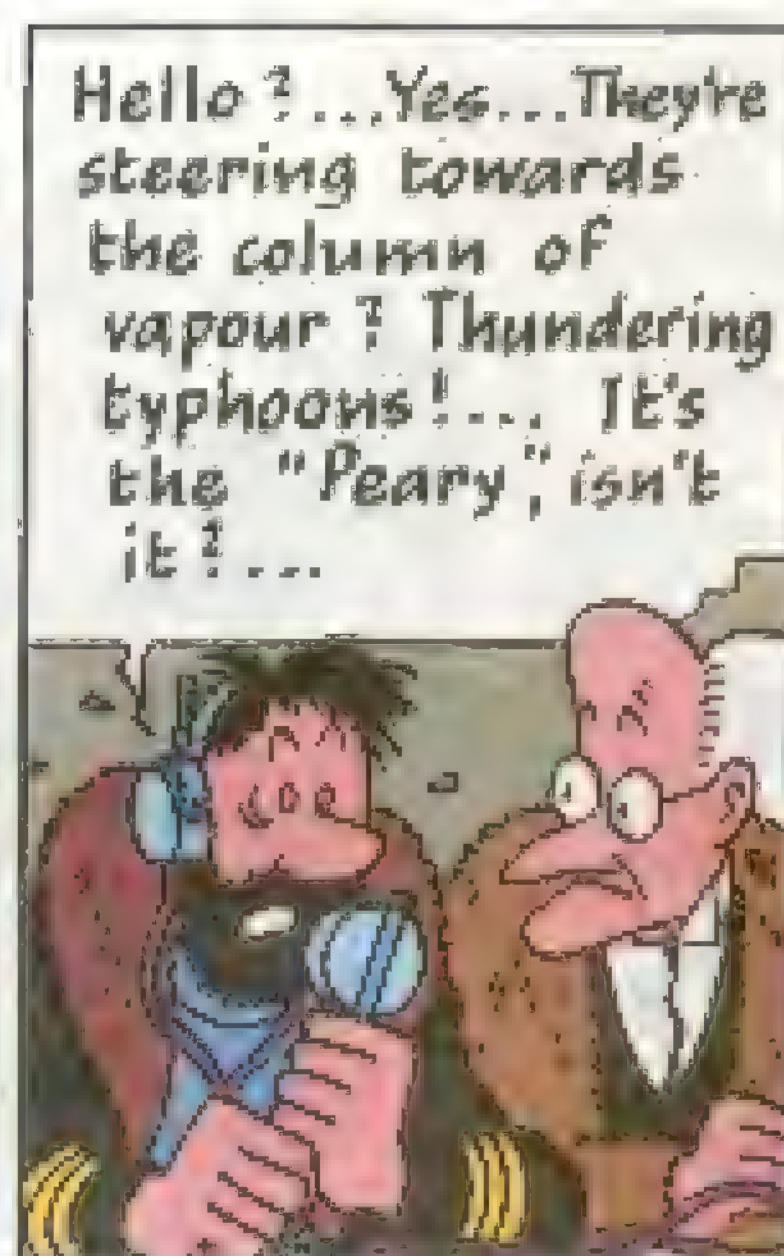
Look down there!...



Hello?... Yes?... What did you say? Smoke?... Smoke from a ship?... Where?... In which direction?...

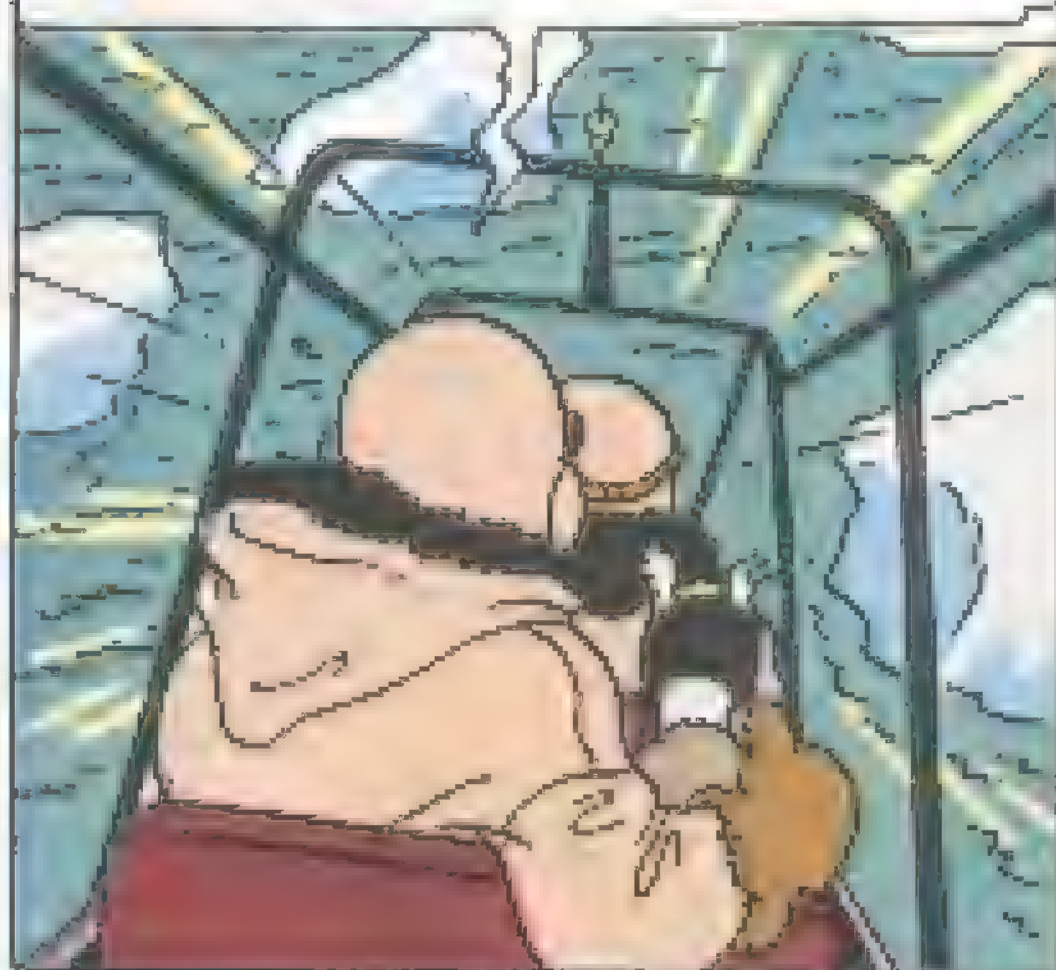








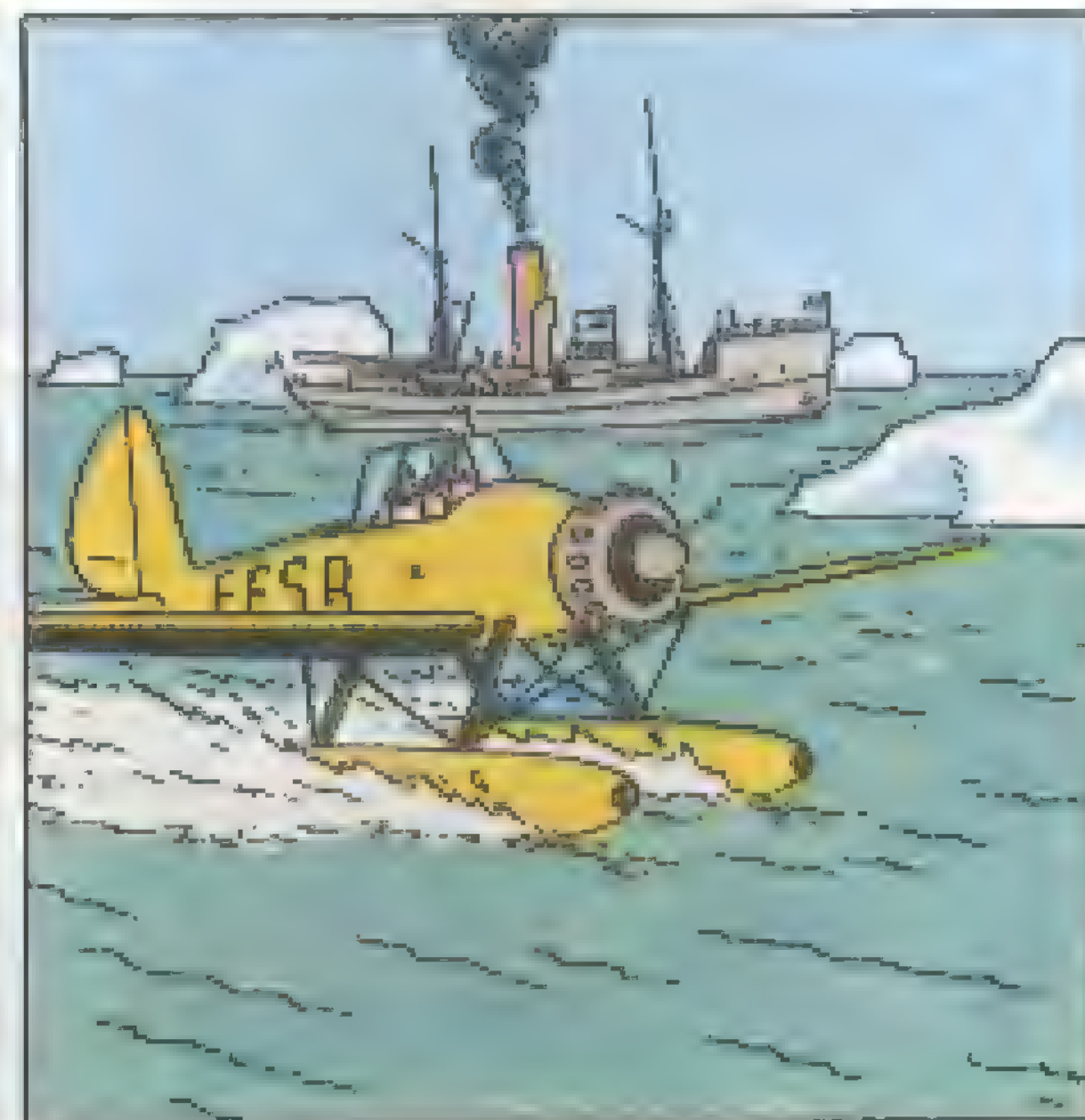
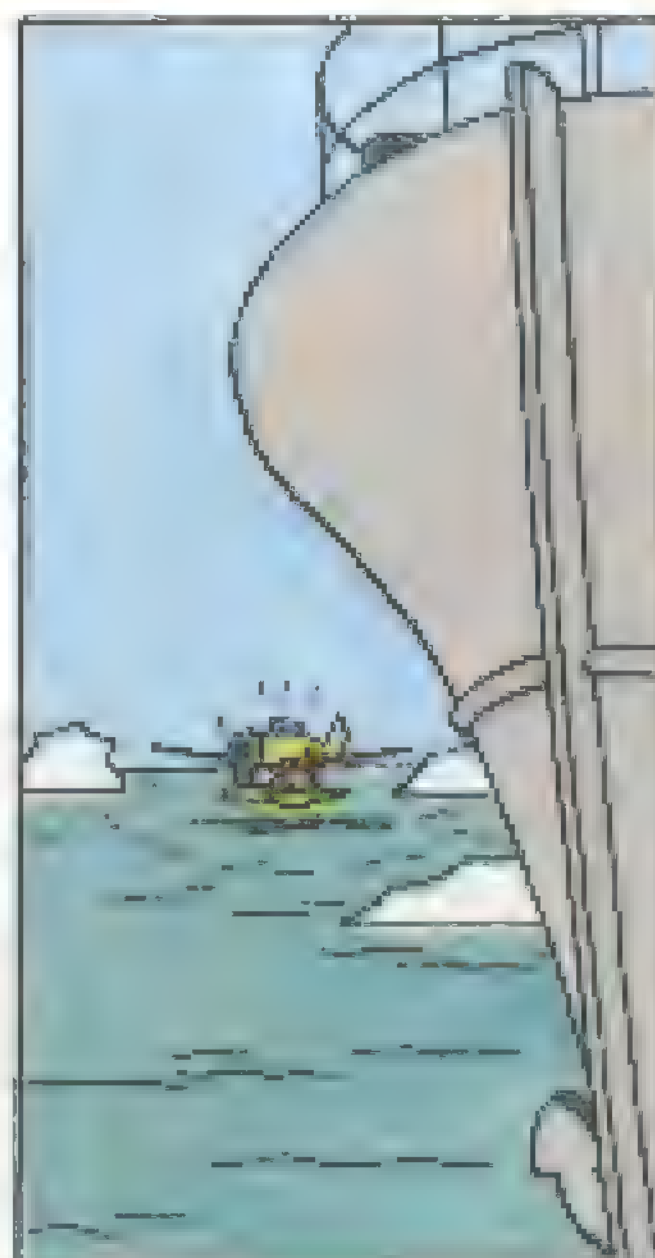
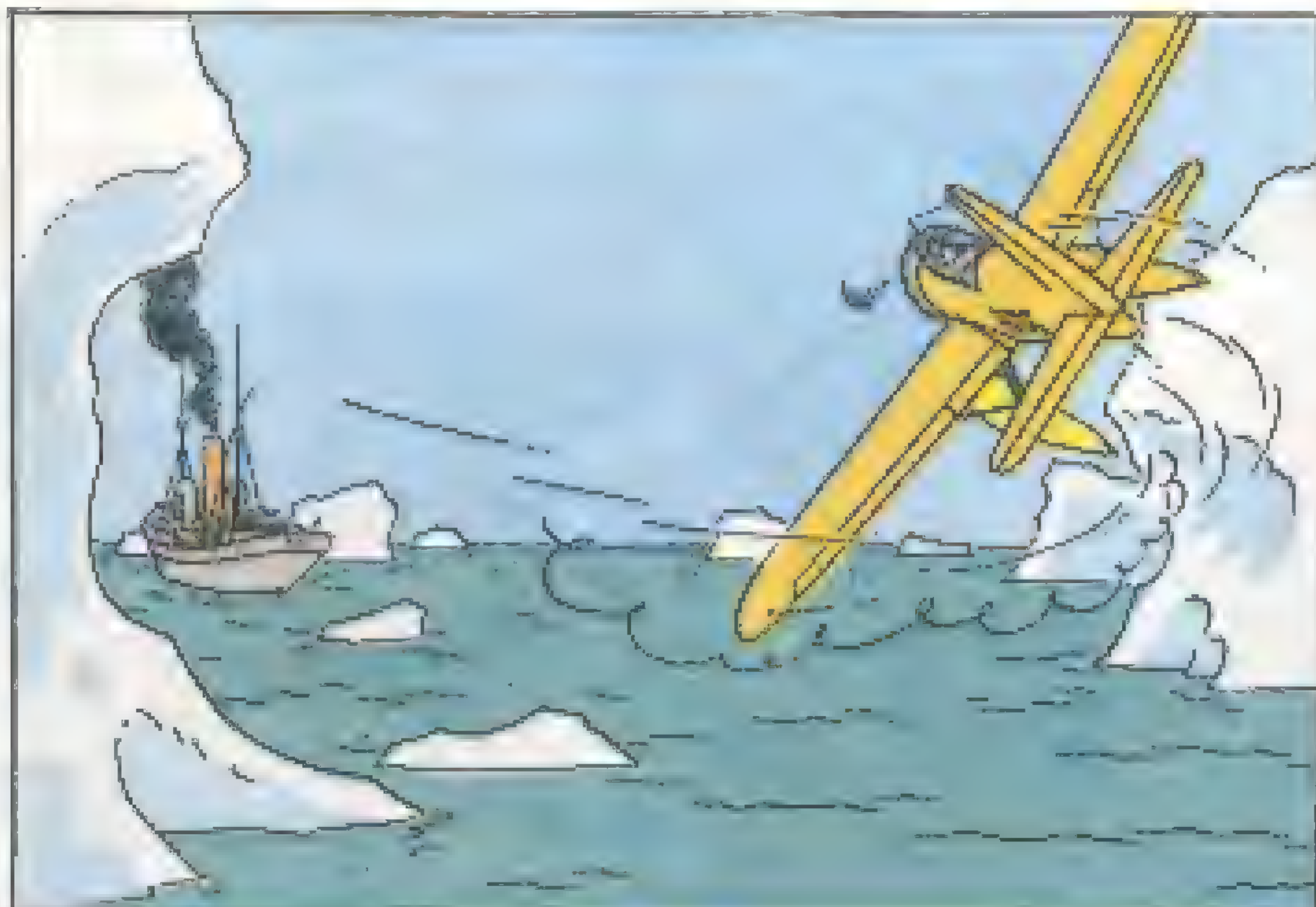
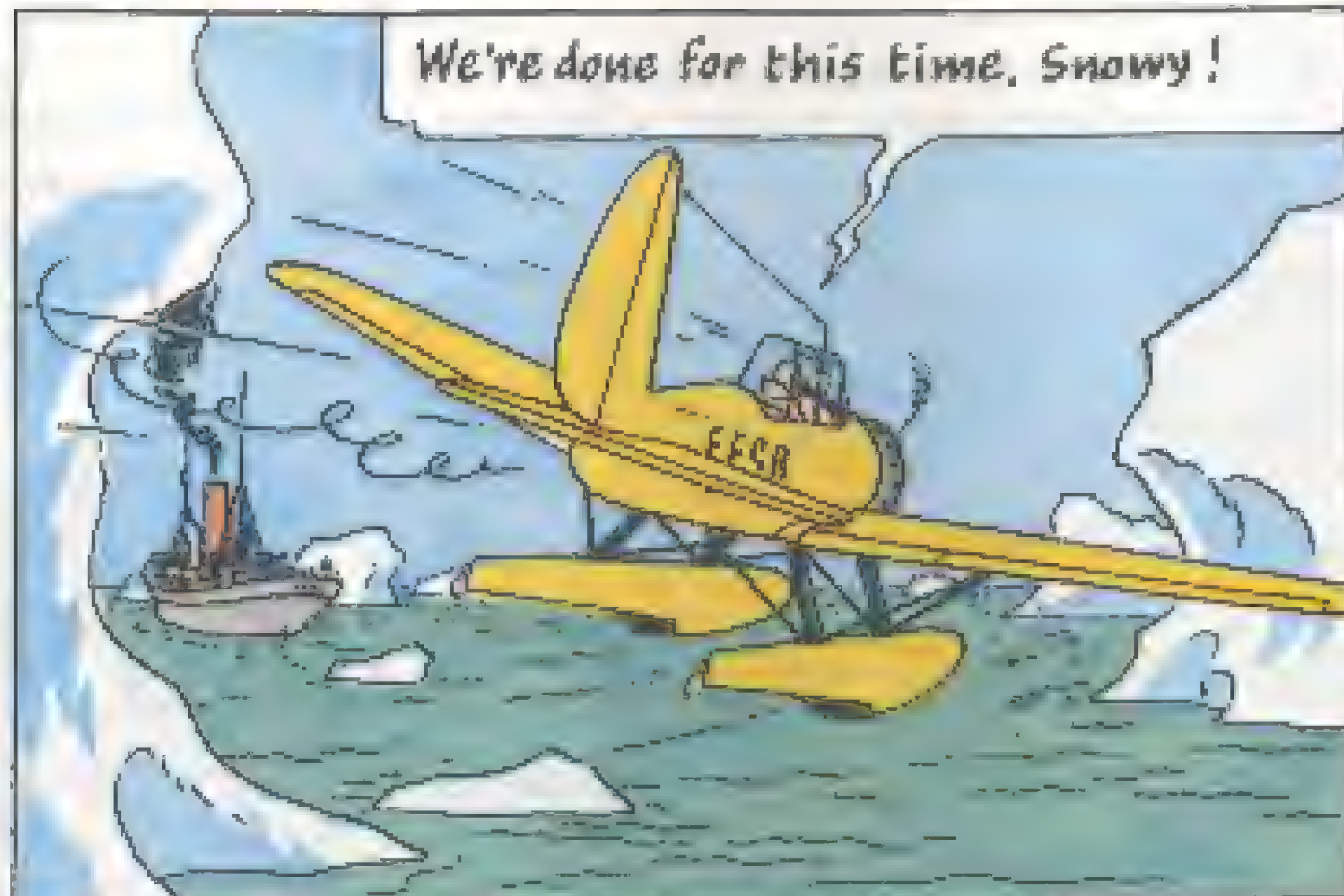
Well, Snowy old boy, if we get out of this in one piece we'll be lucky!



Thundering typhoons! ... They scraped against that one... and that one too!... Whew! they just missed it!



We're done for this time, Snowy!



Hooray! He's a real ace!



What news?

We haven't a moment to lose, Captain...



The "Peary" is two hundred and fifty km ahead of us. We must overtake her!

Two hundred and fifty km ahead!!



This is the end... We've lost the race.



No, Captain, we're not finished yet. Come on, let's have a look at the chart.

It's useless.





Look, the "Peary" is there... And this is our position. Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Peary" can't do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain on them by 6 km each hour. They're 250 km ahead. So in  $37\frac{1}{2}$  hours we'd have caught up with the "Peary"...

Yes, unless they'd reached the meteorite by then...



Captain, we must try to overtake the "Peary"! ... This is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight.

Tintin's right; we must try, Captain.

That's all very fine! ... But to catch up 250 km! ...



Impossible! ... It's quite futile to try. We're going to turn round and go home ...



All right ... er ... I say, Captain, I'm frozen to death after that reconnaissance flight. I think I need a little whisky ...

Some whisky? You? ... er ... I'll just see if there is any ...



You'll have a glass with us, won't you, Captain?

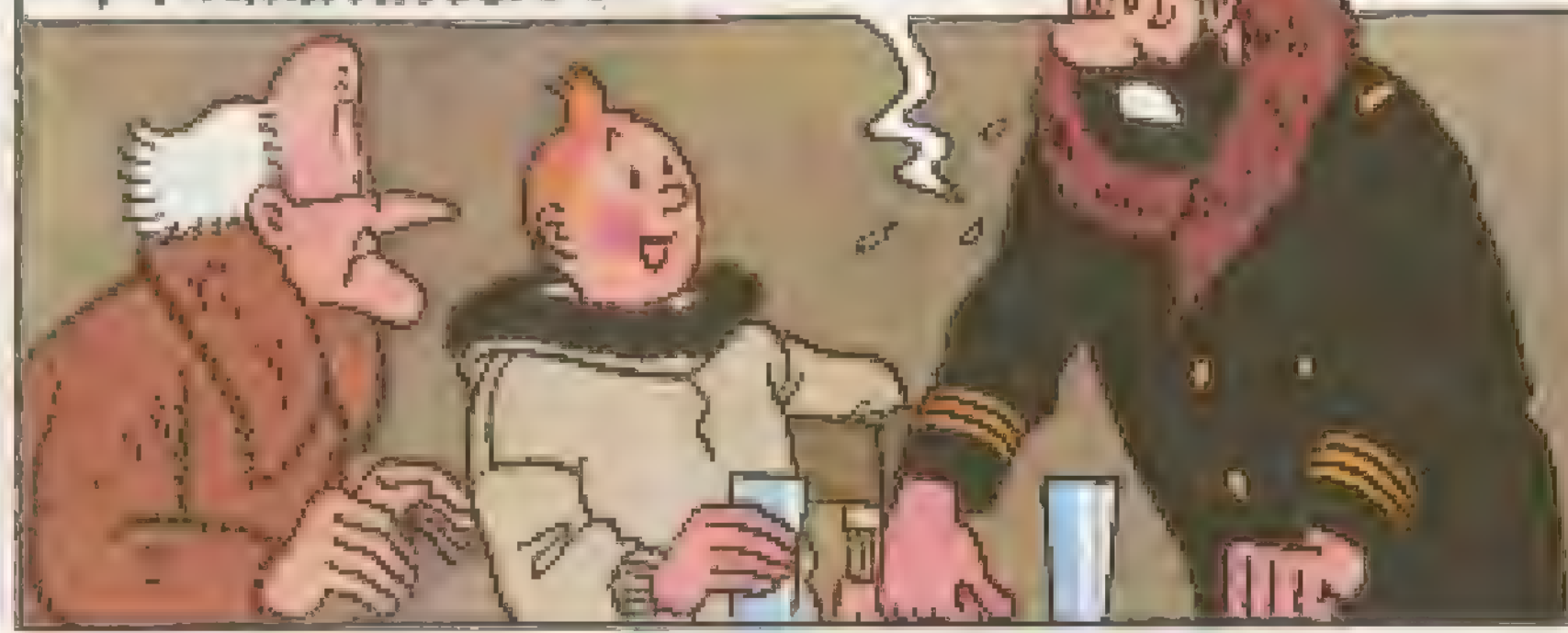
You bet I will!



On second thoughts, I really do think the game is up. It'd be far better to give up the struggle ...



Give up the struggle? ... Never! ... Blistering barnacles, this is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight! Thundering typhoons! ... We'll show those P-P-Patagonian p-p-pirates what we can do! ... The l-l-lily-livered l-l-landlubbers!



Come on! We shall see what we shall see! ... Show a leg! On deck with you!



Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons! jump to it! ... Full speed ahead! The enemy have 250 km start on us; we've got to catch them up!



Cox'n at the wheel! Stick to your course. Steer North by East. And watch out for icebergs!



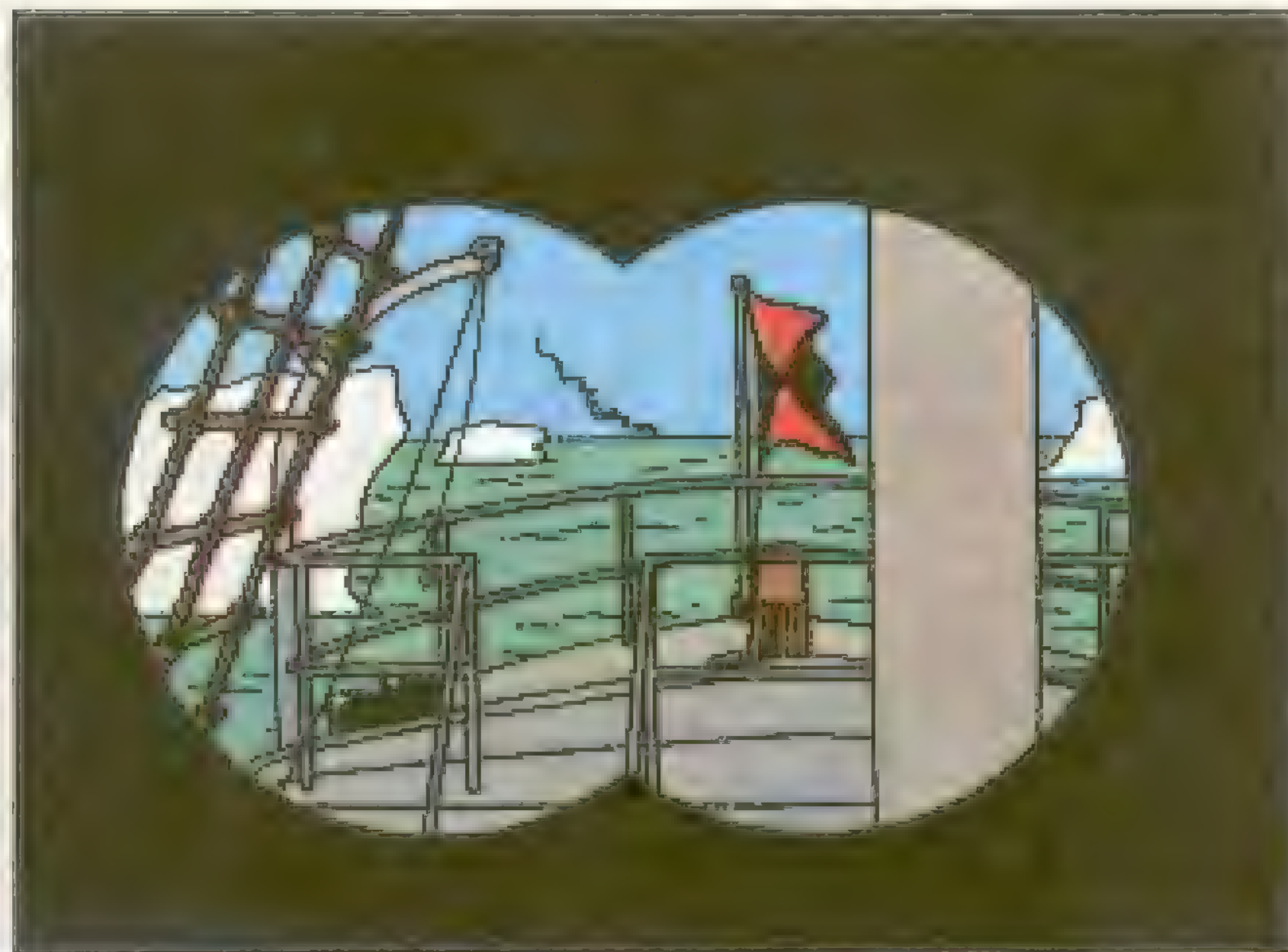
Aye, aye, sir.





Noon next day...

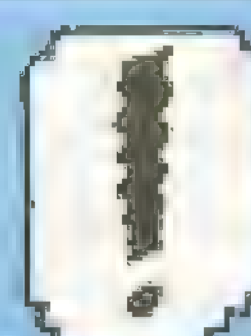
Hooray!... There she is!...  
That's smoke from the  
"Peary"!



We're steaming faster  
than she is!... We'll  
overtake them this  
evening, or during the  
night.



Captain!...  
A signal!



Read it!... This is the last straw!  
... What are we going to do? Blistering  
barnacles, what are we going to do?



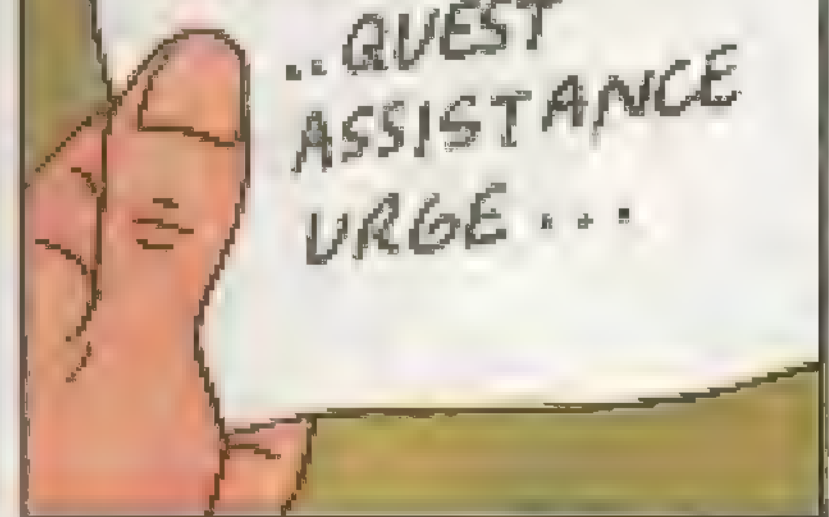
Ask our scientists  
to come to the  
saloon. Tell them I  
have important  
news...



Gentlemen, I'd like to read you a signal we've just picked up.  
It's a distress call. The text is disjointed, as if the trans-  
mitter was damaged. Even the name of the ship is  
incomplete.



S.O.S. S.O.S. S.O.S.  
CIT... 70°45' N.,  
19°12' W. IN  
COLLISION WITH  
ICEB... TAKING  
WATER IN FORWARD.  
...QUEST  
ASSISTANCE  
URGE...



There it is, gentlemen.  
Either we can go to the aid  
of this ship, and abandon  
all hope of reaching the  
meteorite before the  
"Peary", or else we can  
continue on our course,  
and not answer this  
call... It's up to you to de-  
cide.



There's no question about it, Captain.  
Human lives are in danger. We must  
go to their aid, even if it does cost  
us our prize...

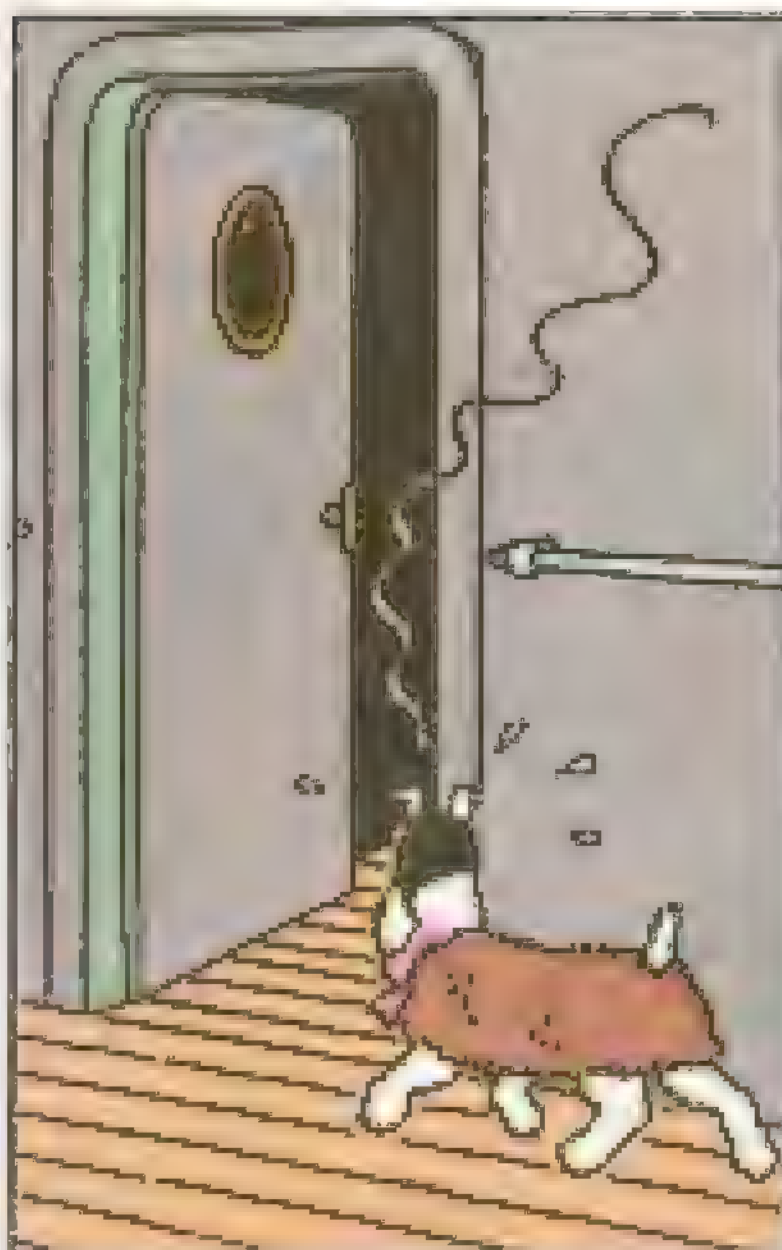
I was sure of your  
answer, Professor.  
We'll go about right  
away

Bravo!





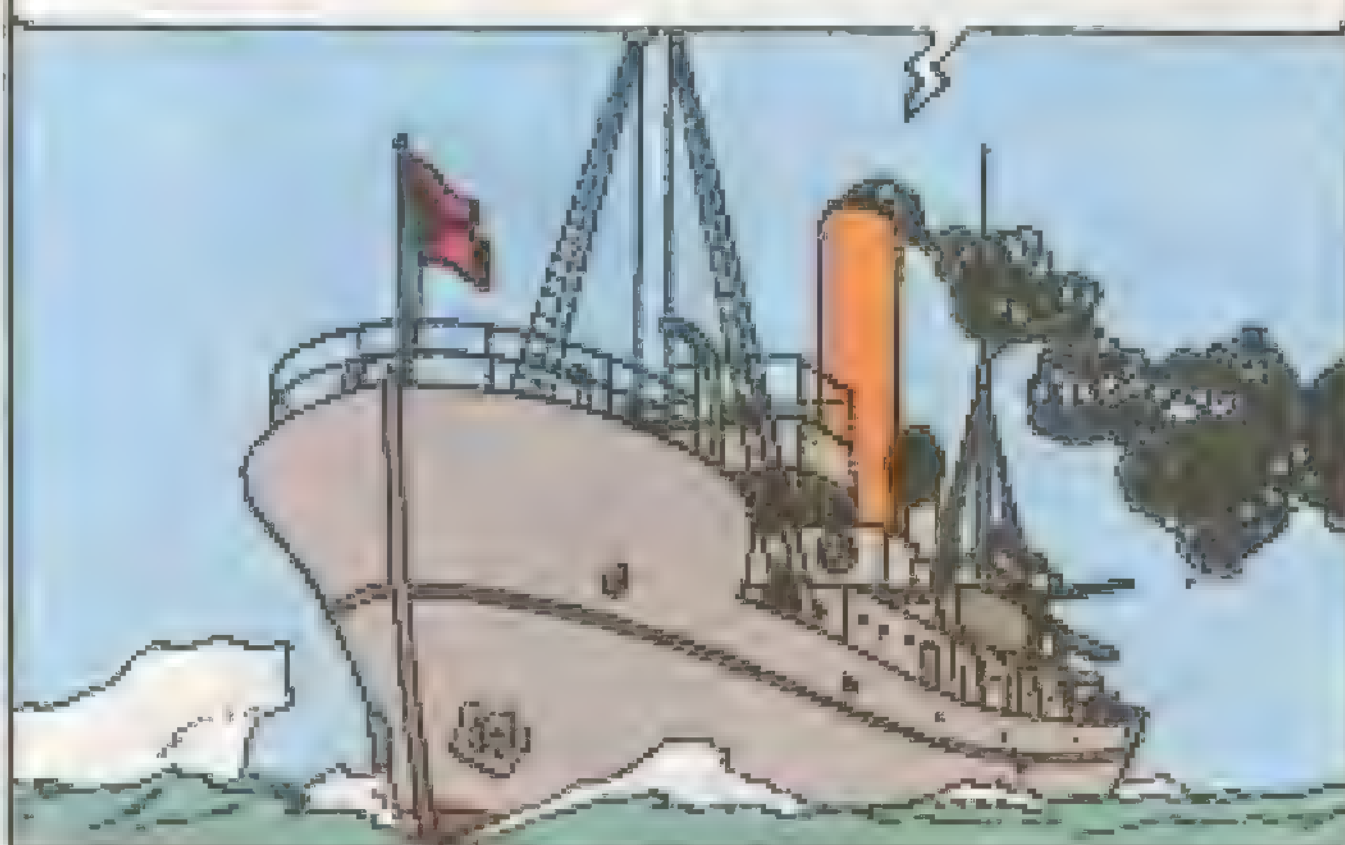
Come on. We must reply, and let them know we're coming to their assistance...



I've forgotten to shut that confounded door again...



Polar research ship Aurora to Cit... in distress. Your message received. We are steaming towards you. Keep in touch with us. Good luck!



Well?

That's the third time I've sent out the message... There's no reply.



I suppose their radio has packed up for good...



Yes, unless...

Unless they have... gone down? Is that what you mean to say?



No, it's not that...

Captain, will you let me send out a message myself?

Naturally, but...



Is that the text of what you want to send? It's absurd! What does the ship's name matter to us? ... Anyway, you'll spend all night waiting for replies.



All night. Yes, I know.

You do as you like, but I think it's absolutely crazy. I'm going to turn in. Good night!



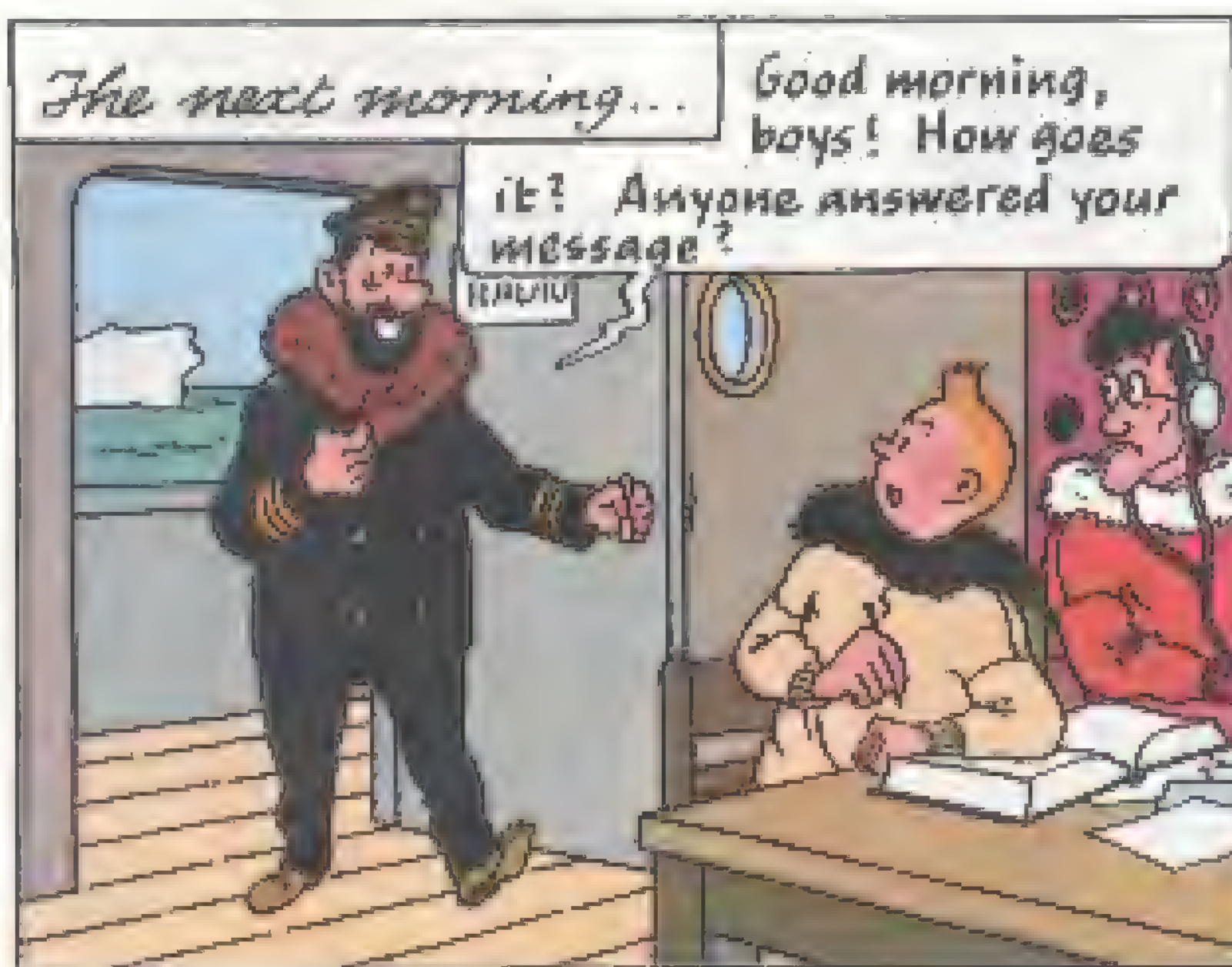
Good night, Captain... There. Could you send that off?

Right.

Polar research ship Aurora to all shipping companies. Please will all companies owning ships with name commencing "CIT" please advise us immediately of full names of these ships. Also inform us if one is in distress, position 70°45' N, 19°12' W.







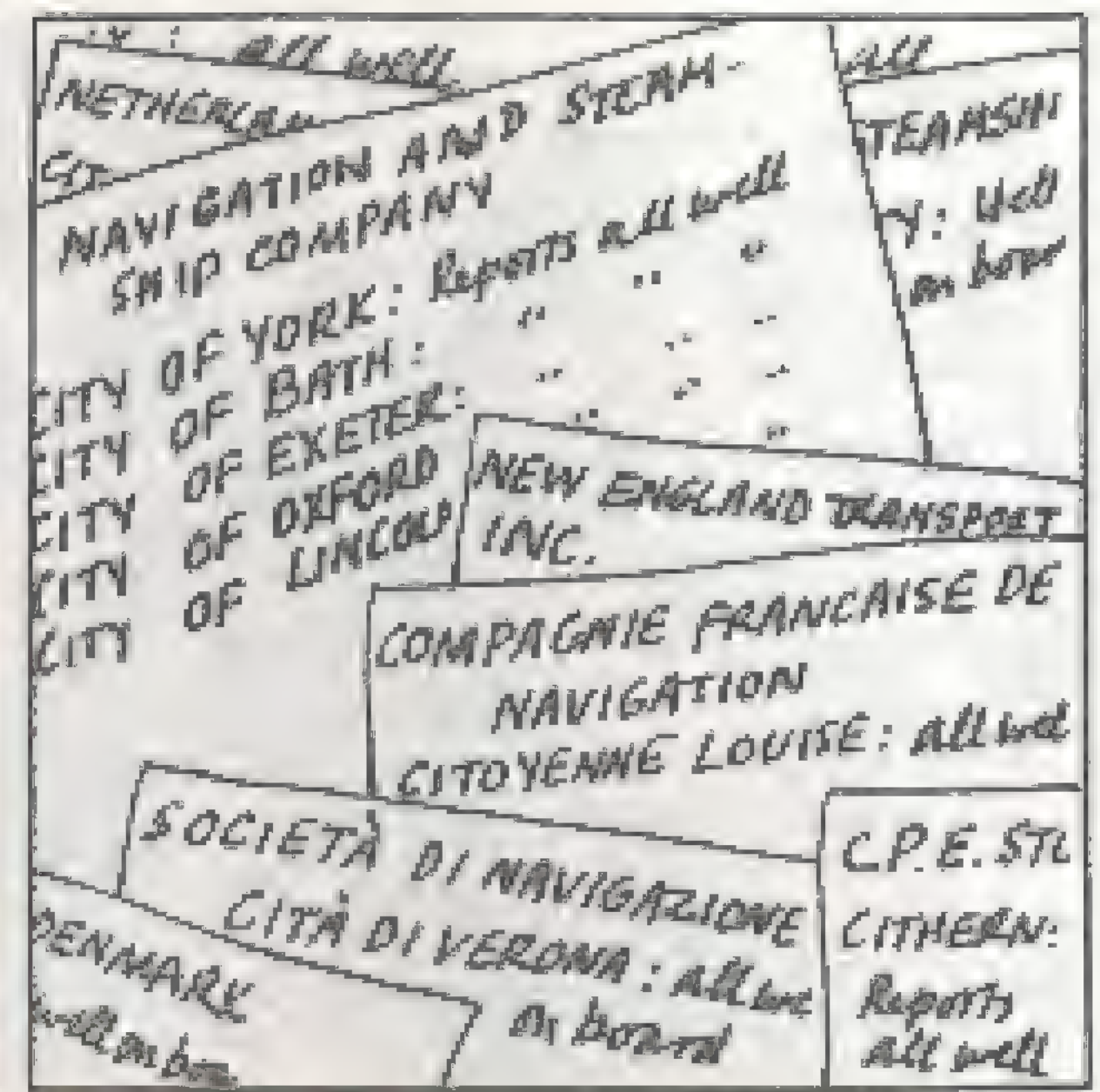
The next morning...

Good morning, boys! How goes it? Anyone answered your message?



Is that all? ... Well, what is the name of the ship in distress?

I still don't know! Here, look for yourself...



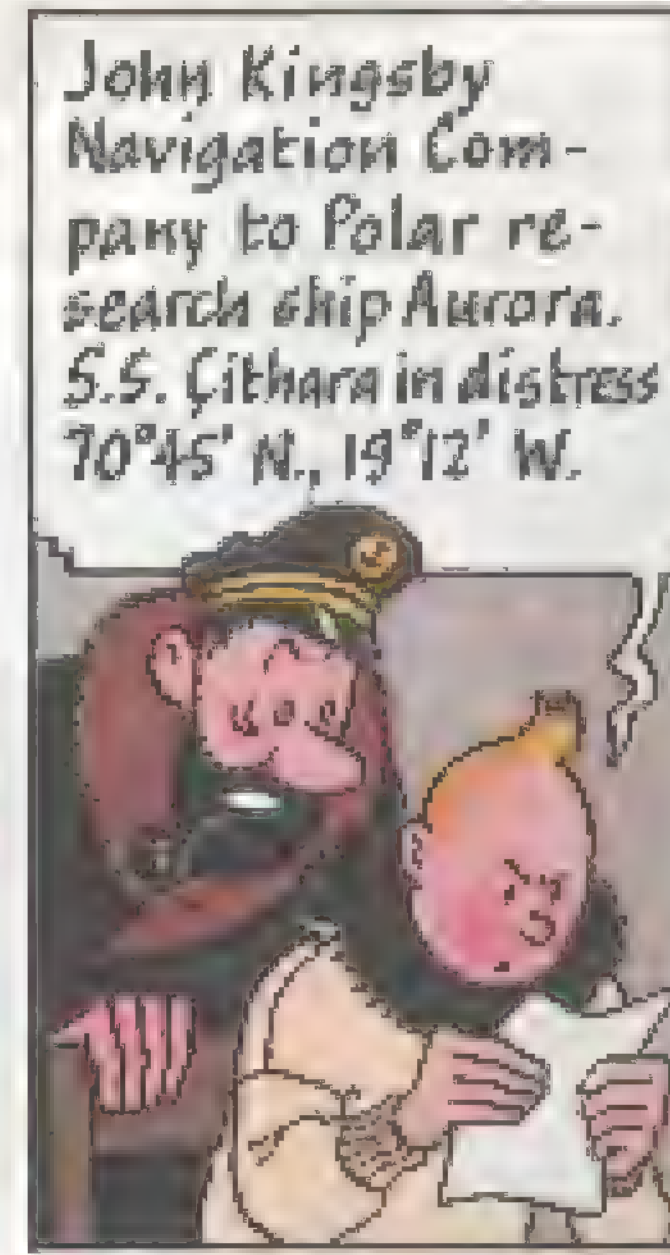
A fat lot of progress you've made! You don't even know the name...

Ssh!... There's another signal coming through.



Well?

We've got it. Here at last, the name of the ship. She's the "Cithara".



John Kingsby Navigation Company to Polar research ship Aurora. S.S. Cithara in distress 70°45' N., 19°12' W.



Now you've got what you want! There's your answer. She's the "Cithara" owned by the John Kingsby Company.



What are you looking for now? Her tonnage? Or her Captain's age? ... Tell me, what more do you want to know?

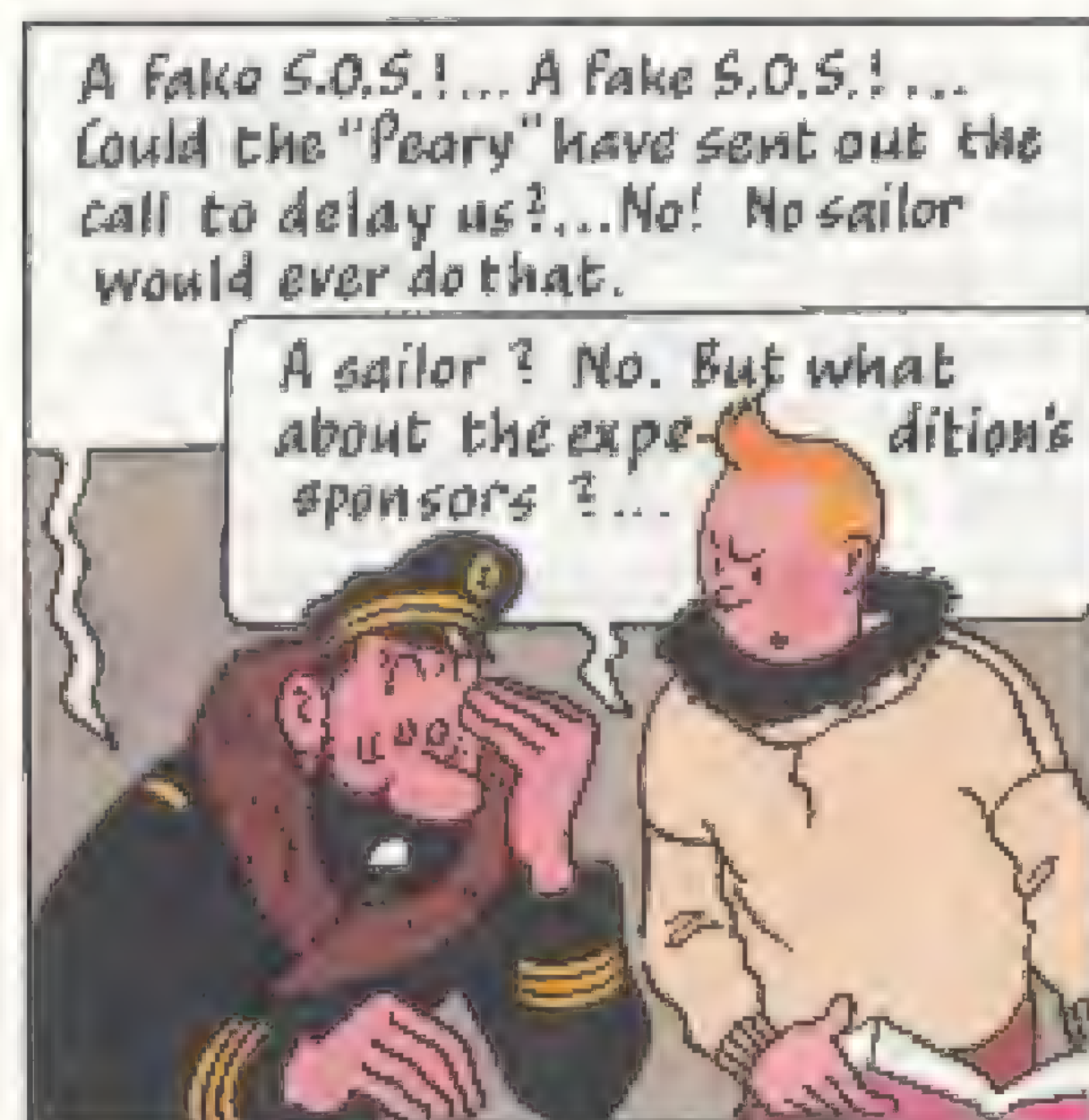


Just one last detail, Captain. I think it will interest you. The "Cithara" does NOT exist!



What do you mean? ... Look here, that's impossible!

It's true, Captain! ... The "Cithara" does not exist. Nor does the John Kingsby Navigation Company. The names don't appear in the register of shipping! Someone has sent us a fake S.O.S.!



A fake S.O.S.! ... A fake S.O.S.! ... Could the "Peary" have sent out the call to delay us? ... No! No sailor would ever do that.

A sailor? No. But what about the expedition's sponsors? ...



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Pirates! They'll need a distress signal when I get hold of them!



Here. Send out the following message: Polar research ship Aurora to bogus John Kingsby Company ... er ... Deeply shocked by subterfuge ... no ... that's not strong enough ... er ... Gangsters! ... that's it ... Gangsters! Twisters! Traitors! ... Woodlice! ... Turn-coats! ... Shipwreckers! ... Mountbanks! ... Moujiks! Signed: Haddock.



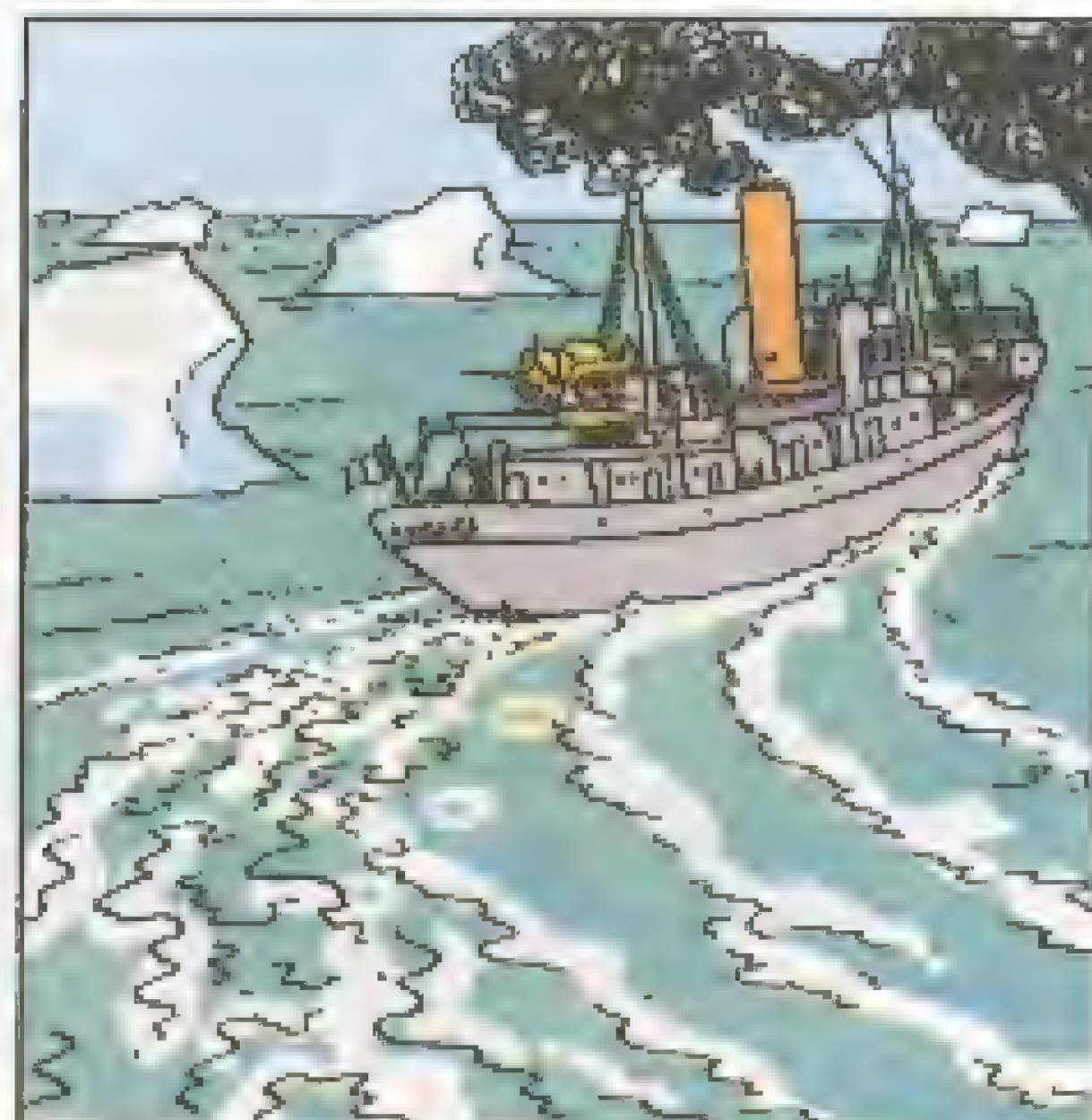


Quick, Captain, we must take up the chase!

And add: Rhizopods and Ectoplasms!

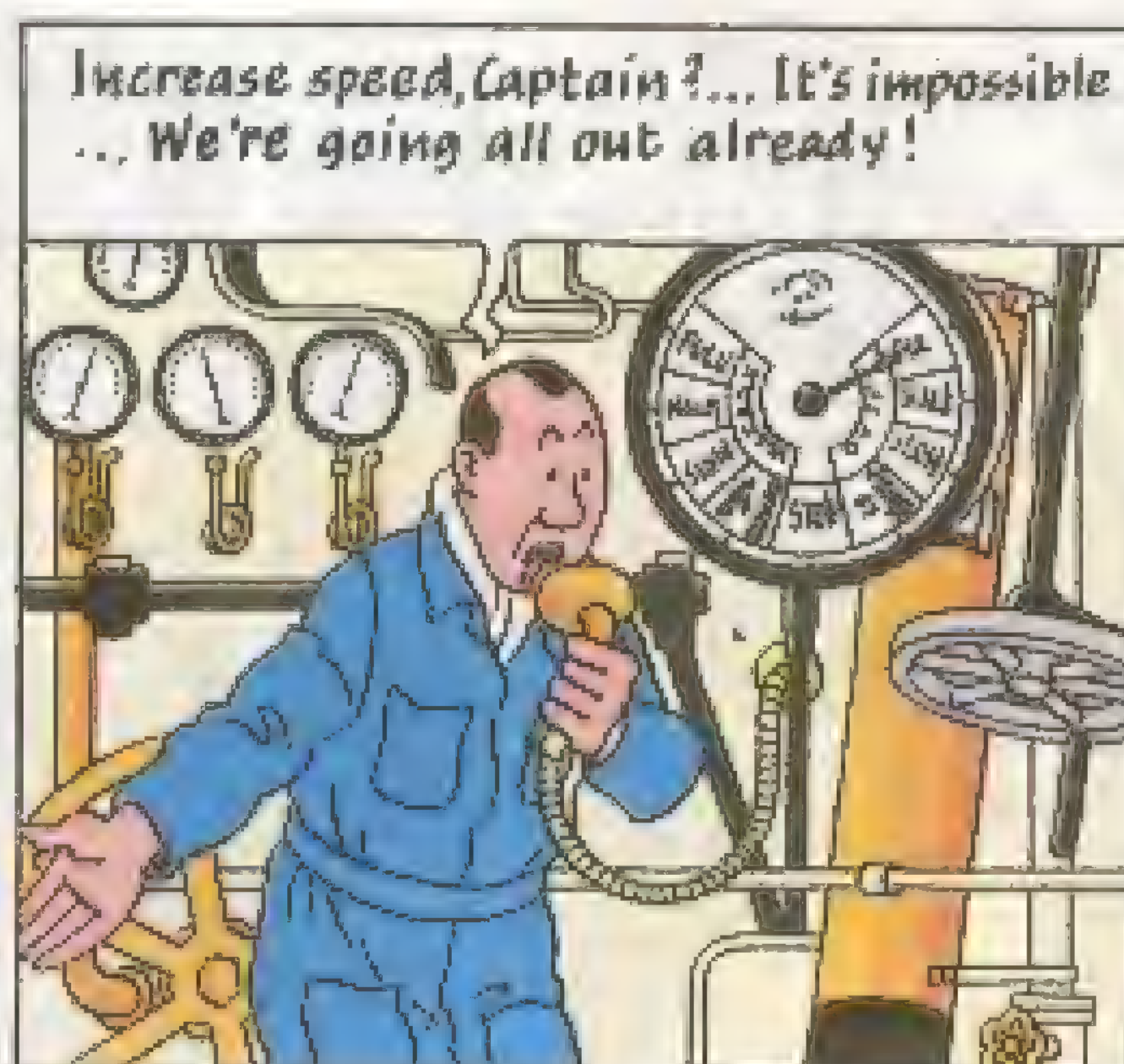


Helmsman ahoy! Wheel hard a starboard!



Hello, engine-room! ... We're going after the "Peary" again. Increase your speed!

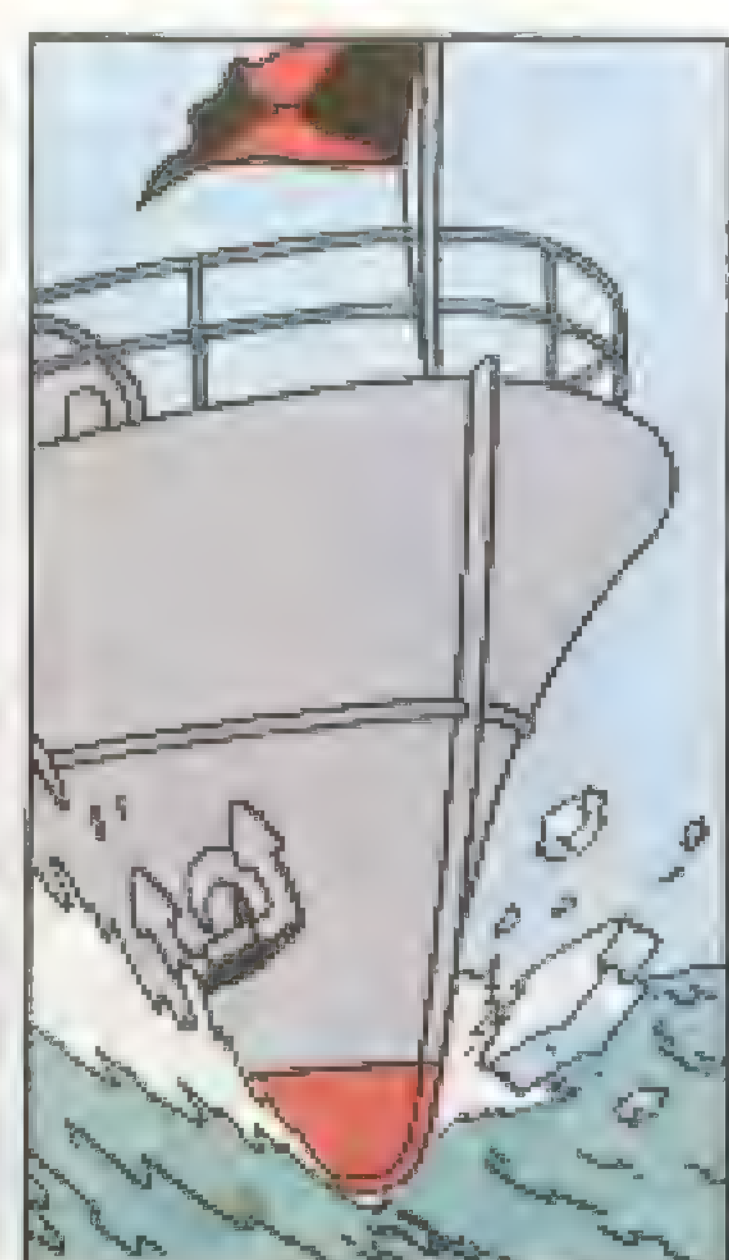
I wonder if we can possibly catch up with them...



Increase speed, Captain? ... It's impossible ... We're going all out already!



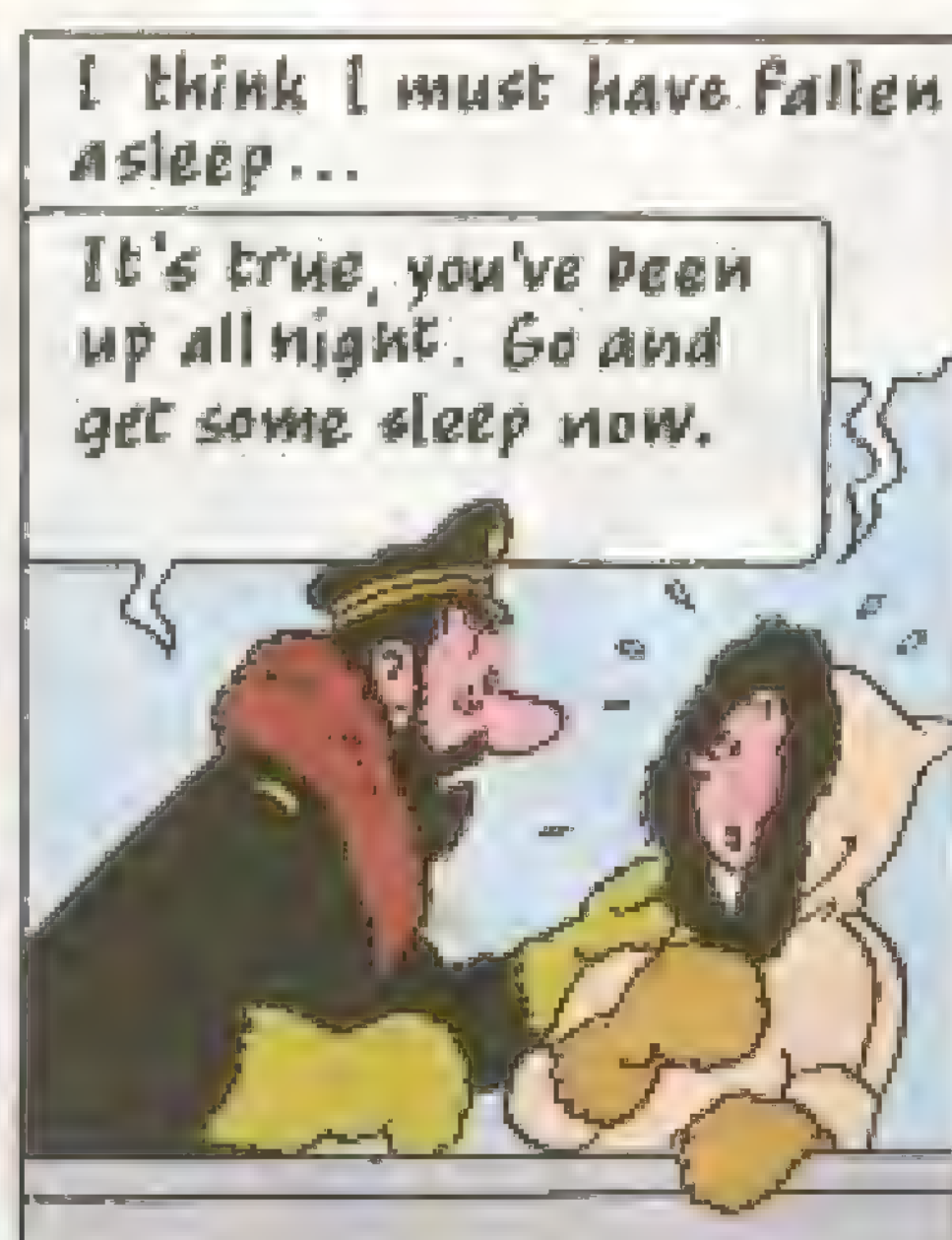
I don't care how you do it! ... But we must go faster!



A fake S.O.S. ... The pirates! ... You know, if it hadn't been for you, we'd still be going south! ... By the way, what first aroused your suspicions?



Thundering typhoons! What's the matter?



I think I must have fallen asleep ...

It's true, you've been up all night. Go and get some sleep now.



You're right, I'll go to my cabin for an hour or so. Have a good rest.



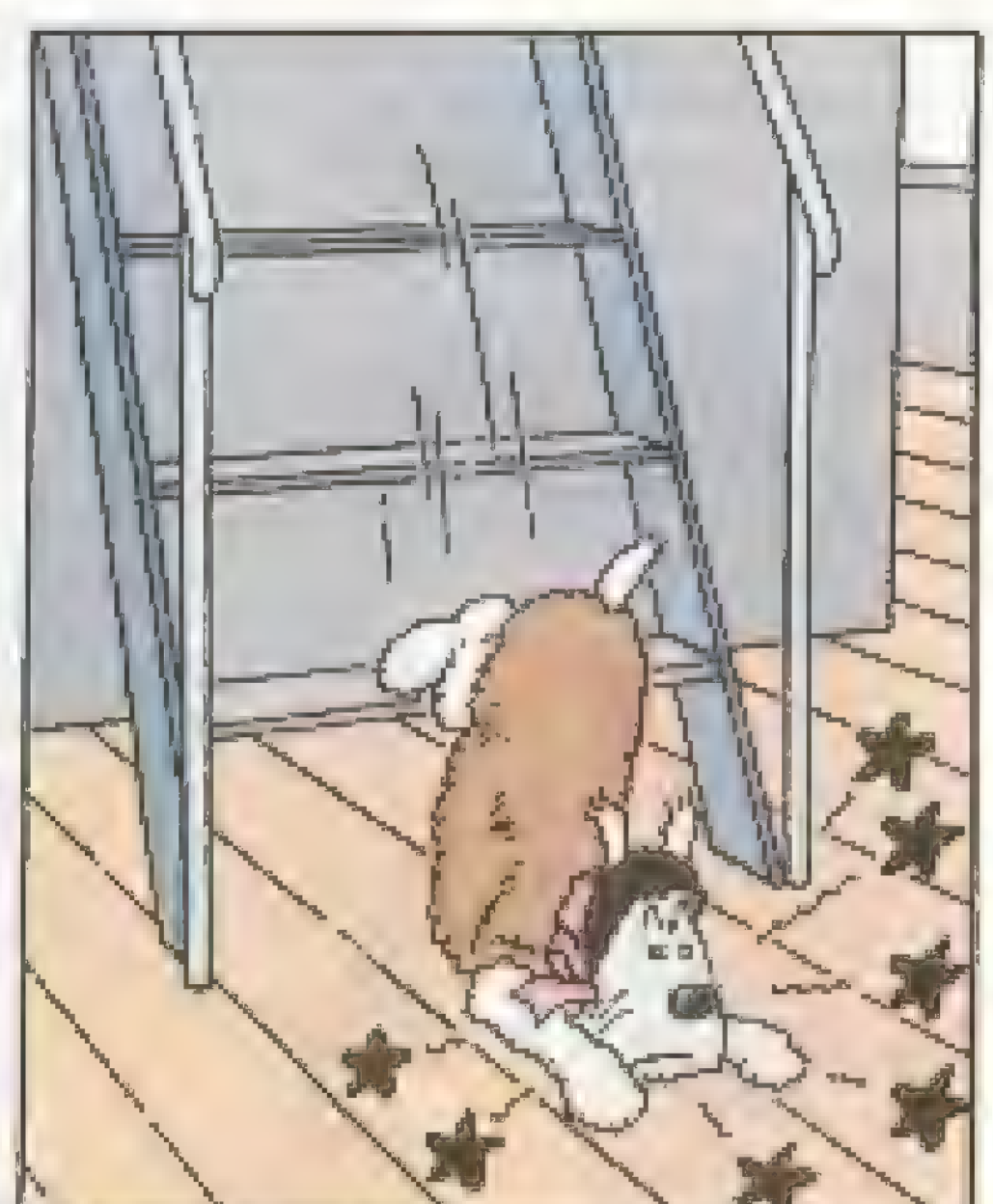
Snowy! ... Come on, Snowy.



Whoever invented a ladder like this! You can see he never owned a dog!



Snowy? ... Are you coming?







I'm too fagged out to undress.  
I'm asleep on  
my feet...

Still, you might  
remove my  
best bib and  
tucker.



Well, Snowy old boy, here's one  
who's going to sleep like a log.



Yes?

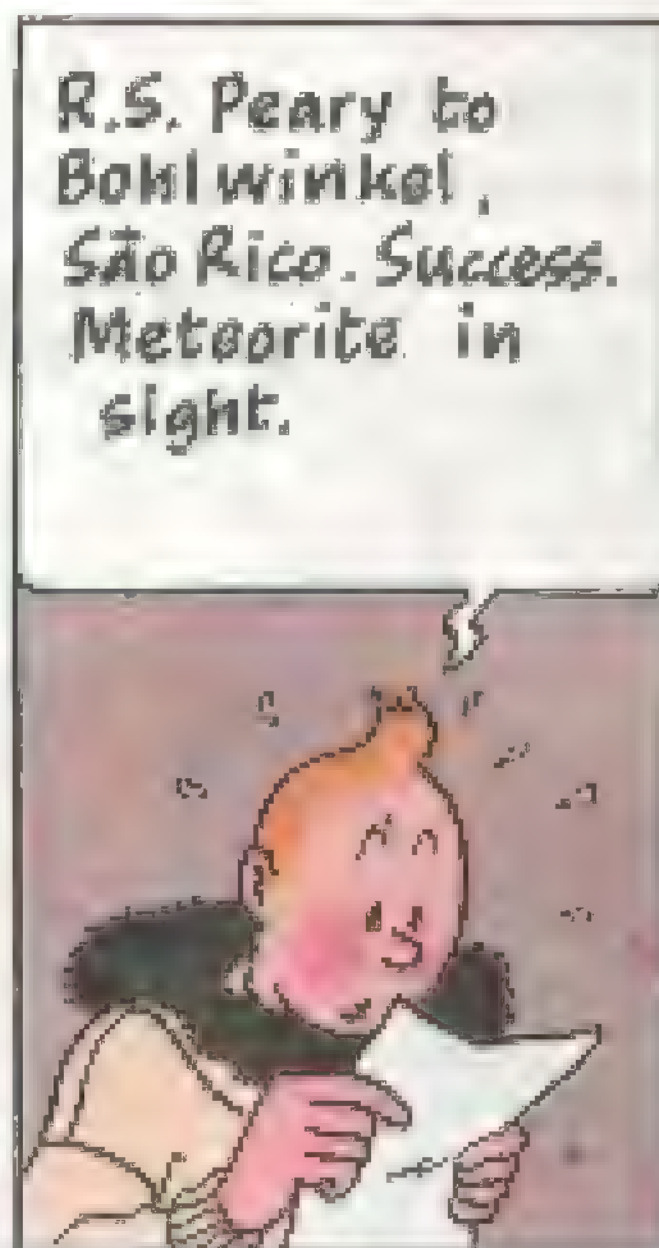


It's me! Open up,  
quick!

...  
All right,  
coming...



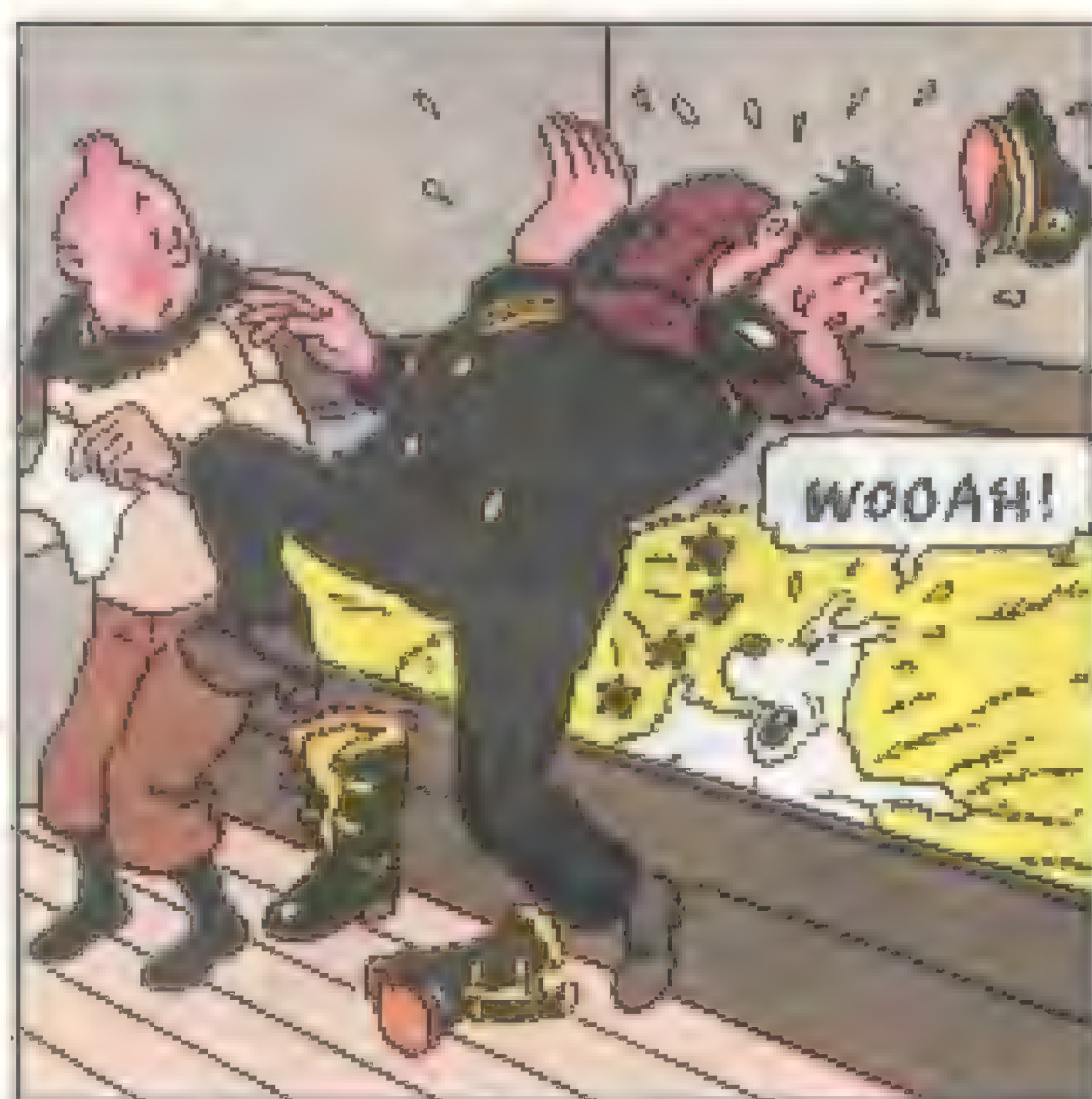
Read this: it's a signal we've  
intercepted, from the  
"Peary."



R.S. Peary to  
Bohlwinkel,  
São Rico. Success.  
Meteoric in  
sight.



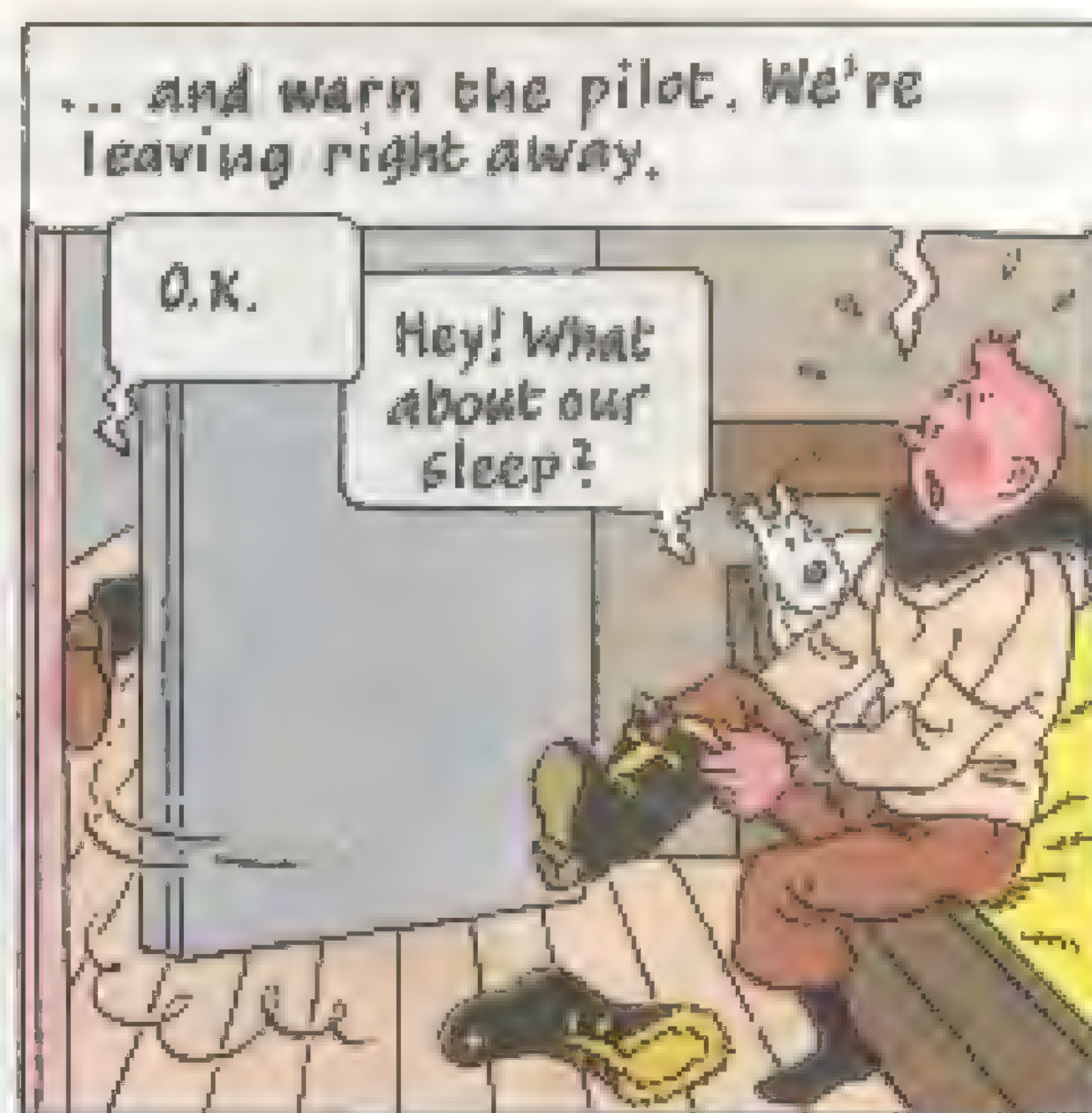
They've beaten us!...  
We're Finished!



WOOAH!



No, we're not finished yet... The  
seaplane, Captain! Have the  
seaplane made ready ...



... and warn the pilot. We're  
leaving right away.

O.K.

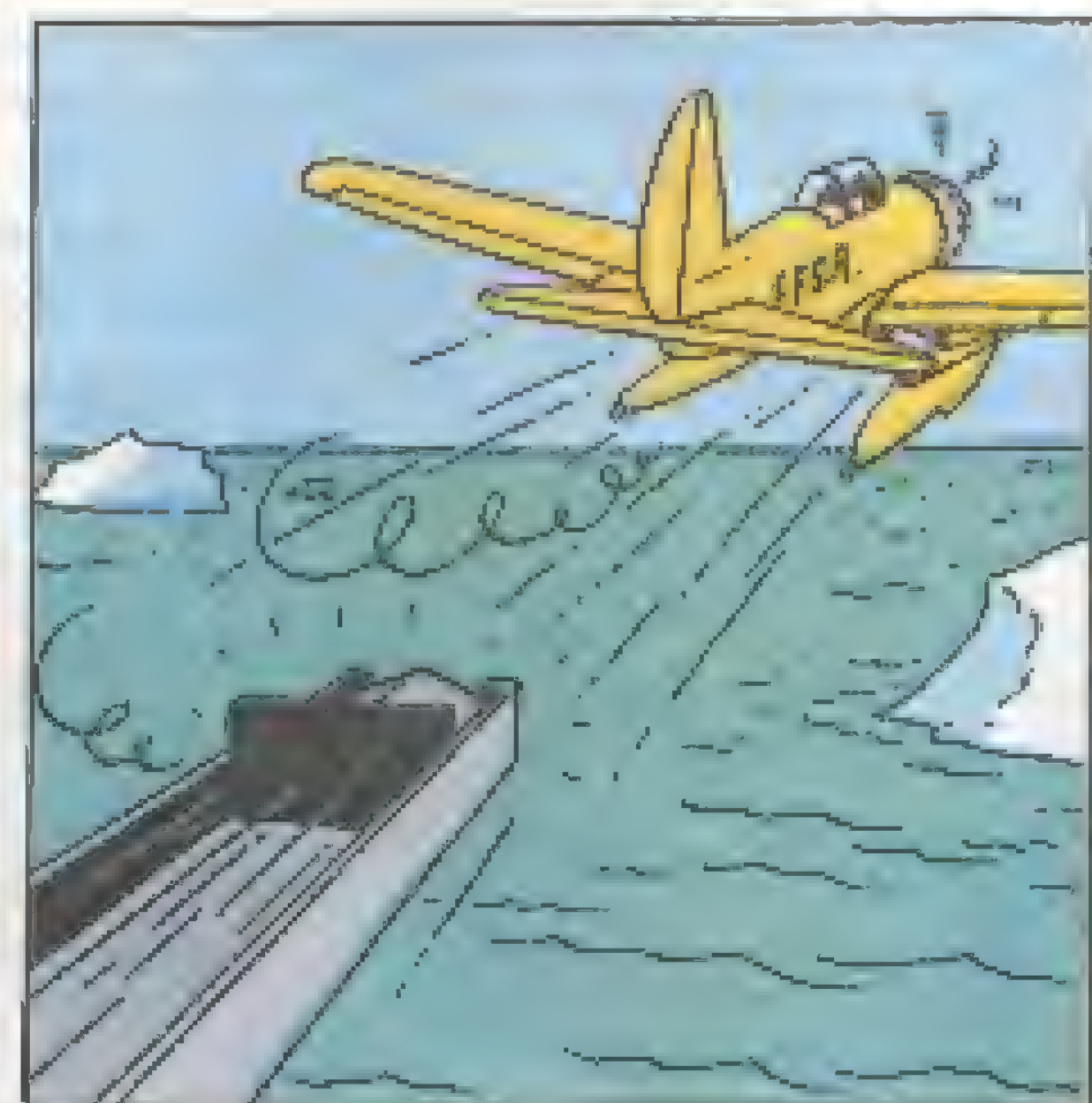
Hey! What  
about our  
sleep?



Now, Snowy, you've  
got to stay here till  
I come back...



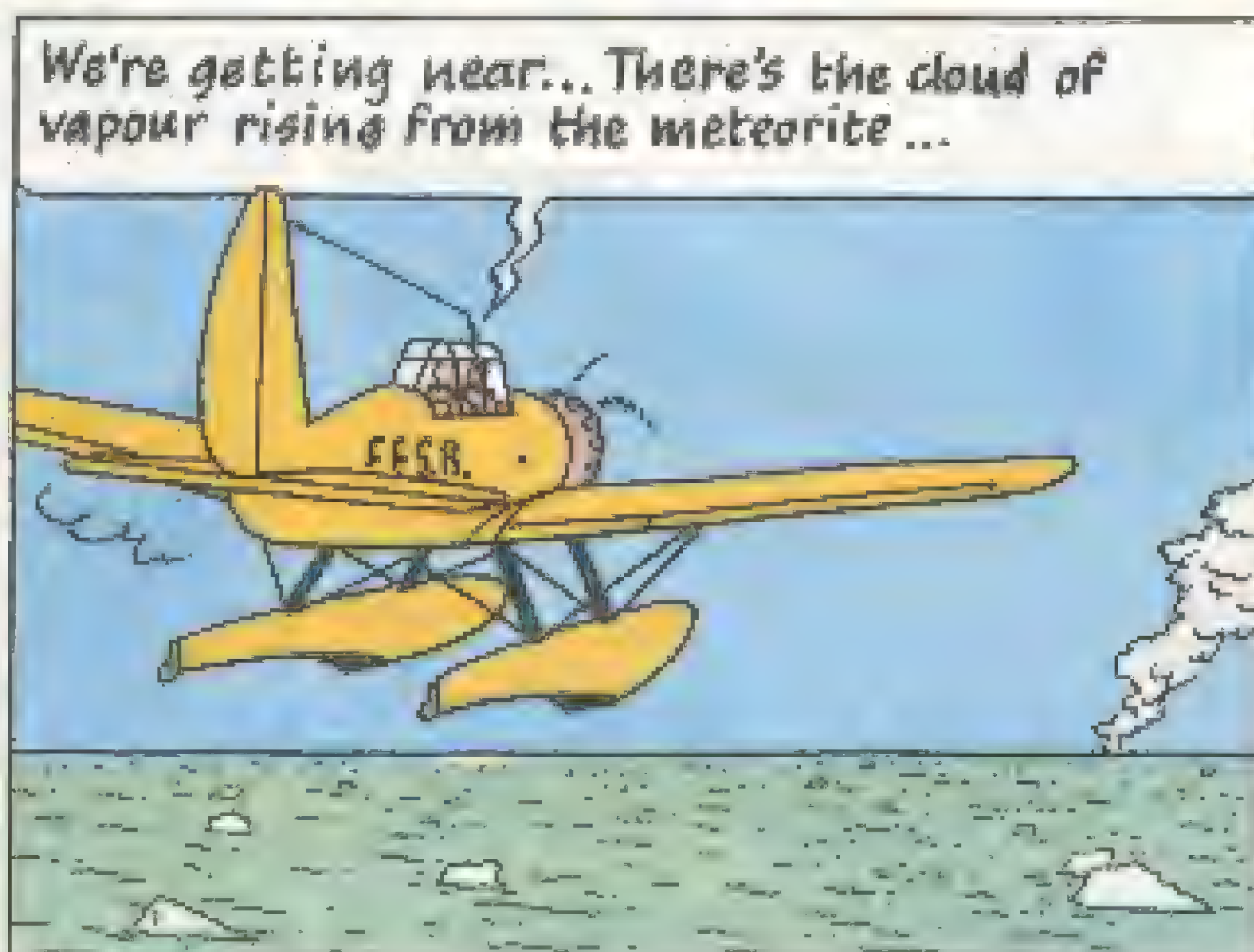
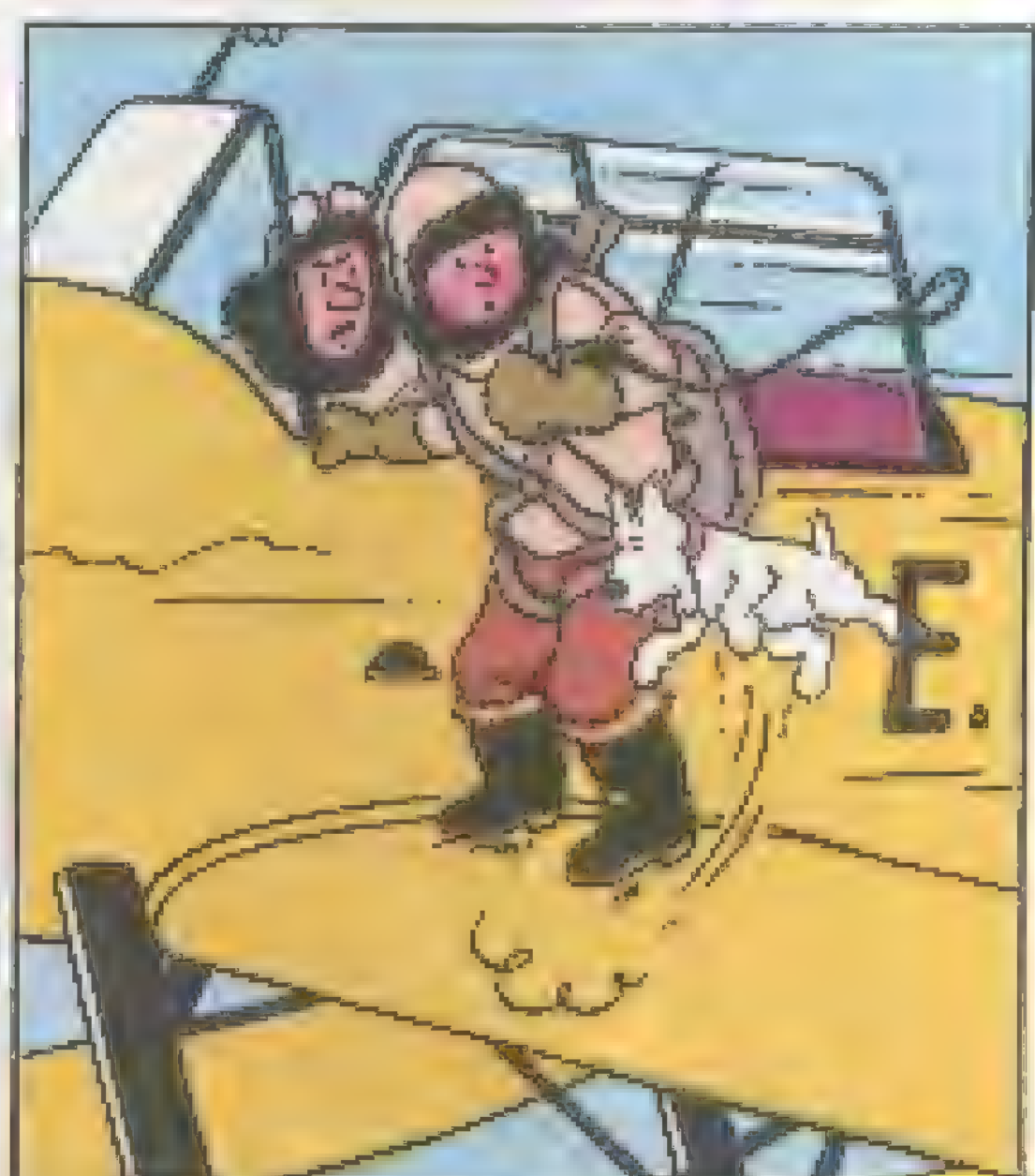
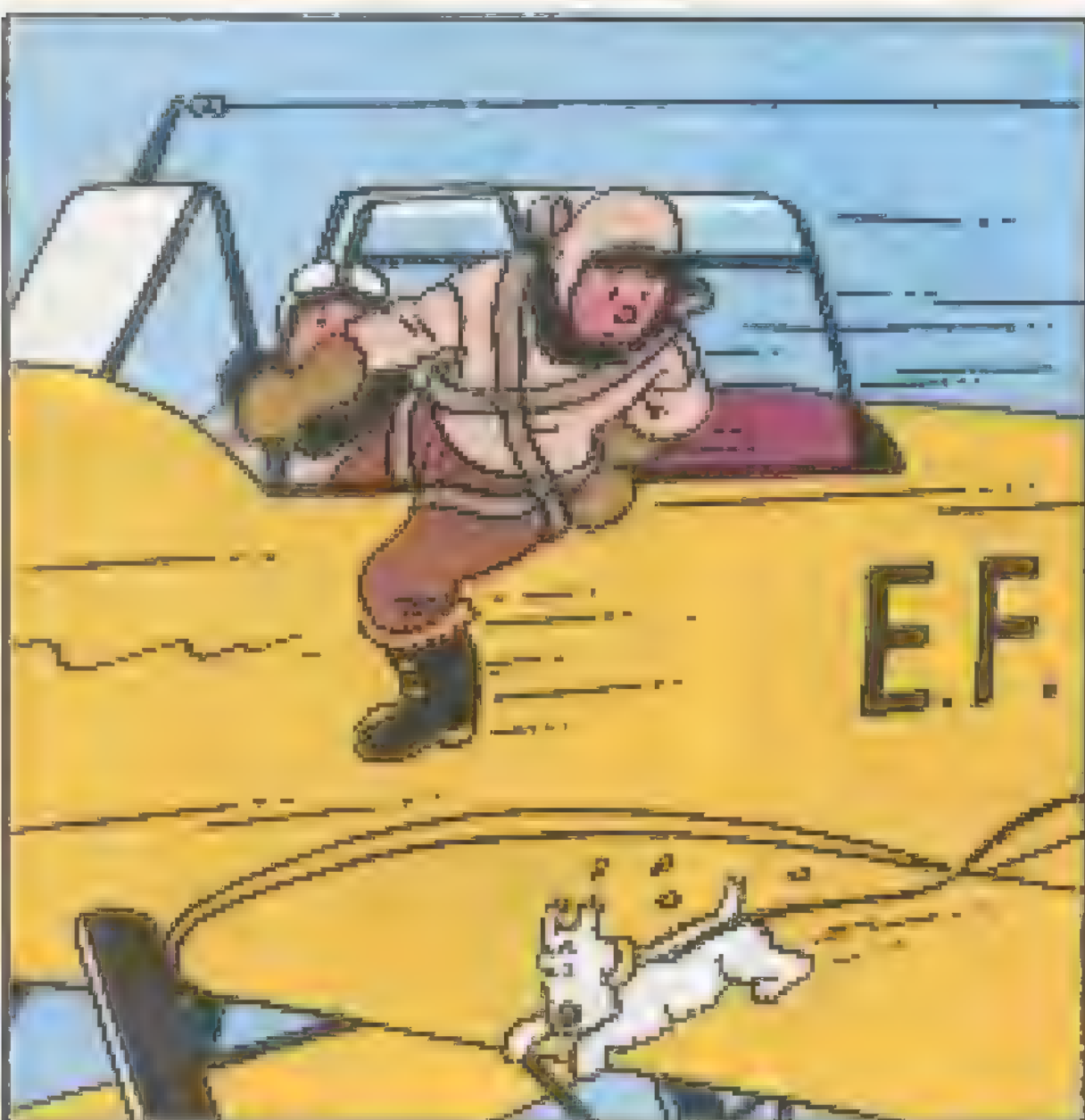
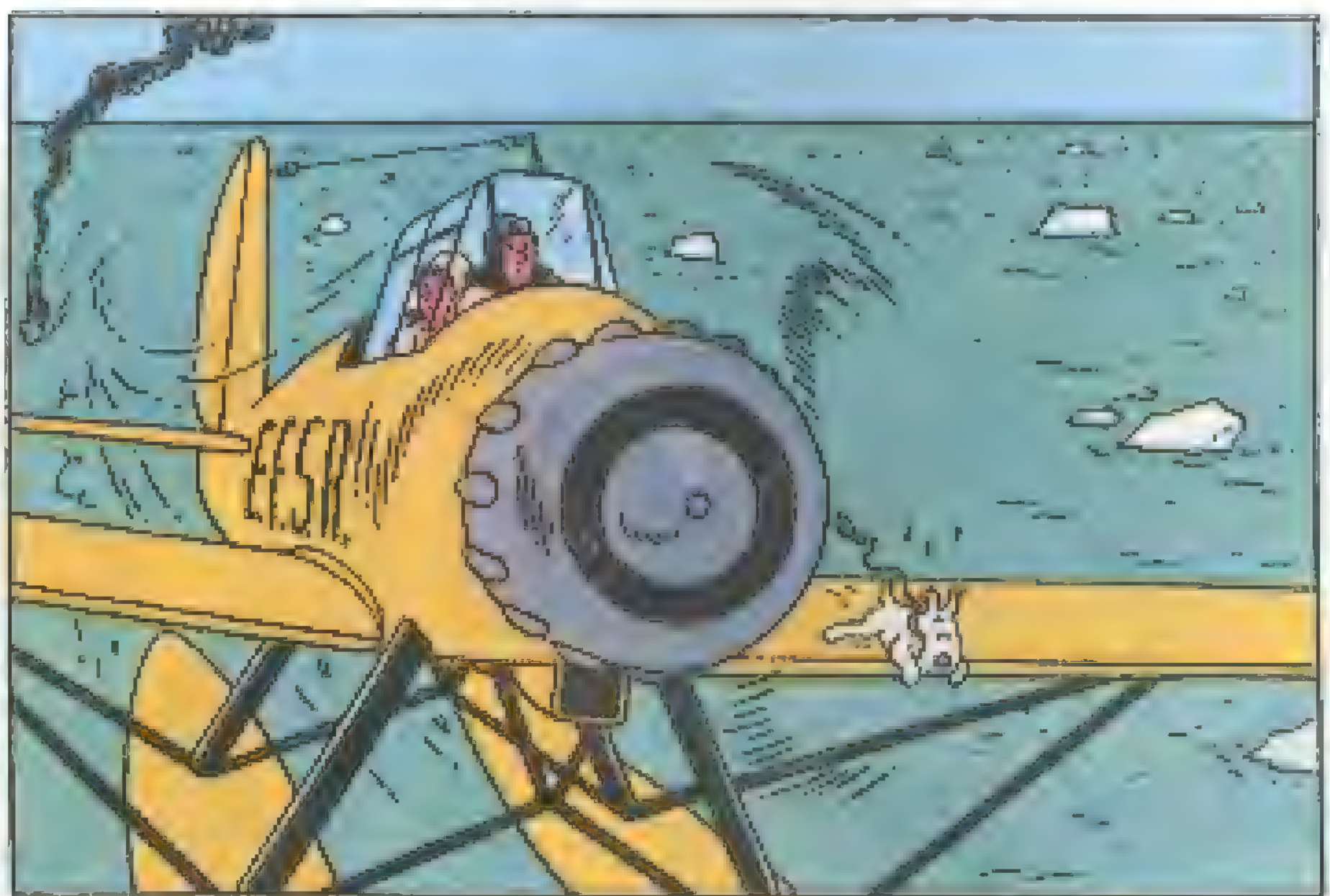
Don't be silly, Snowy; I'll  
soon be back.





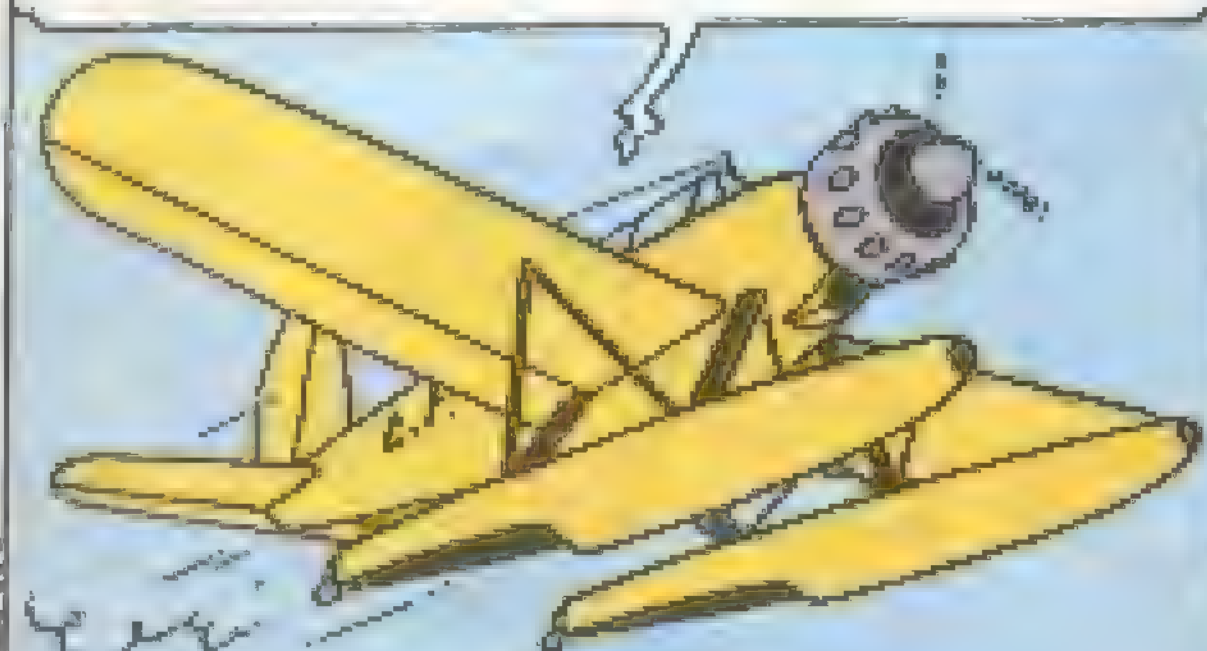




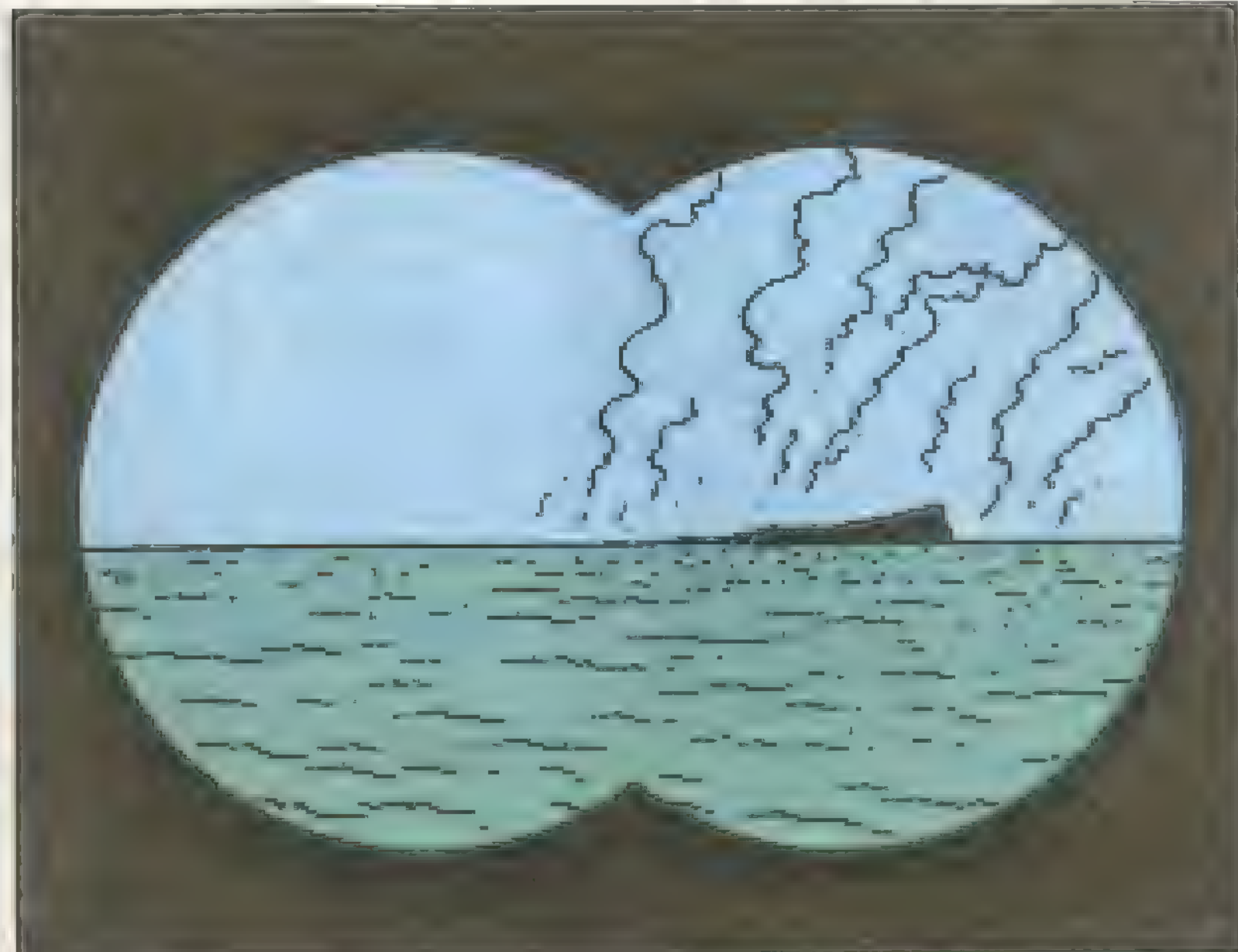




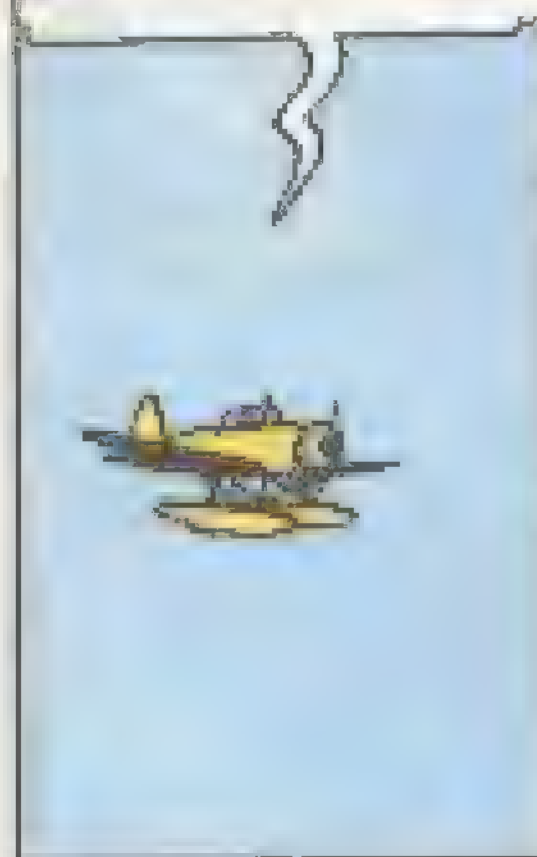
There isn't a single iceberg in sight, and the cloud of vapour is much nearer. We certainly can't be very far away now.



The meteorite! There's the meteorite!



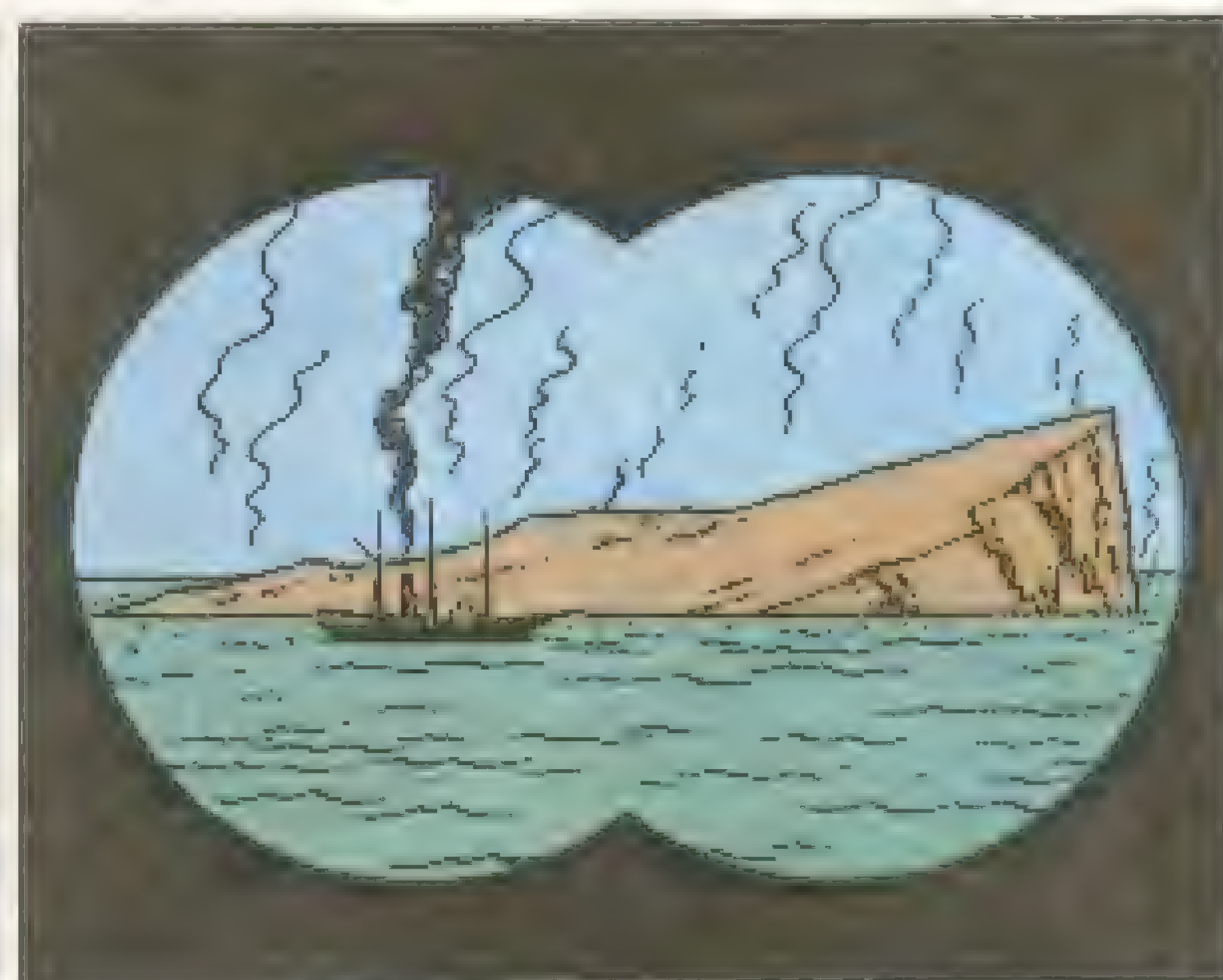
Hello... Tintin here... We can see the meteorite!!



Really? You mean that? ... You can see the meteorite! ... Hooray! ... What's it like?



It forms an island, sloping gently towards the west, and ... Great snakes! ... The "Peary" has beaten us to it!



The "Peary" has beaten them to it.



Tell me... I suppose their flag is already flying from the top of the meteorite?



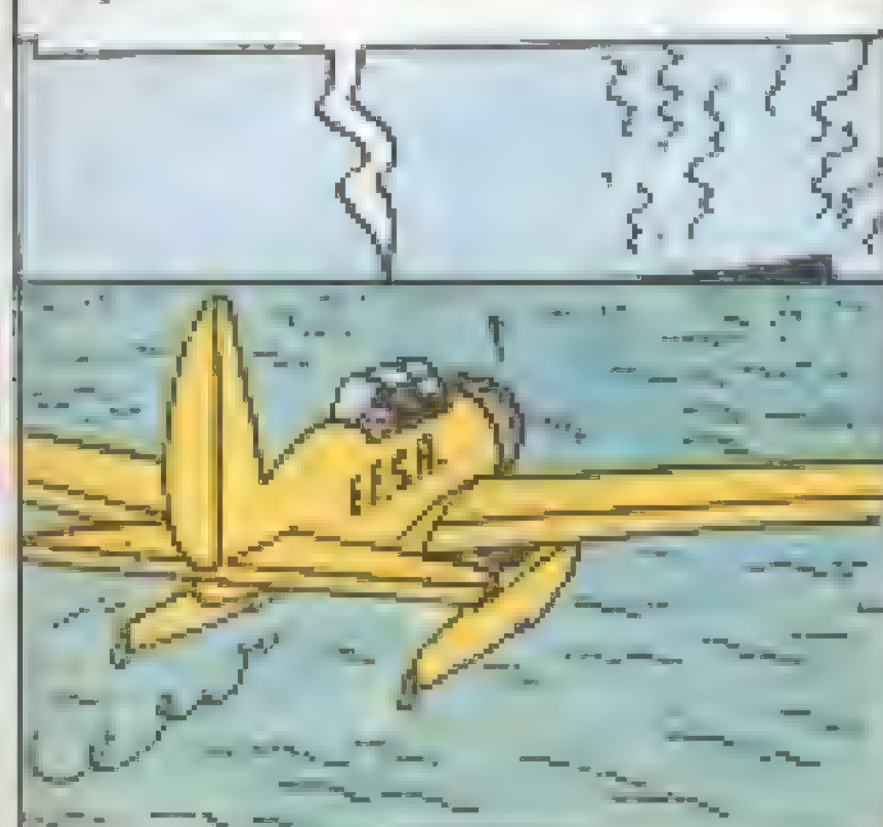
Their flag? ... Wait ... No, I can't see a flag ...



Hooray! Then there's still hope!



Perhaps. I can just make out what's happening aboard the "Peary" ... it looks as if ... as if ...



Yes ... they're just lowering a boat ...





This is it! The meteorite is ours!



RRRRRRRR

Hello! That sounds like an engine to me...

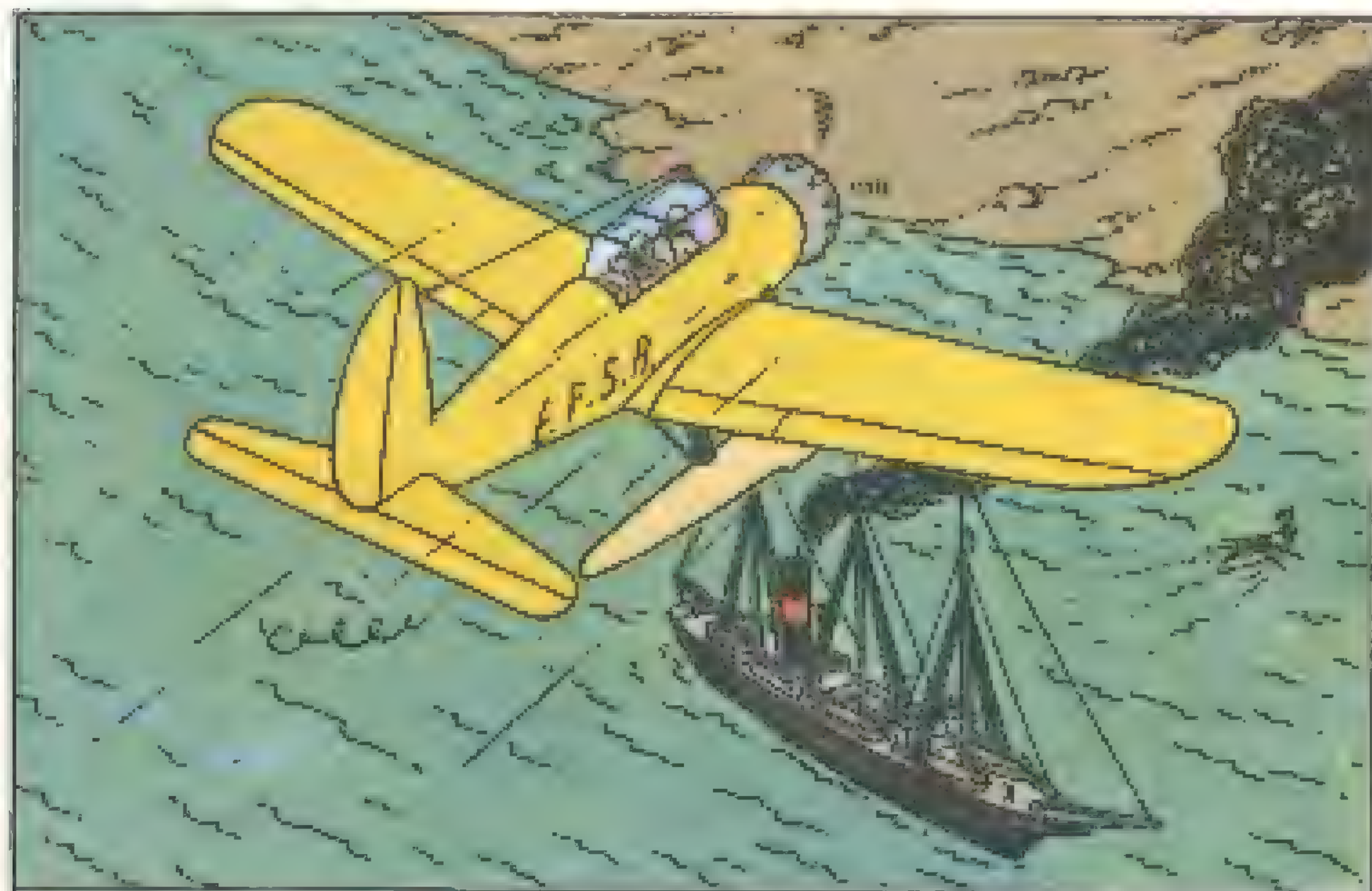
There, Captain, it's an aircraft!



It's the seaplane from the "Aurora", confound it!



Bah! By the time they've come down on the sea and launched their rubber dinghy, our men will be ashore on the meteorite,



Anyway, it doesn't look as though they intend to land. They're simply flying over the meteorite...



Woah!



Devil take it! He's jumped by parachute. He's going to land on the island and plant his flag!



Crumbs!... The flag!...



That was lucky!



There he goes! He'll arrive before us!

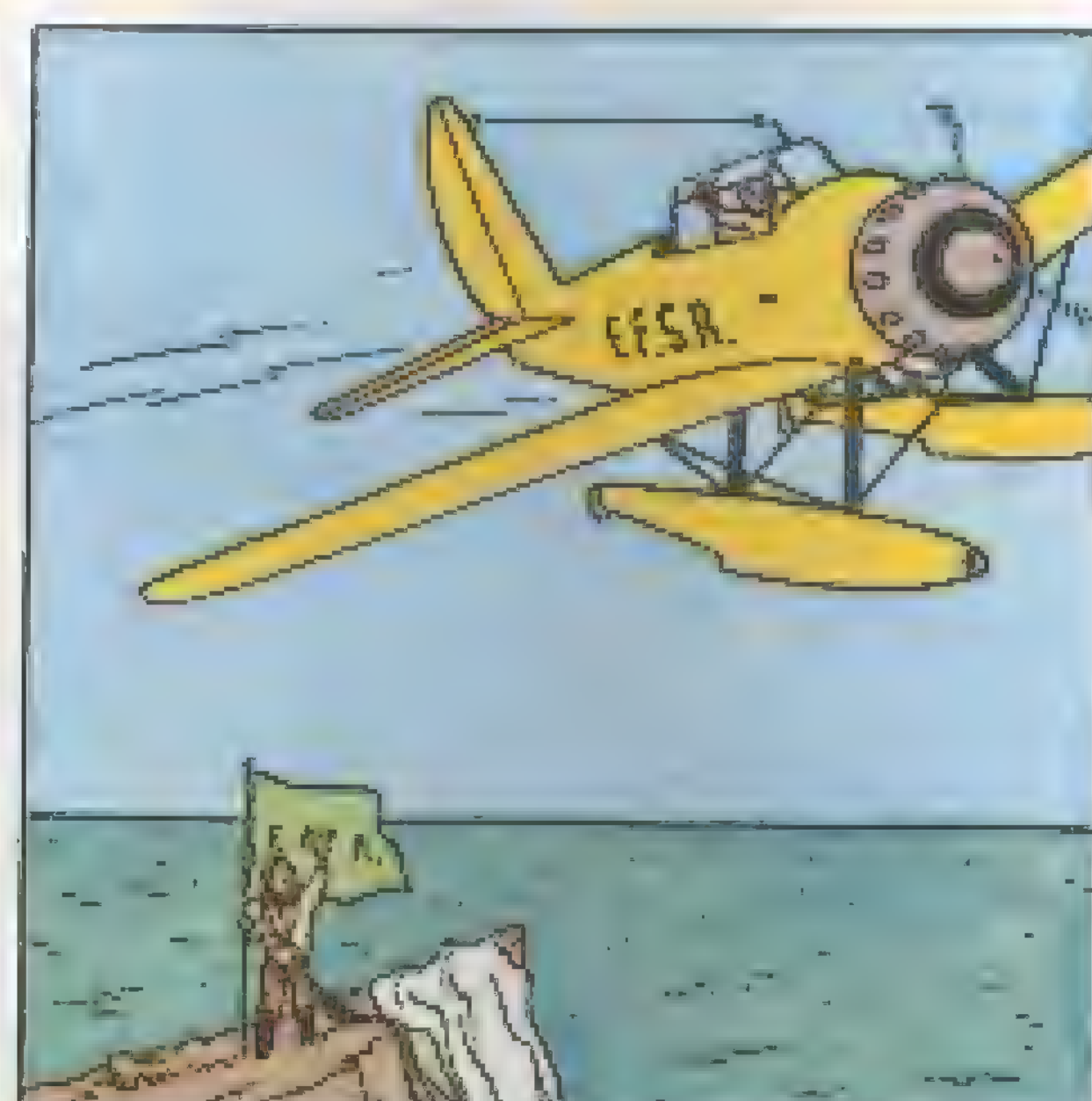
No! I know how to stop him!















Snowy, my poor Snowy!... You must have banged against a rock!

Wooooaaaaah!



OW! OWW!...



Ow!... Yow!... Yeow!

Wooooah!



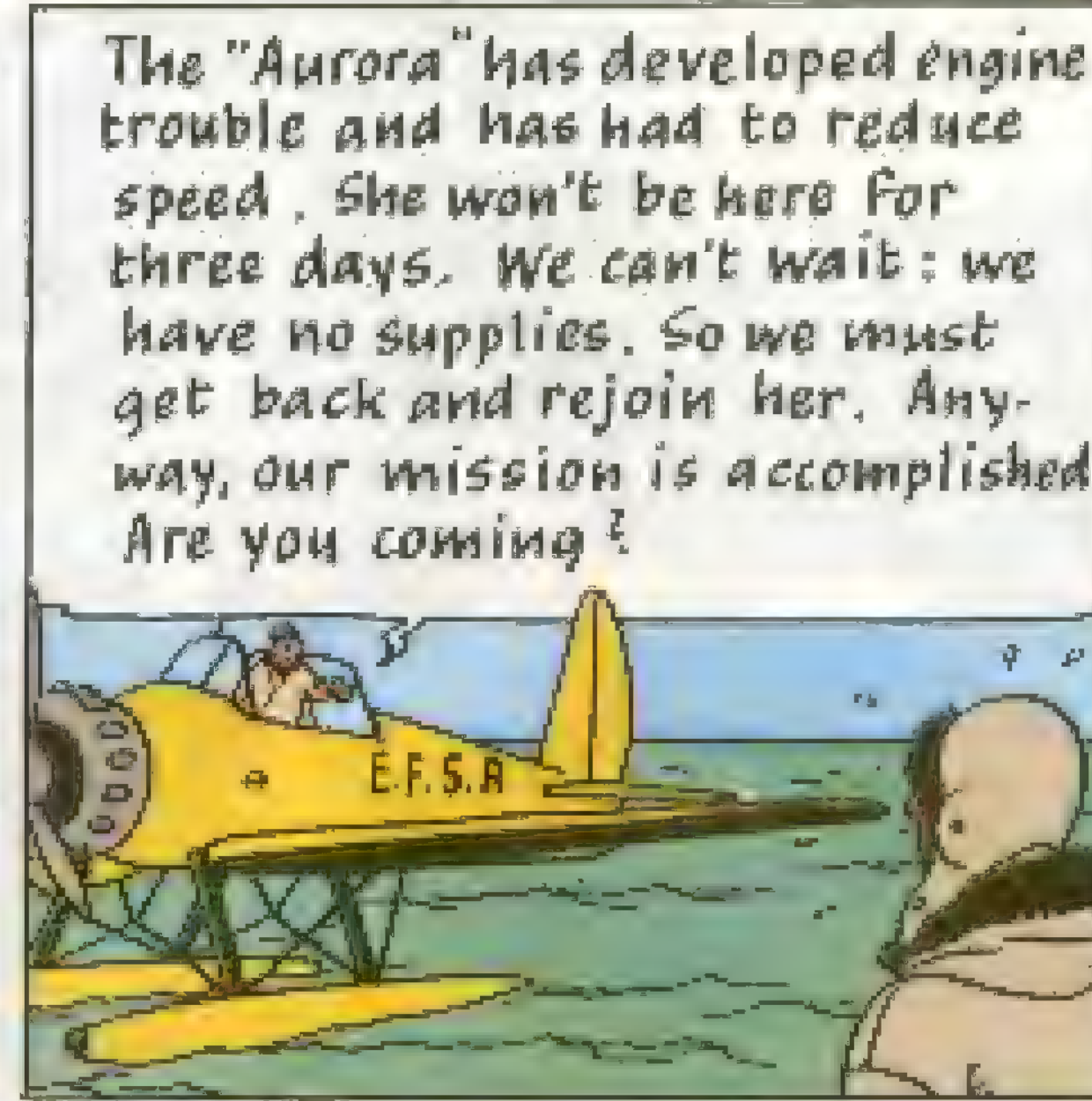
The water's boiling!...



Hello?...  
Hello?...  
Hello?...



Hello, I am receiving you...  
Yes... What?  
Serious... three days... Yes, of course. Good. Right...



The "Aurora" has developed engine trouble and has had to reduce speed. She won't be here for three days. We can't wait: we have no supplies. So we must get back and rejoin her. Anyway, our mission is accomplished. Are you coming?



It's impossible. Someone must stay here to guard the island: that's only sense. So, what's to be done?



There's only one answer: I'll stay here and wait for you to come back with supplies. All right?

Tintin, you don't mean we're going to stay all by ourselves on this island?



Right... I've got my emergency rations: a few biscuits, an apple and a flask of fresh water. I'll leave them with you.



There...

Thanks.



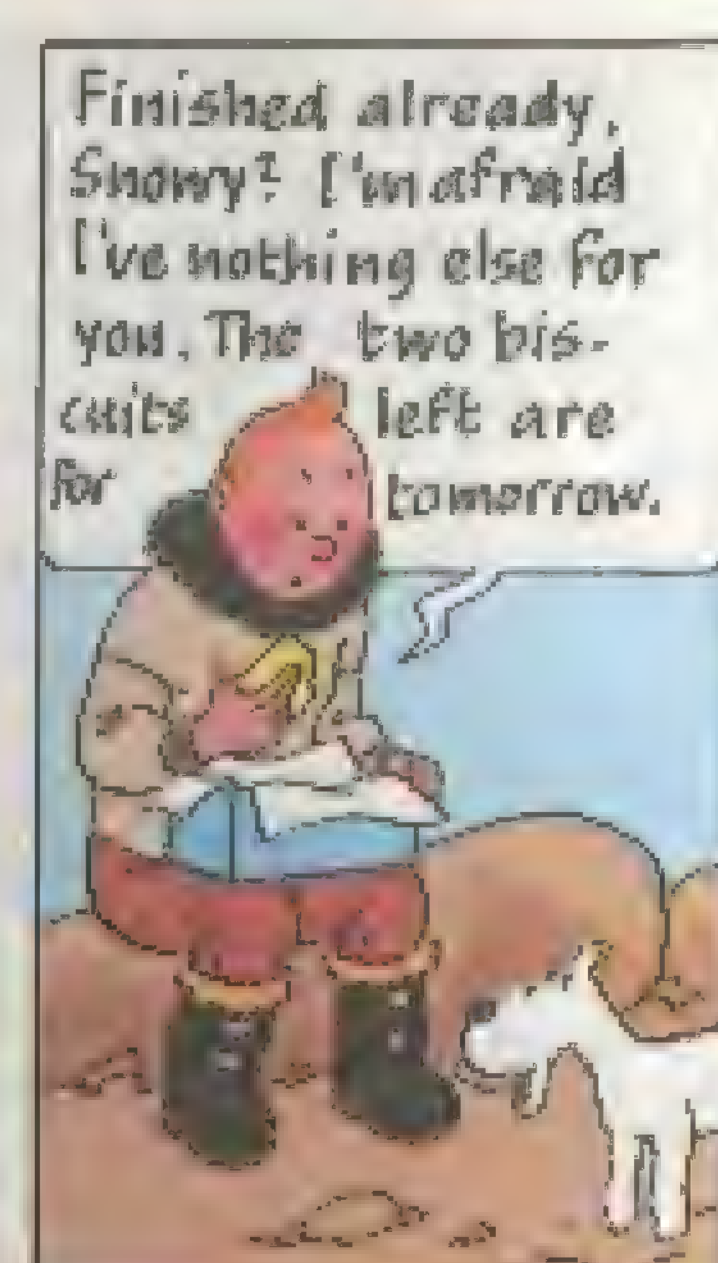
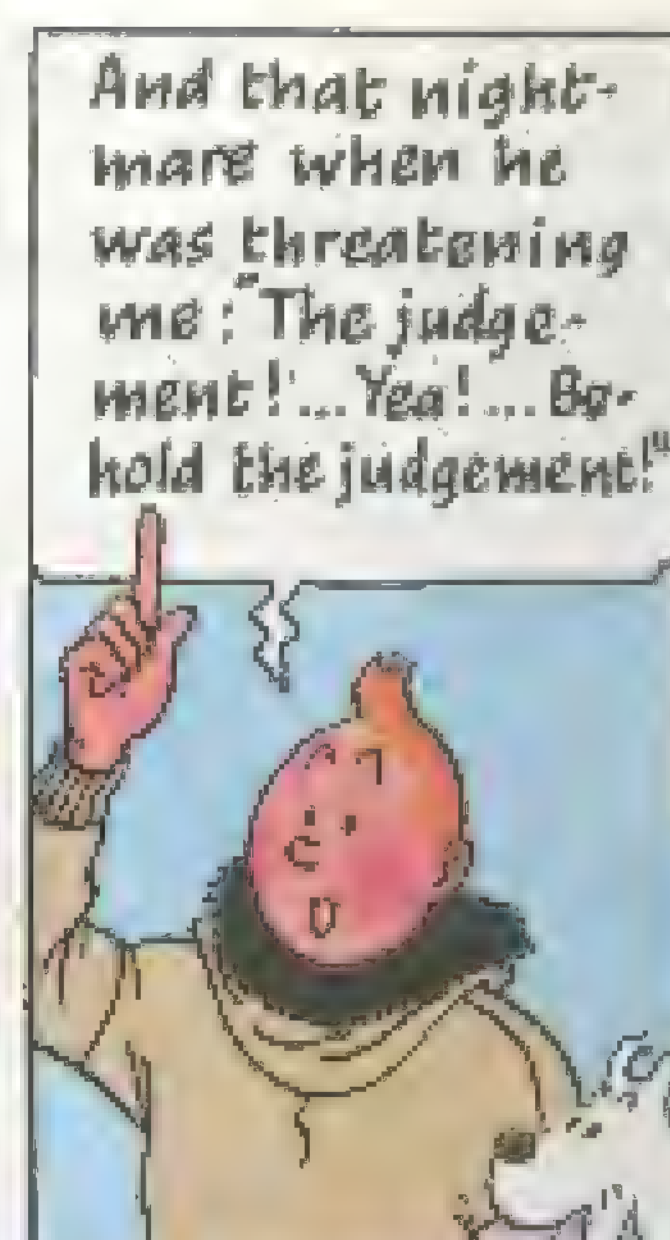
Goodbye. And good luck. I'll be back in the morning.



There he goes.

I'll be glad when he's back!







Our parachute will come in handy again. We can use it for a mattress and as a blanket.



Lucky for us the air is quite warm. It's extraordinary, when we're so near the Pole.



Good night, Snowy. Keep a good lookout...



I thought I heard an explosion... Hello, the "Peary" has disappeared. She must have weighed anchor while we were asleep.



Still, that explosion?... I suppose I was dreaming...



I've got it! It must be the island itself. It's probably a kind of small volcano... or a volcanic vent of some sort.



No! Not a sign of a crack, nor of a crater... So, now what?



Woah! Woah!



Snowy's found something: he looks pleased with himself!



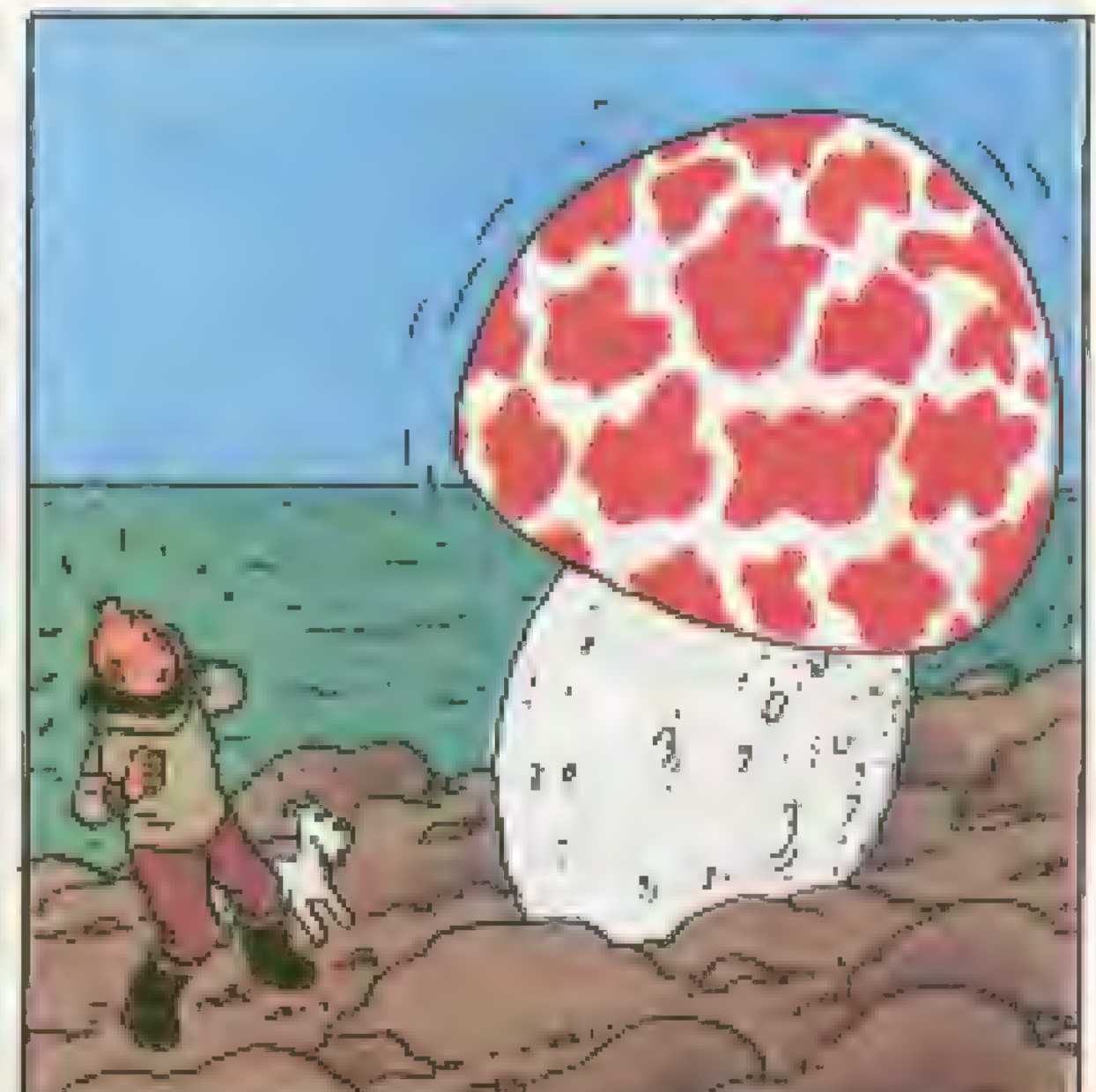
An egg!... An egg!!... Great snakes!... Who can have laid that?



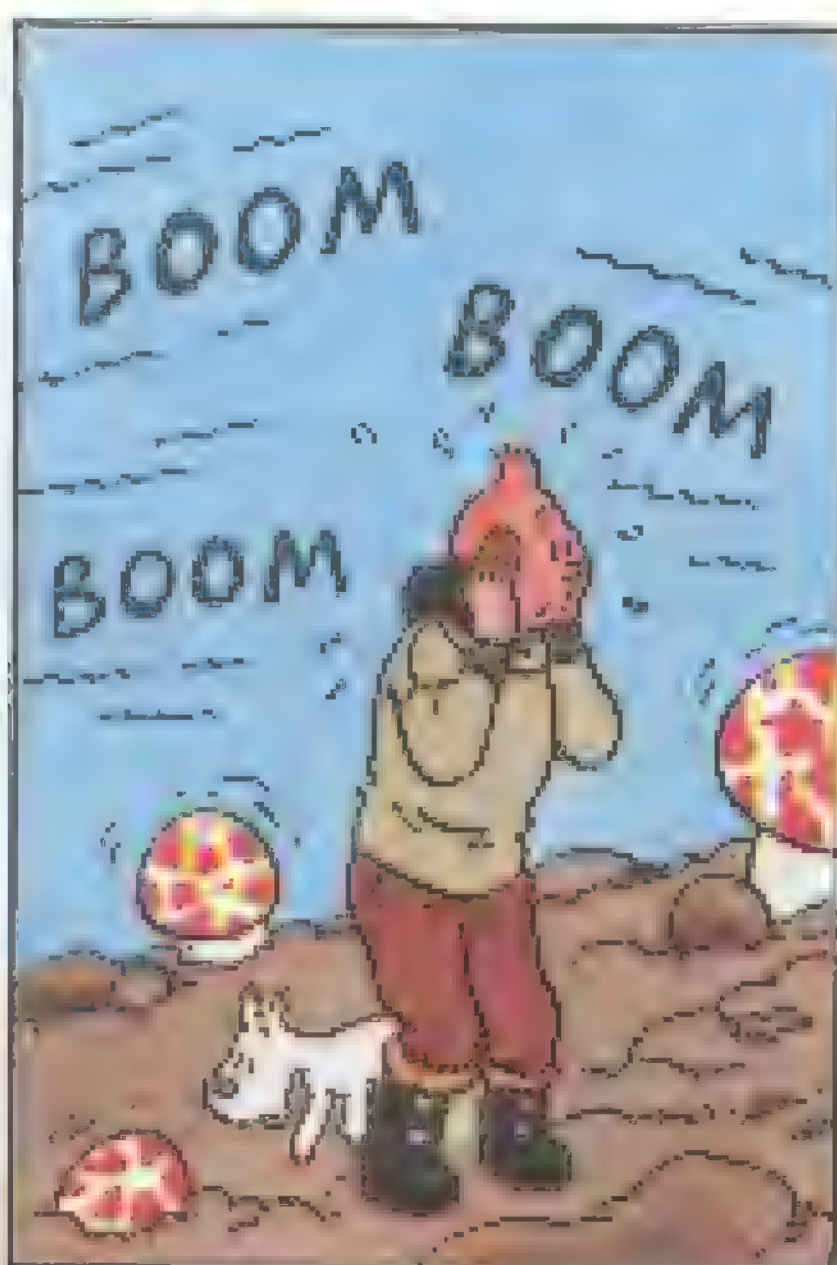
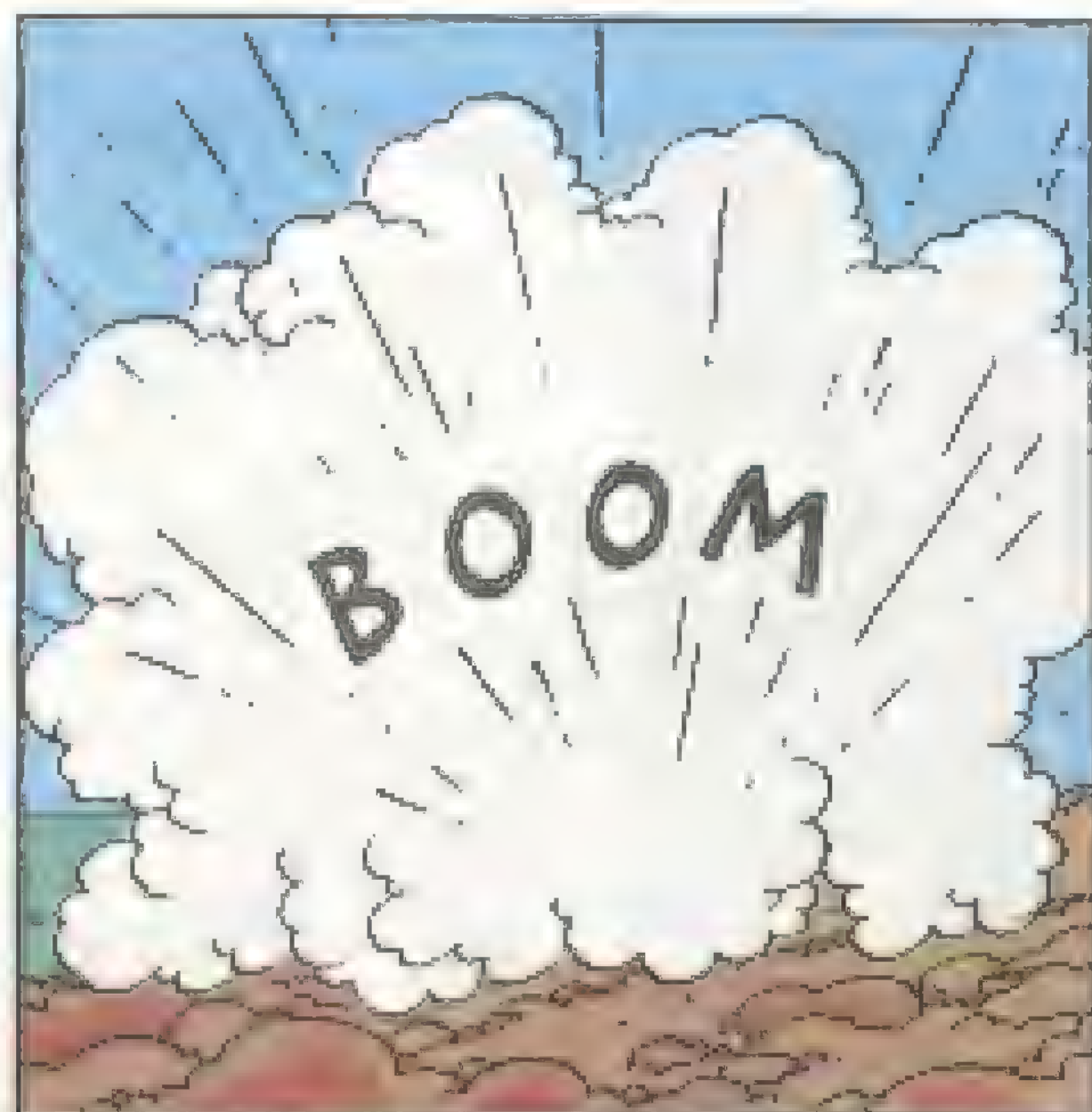
But...but... Unless I'm seeing things... The egg: it's getting bigger!



It's not an egg! It's a mushroom!...













An earthquake! That's the last straw!



And what's that rumbling?



Help! That huge wave will swamp everything!



Whew!... Safe! The water isn't coming up any further.



I say, the whole island has tilted right over.



In the meantime more apple trees have sprung up.



Hey, what about the spider?

Shh!... Quiet!...



This time I'm sure of it... I can hear the sound of an engine.



There snowy!... The sea-plane...



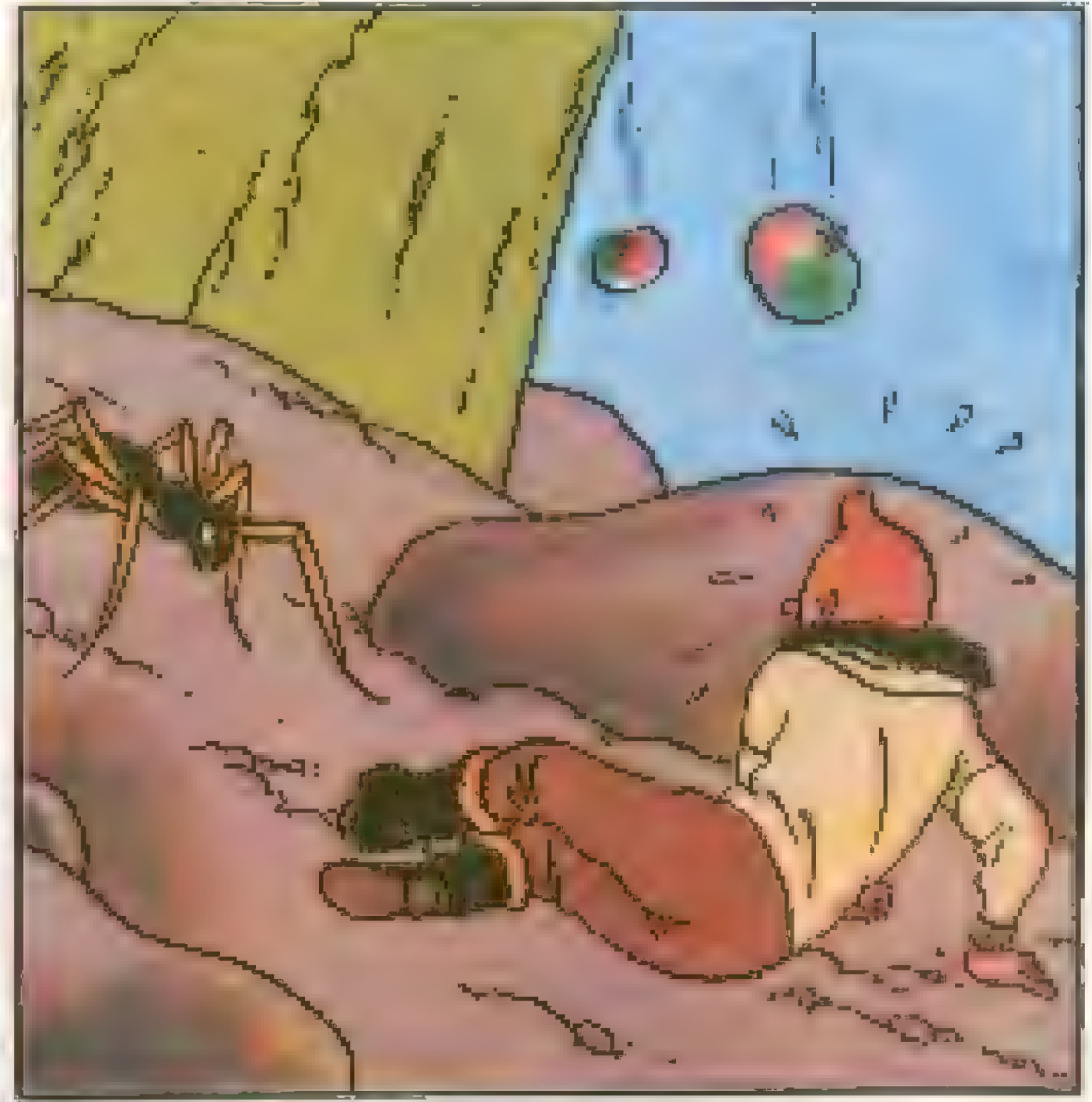
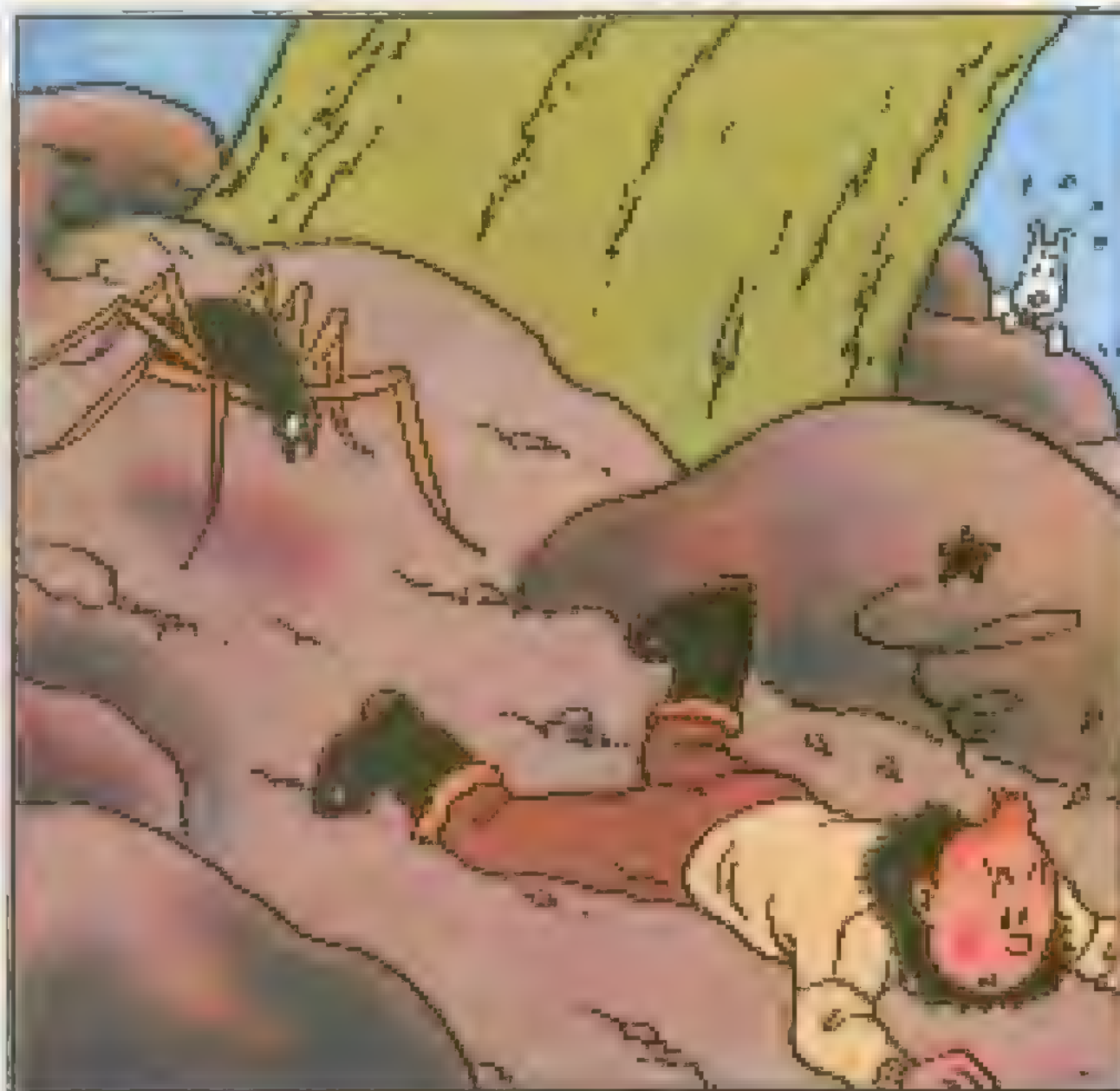
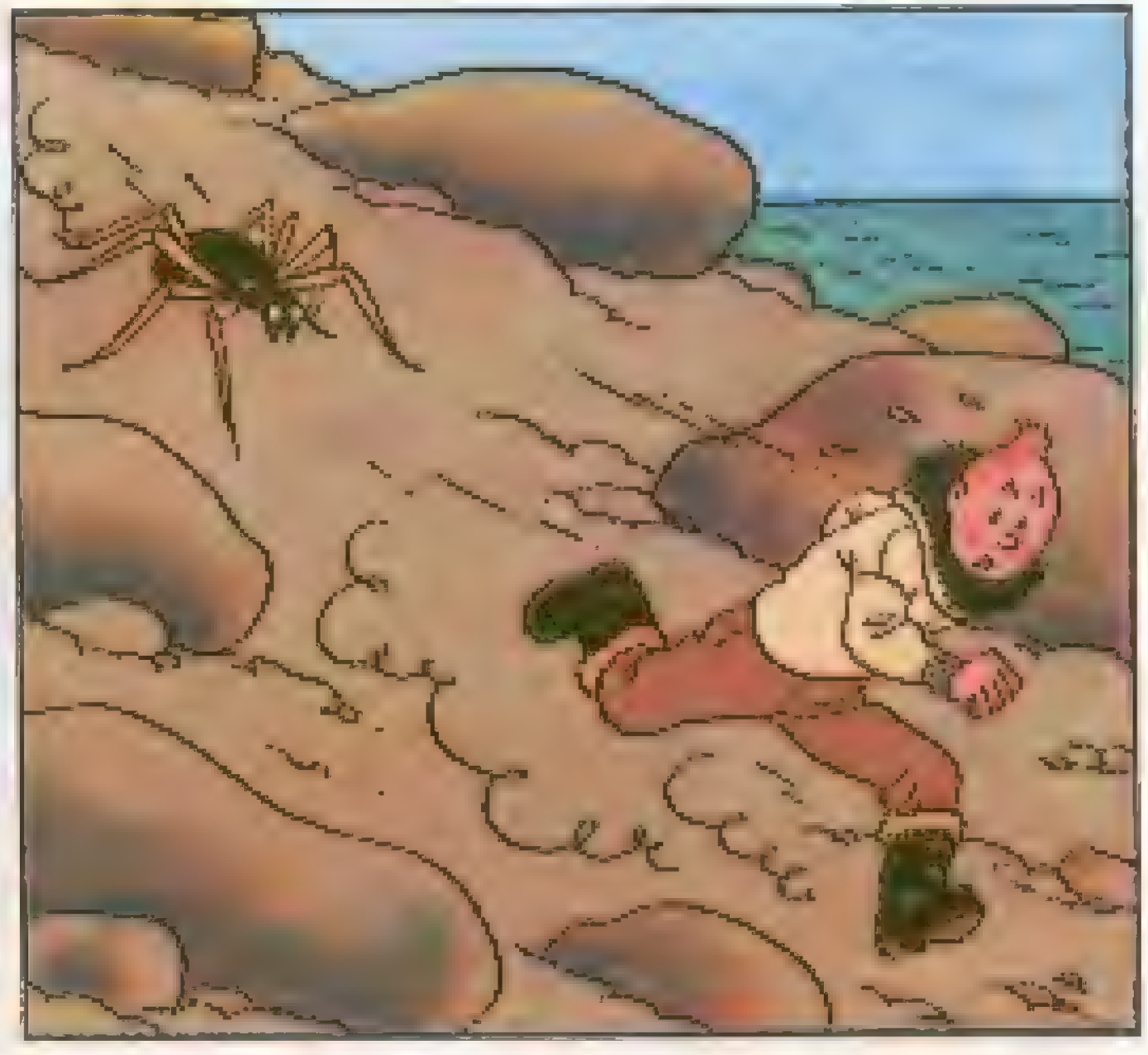
Hooray!... We're saved!



Oh, what a beautiful mo-o-orning!







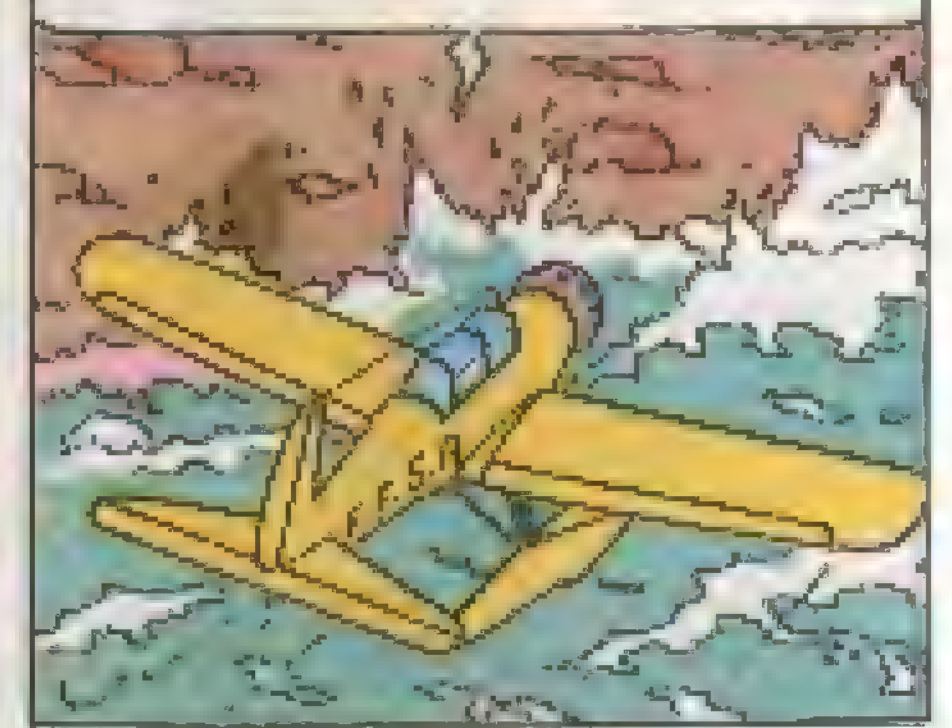




Whew! that was close! Thank goodness for the apple tree!



Hello? Hello?... The meteorite has just been shaken by an earthquake. The whole thing has tilted over, and is sinking slowly into the sea.

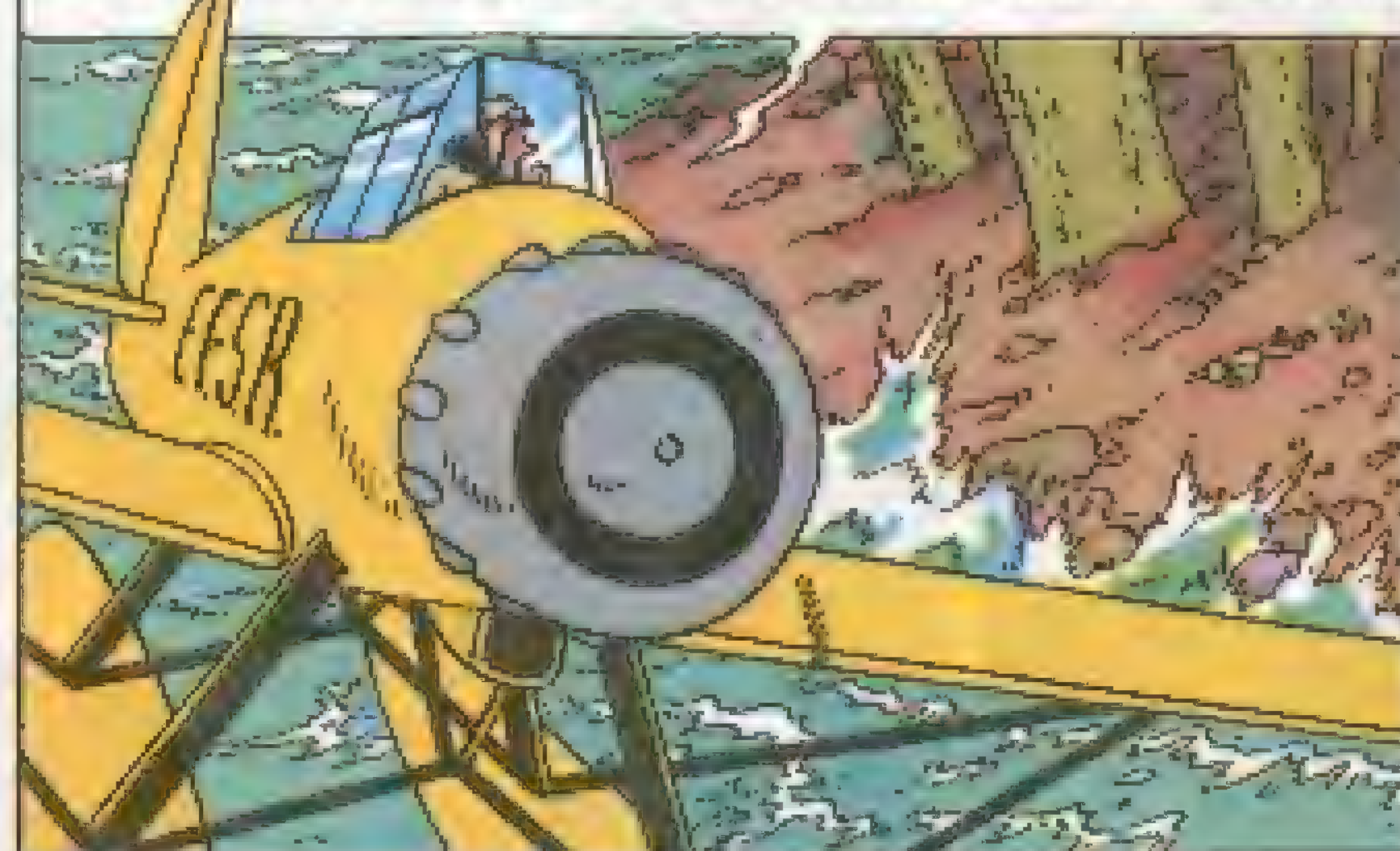


What did you say?... An earthquake?... The meteorite is sinking?... What about Tintin? Where is he?

We're losing the meteorite?



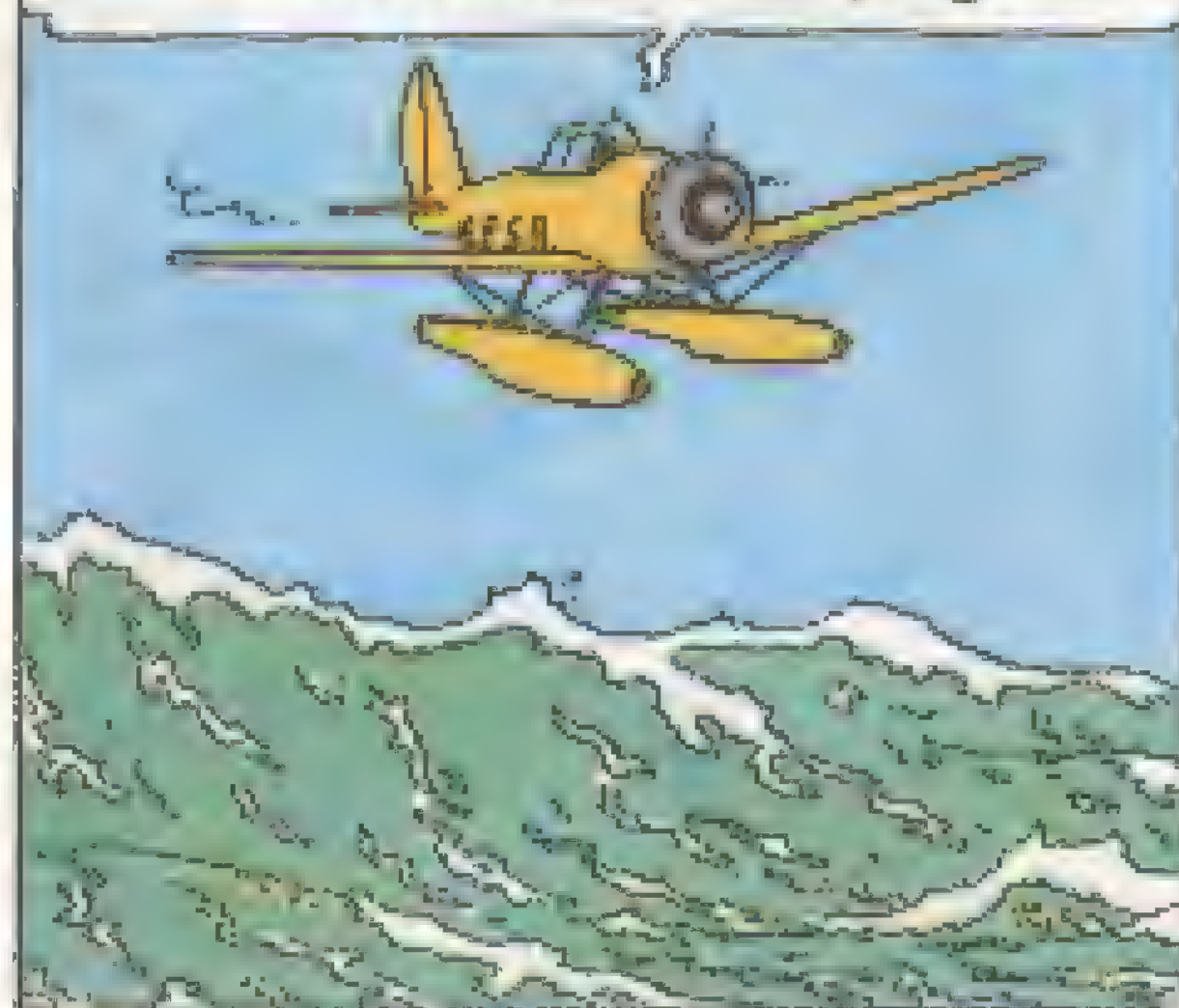
Can't see him... Oh, yes... He's lying at the foot of an enormous tree, quite still. The water will soon reach him.



Try to land!... Tintin must be saved!



Impossible to get down, Captain. The sea's absolutely raging!



Tintin!... Tintin!... Wake up!



Not a flicker. And the water's still rising!... What can I do?



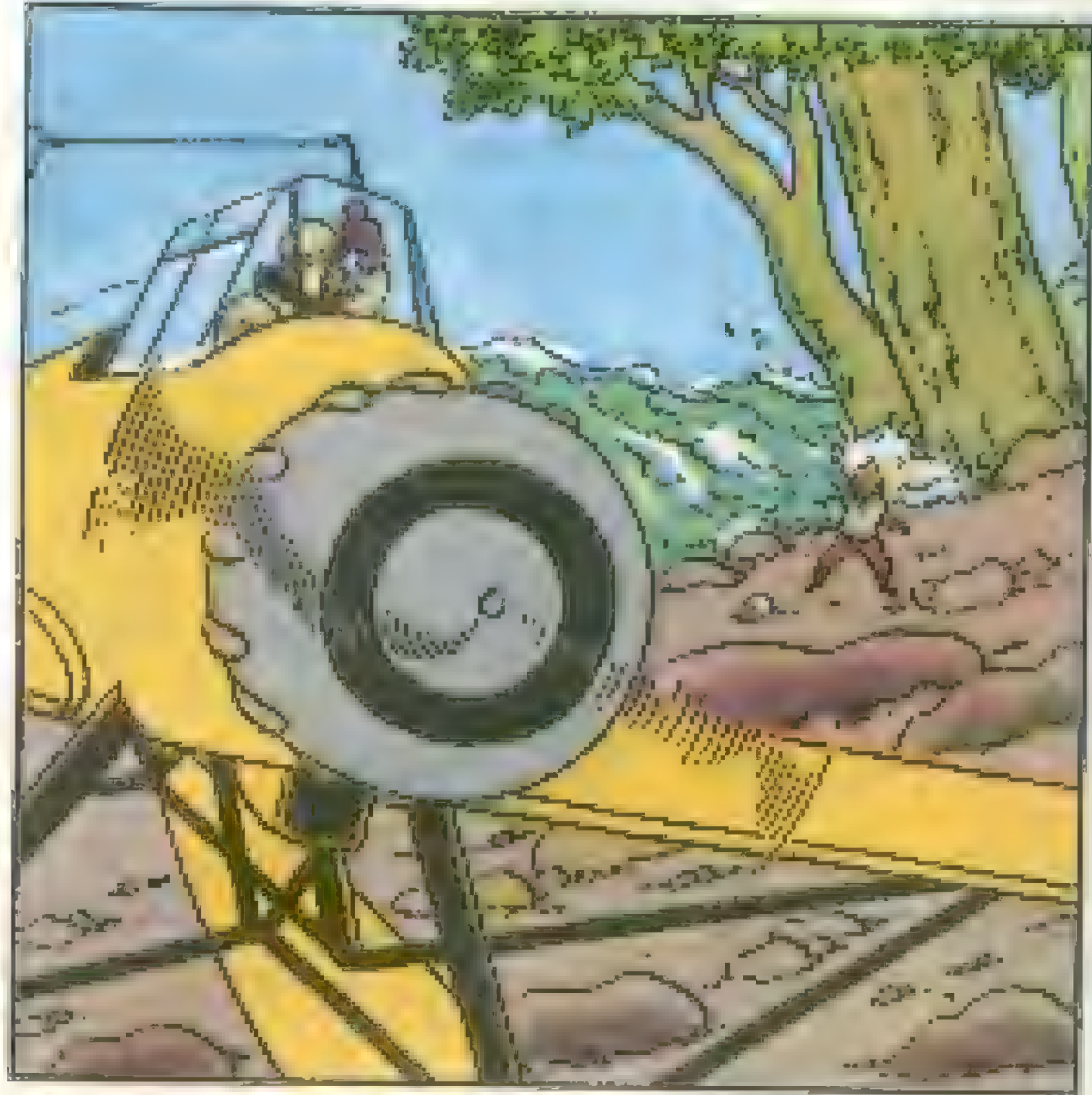
WOOAH!... WOOAH!...



It's no good!... But he simply must come round!

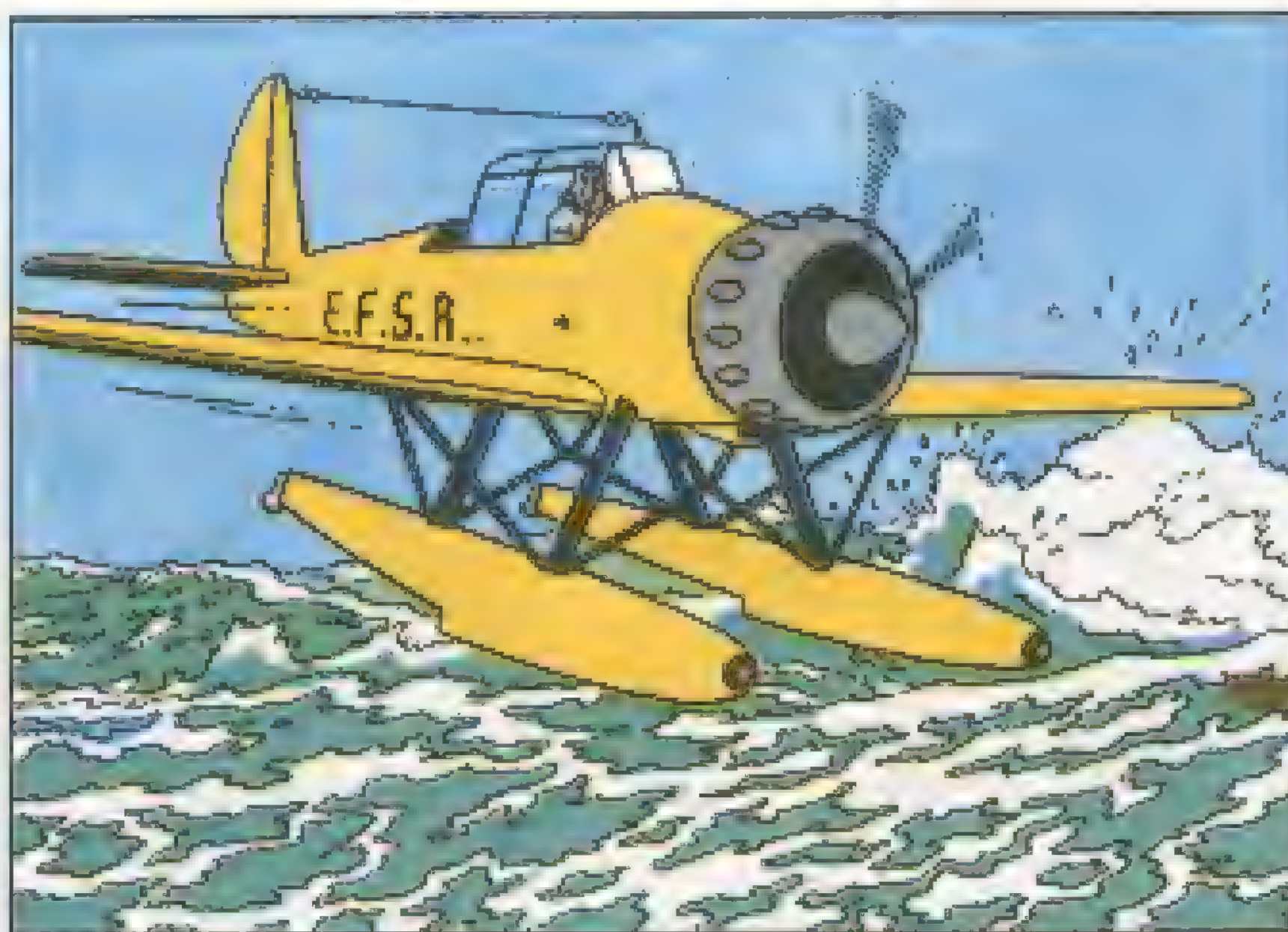








Here goes! It's neck or nothing! I simply must save him!



What's he doing?... Is he going to land?... It's sheer lunacy!



I can't see him any more. I hope to heaven he hasn't crashed...



He made it! He managed to get down safely!



Now he's hidden by the waves again...

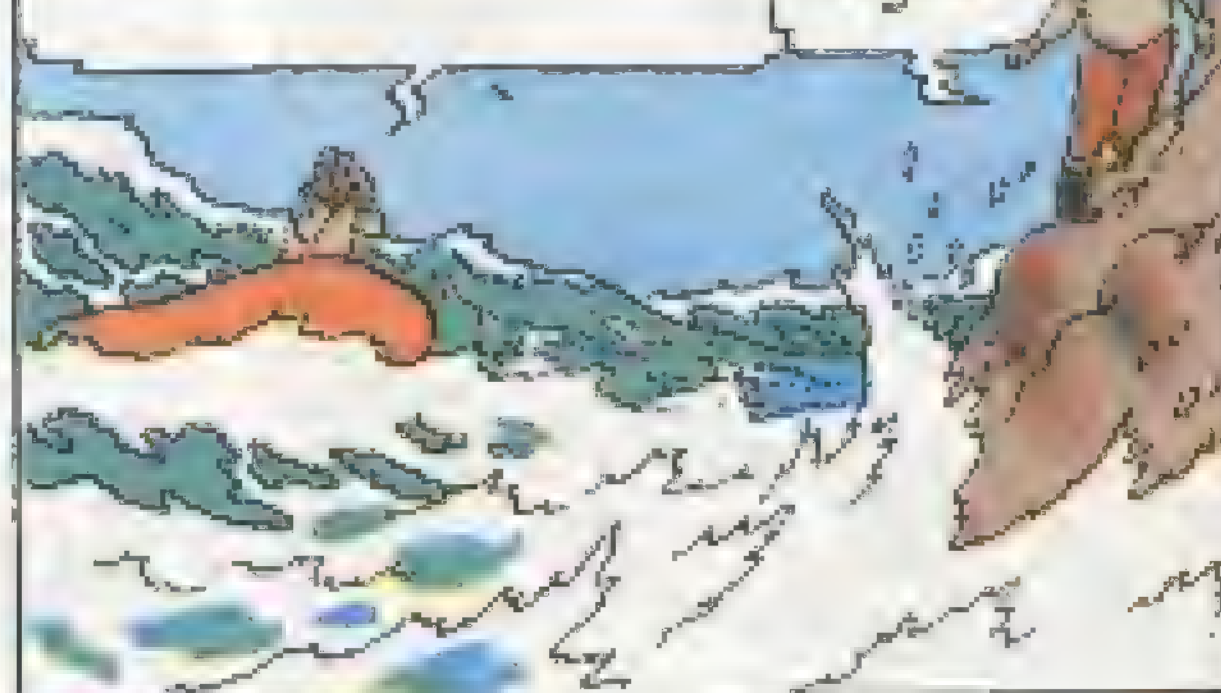


Hooray! He's succeeded in launching the rubber dinghy.



I can't come any closer: I'd be dashed on the rocks. I'll throw you a line with a life-jacket attached. Haul in the line and put the life-jacket on.

Right!



Here quickly, Snowy. We'll try to reach the dinghy...

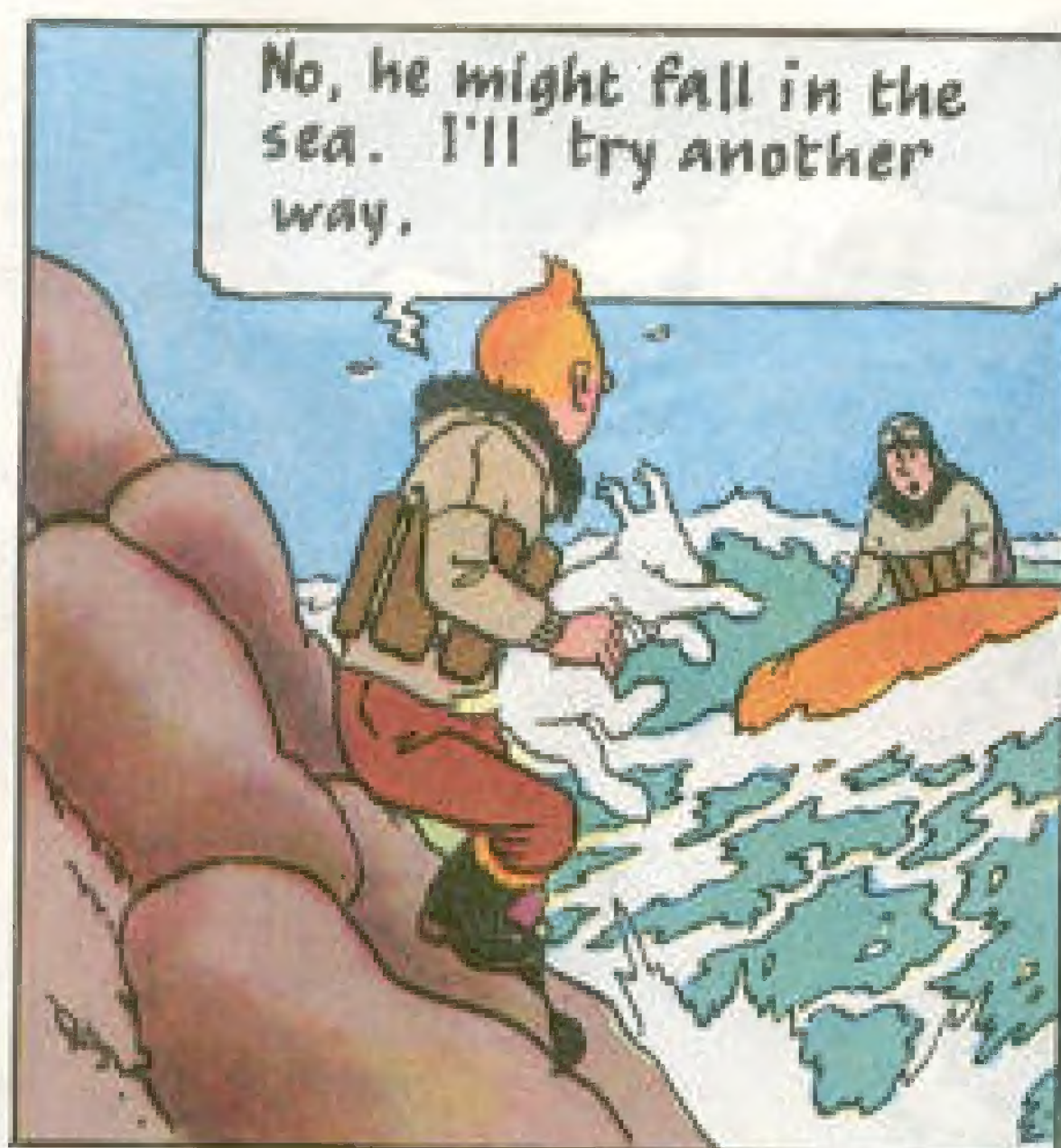
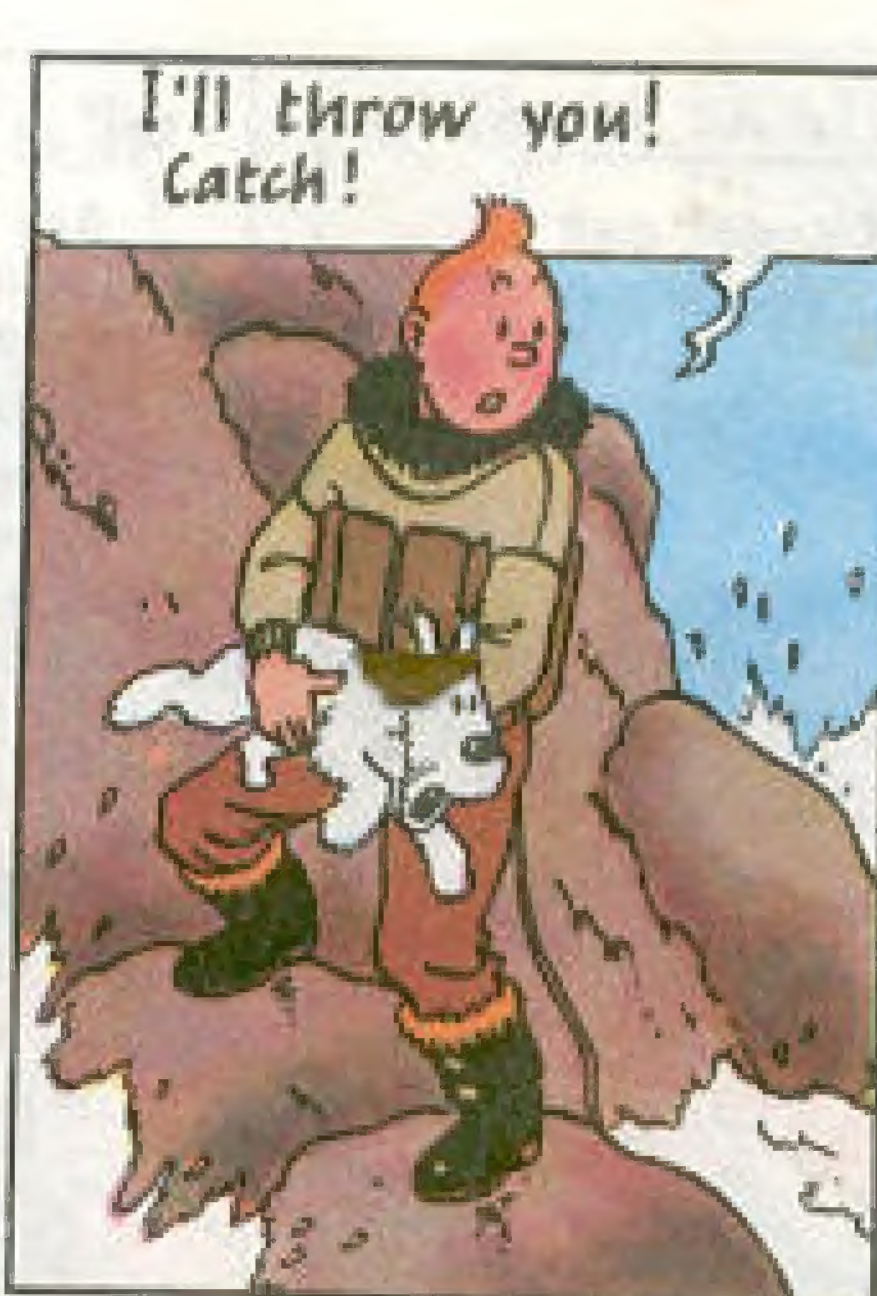
Jump in?... Me? Never again!



Snowy!... Snowy! ... Come on, come here at once!









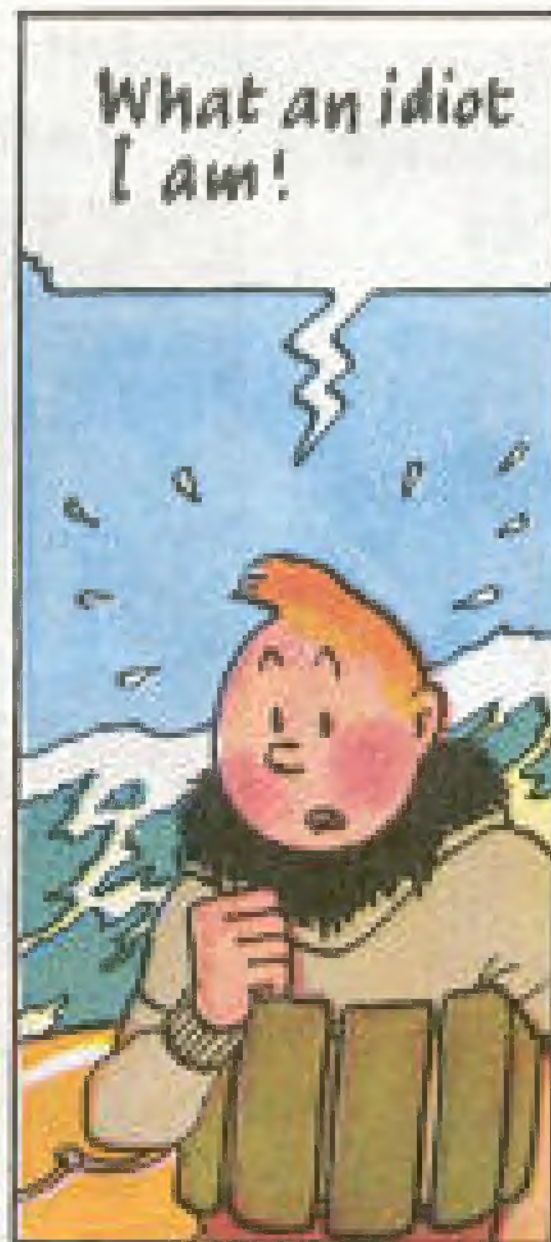
Got you!



Safe at last!  
Now, let's get out  
of here, fast!



What an idiot  
I am!



?



What are you doing?  
It's madness to go back!



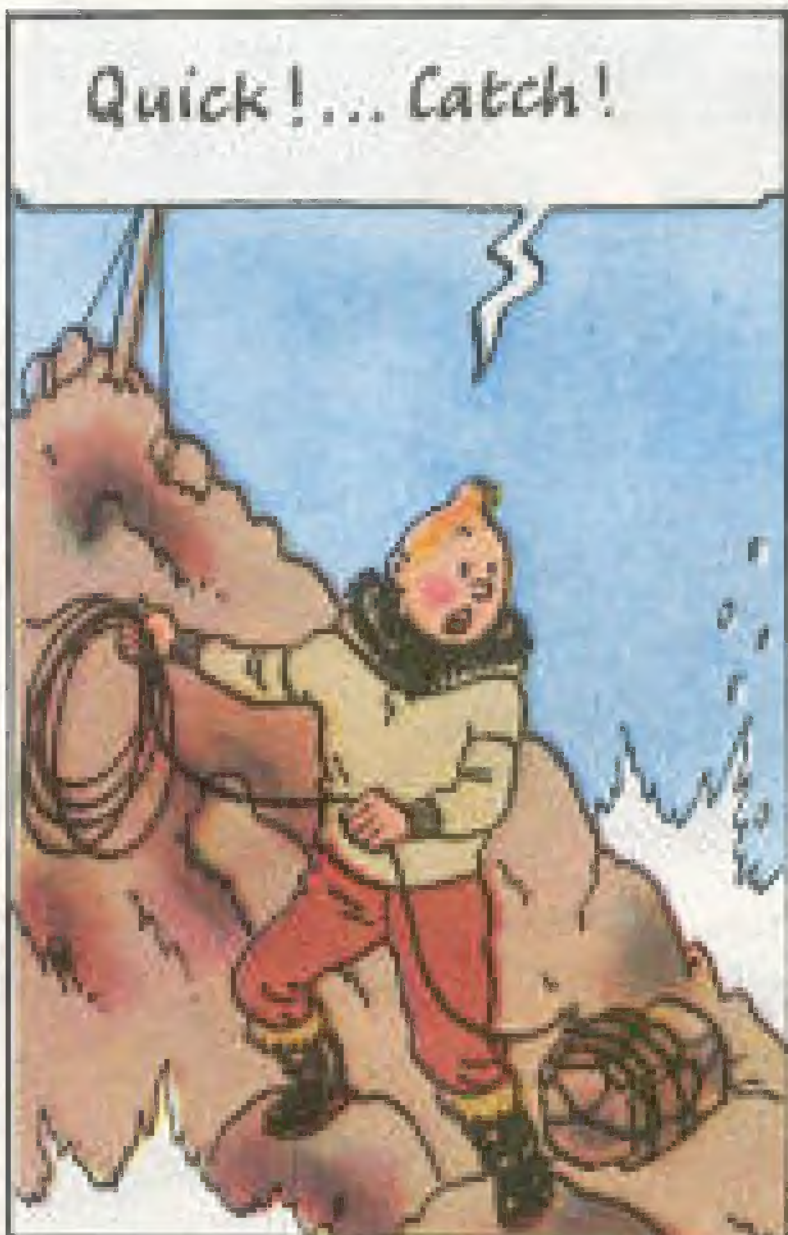
For heaven's sake come back!  
You'll go down with the meteorite!



We must have a lump of the mineral...  
for Professor Phostle. Otherwise  
all our efforts will have been wasted!



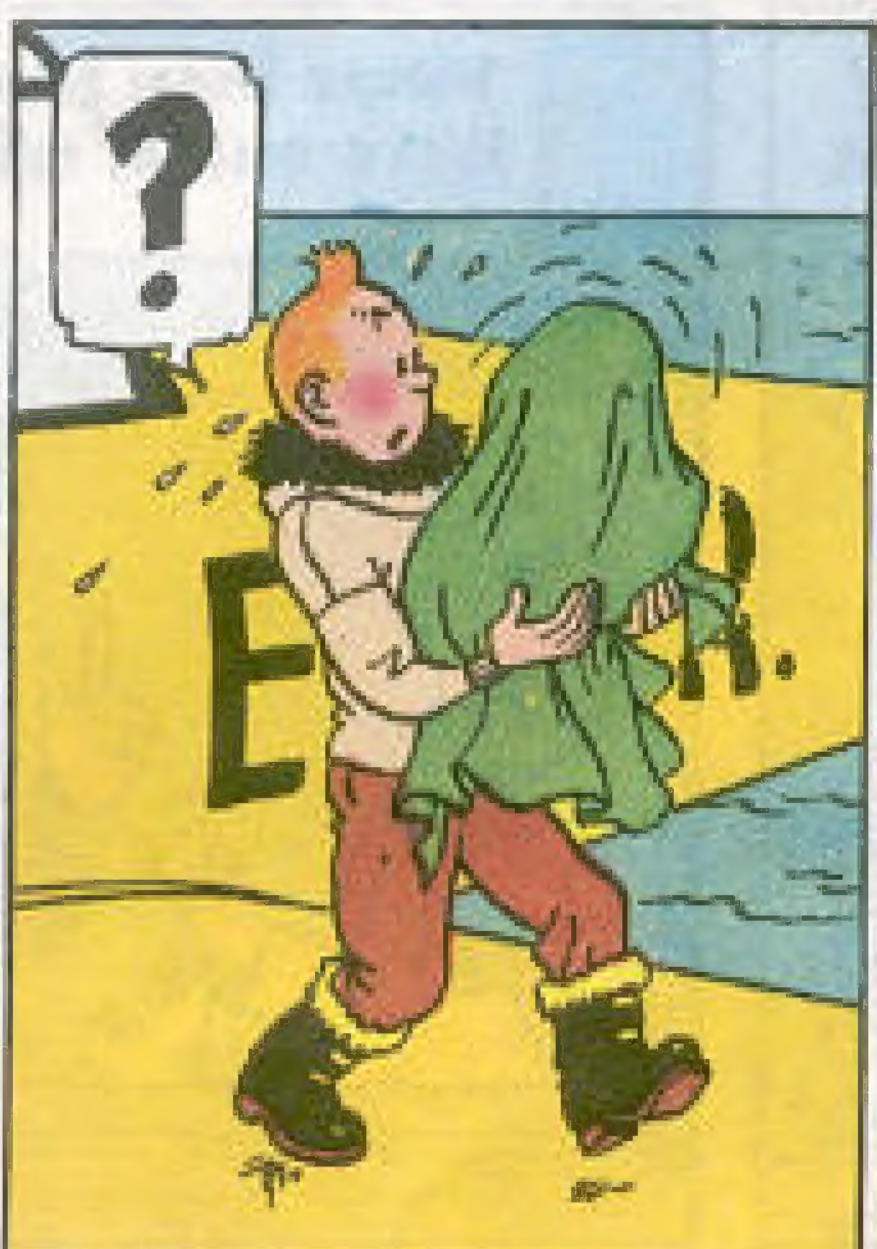
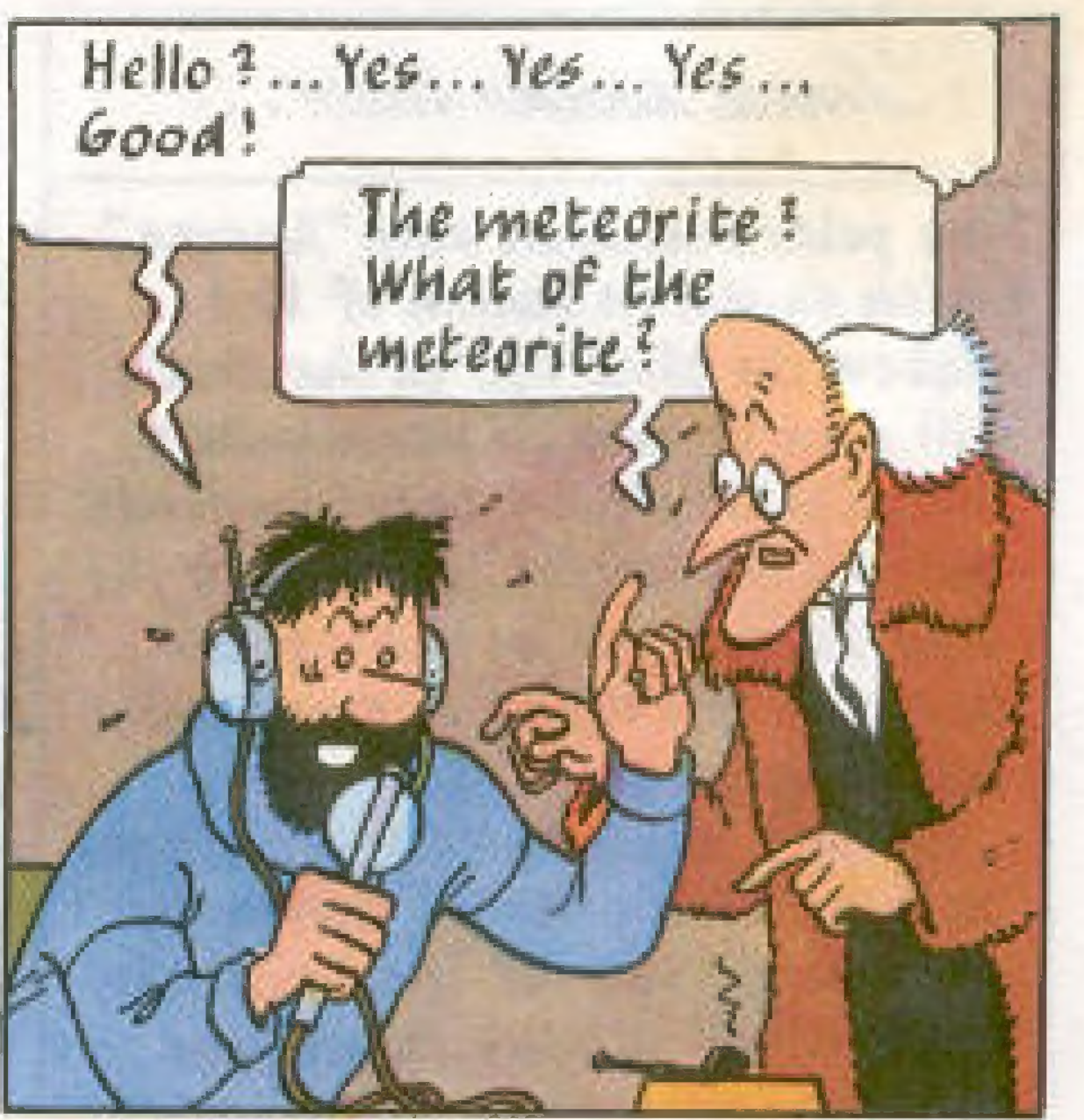
Quick!... Catch!



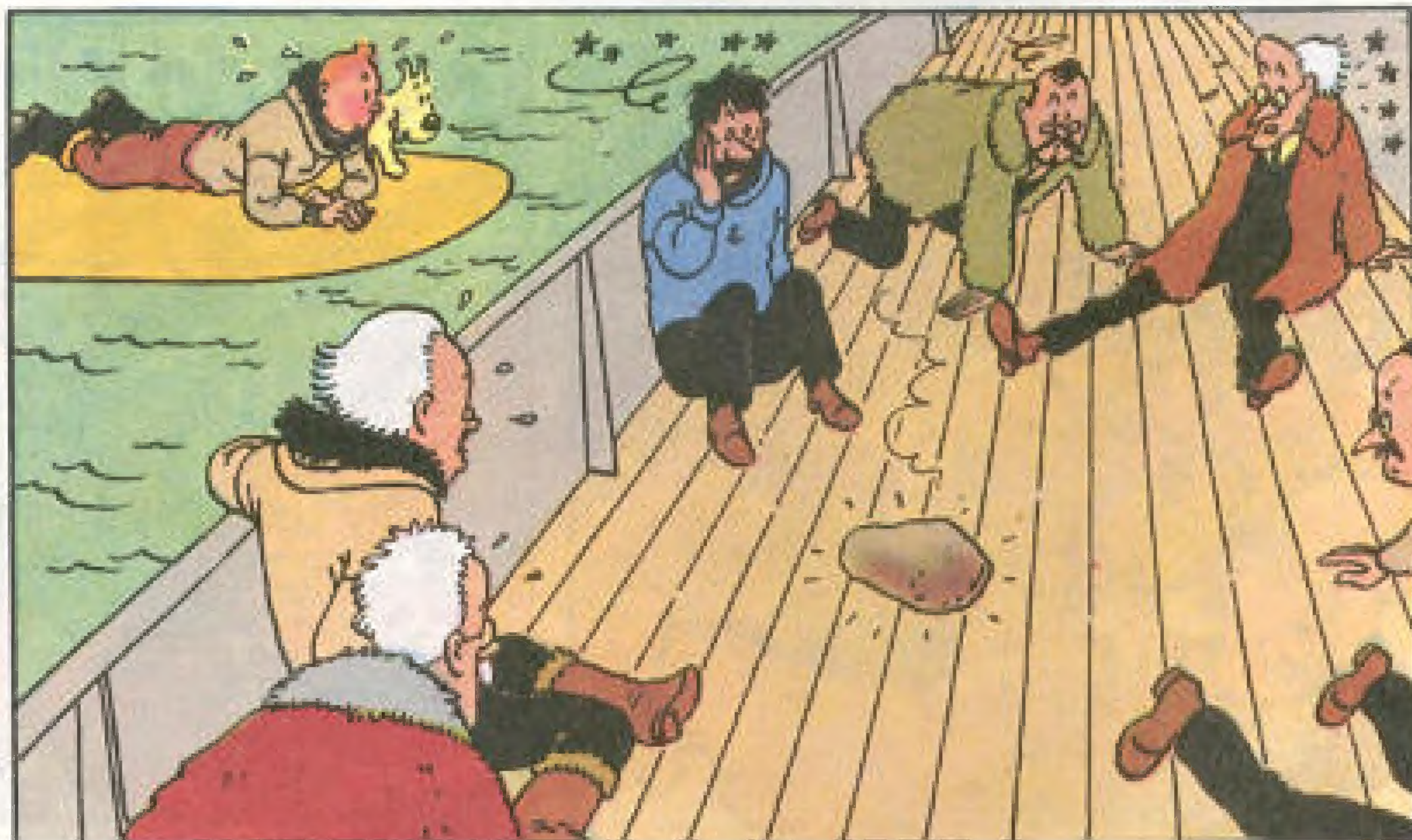
Tintin!... I  
can't see Tintin!











*Some weeks later...*

The polar research ship "Aurora", which sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, will soon be back in home waters. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite, just before it was submerged by the waves – probably as a result of some underwater upheaval.

Happily, thanks to the courage and presence of mind shown by the young reporter Tintin, alone on the island at the very moment...

...when it was engulfed by the sea, it was possible to save a lump of the metal divined in the meteorite by Professor Phostle. Members of the expedition have already verified the remarkable properties of the metal; examination of it will undoubtedly be of extraordinary scientific interest. We may therefore look forward to more sensational disclosures.

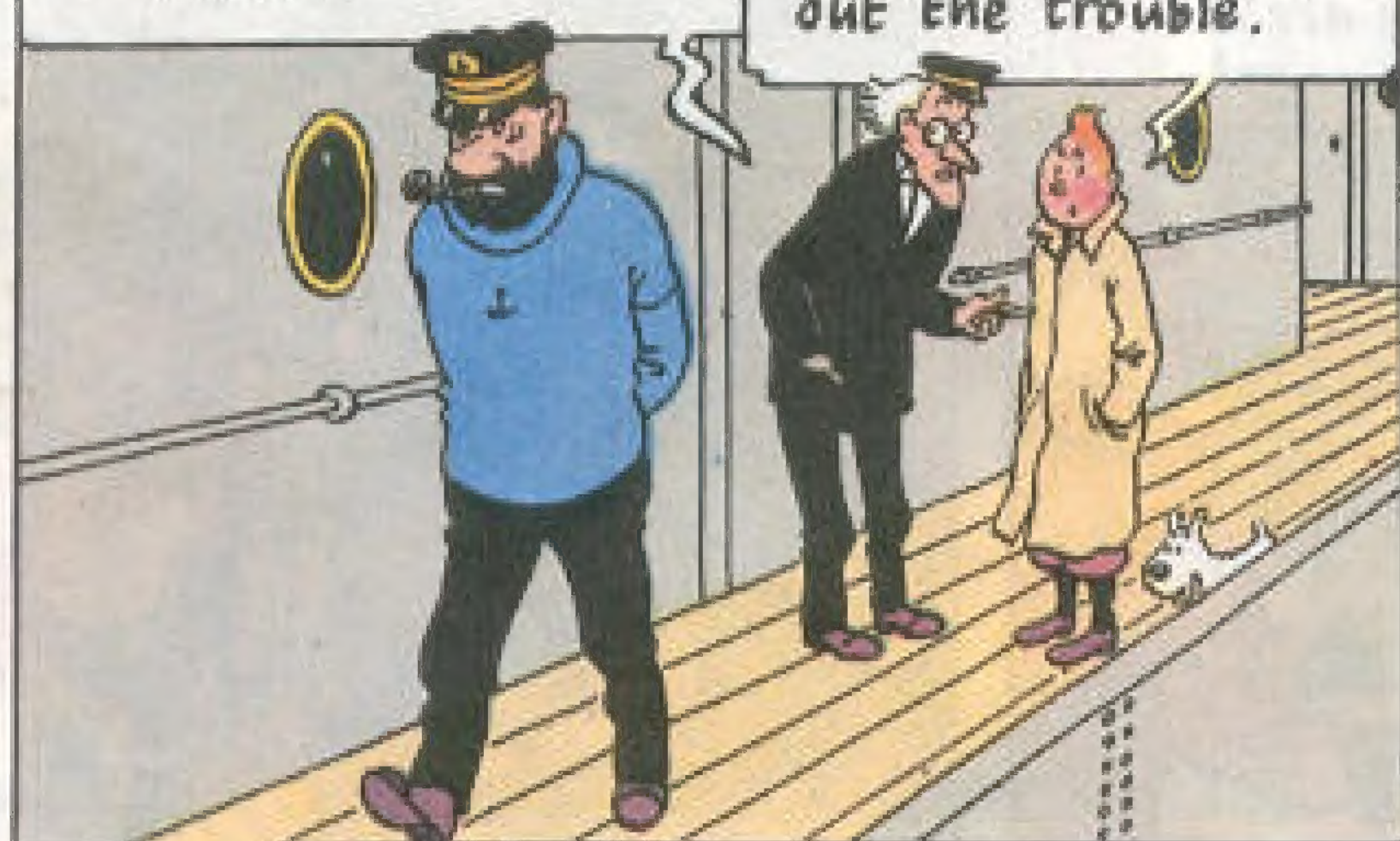


It is now known that certain incidents that occurred during the voyage of the "Aurora" were unquestionably deliberate acts of sabotage designed to cripple the expedition. Those responsible will soon be exposed, and their leader unmasked. This master criminal is reported to be a powerful São Rico financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.



Have you noticed how preoccupied the Captain has been lately?

Yes, I'll try to find out the trouble.



What's up, Captain? ... Is something the matter?



LAND HO!  
LAND HO!



Thundering typhoons! Land... and about time, too!

Why?... Are we out of fuel-oil?



Worse than that!... We're out of whisky!!



THE  
END

